

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

February 27, 1963

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

In color:
ROYAL TOUR

—
*SHRUBS—12 pages for
your gardening book*

—
Lift-out booklet:
HANDKNITS
36 designs for
all the family

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PRETZELS POPS AND PLANTERS

They're crisp, crackling, abundantly salty . . . blessed with a zest to whet a nibbler's whistle.

Australia discovers the pretzel! For a decade Americans have nibbled these crisp sticks with their drinks.

Now Planters pretzels are being snapped up here. You nibble them neat. Or stab them into cheese cubes, or onions, or gherkins.

Their salty crispness makes a good

drink perfect. They lighten it, brighten it, unlock its true tang.

Your summer party gets fistfuls of fun from every pack of Planters Pops.

They're crisp, crackling, light and salty; puffed up with pride over their zesty flavours. You choose rich, robust Cheezpop. Hickory fired Bac'npop or the roasted succulence of Chicpop.

Or you nibble them all.



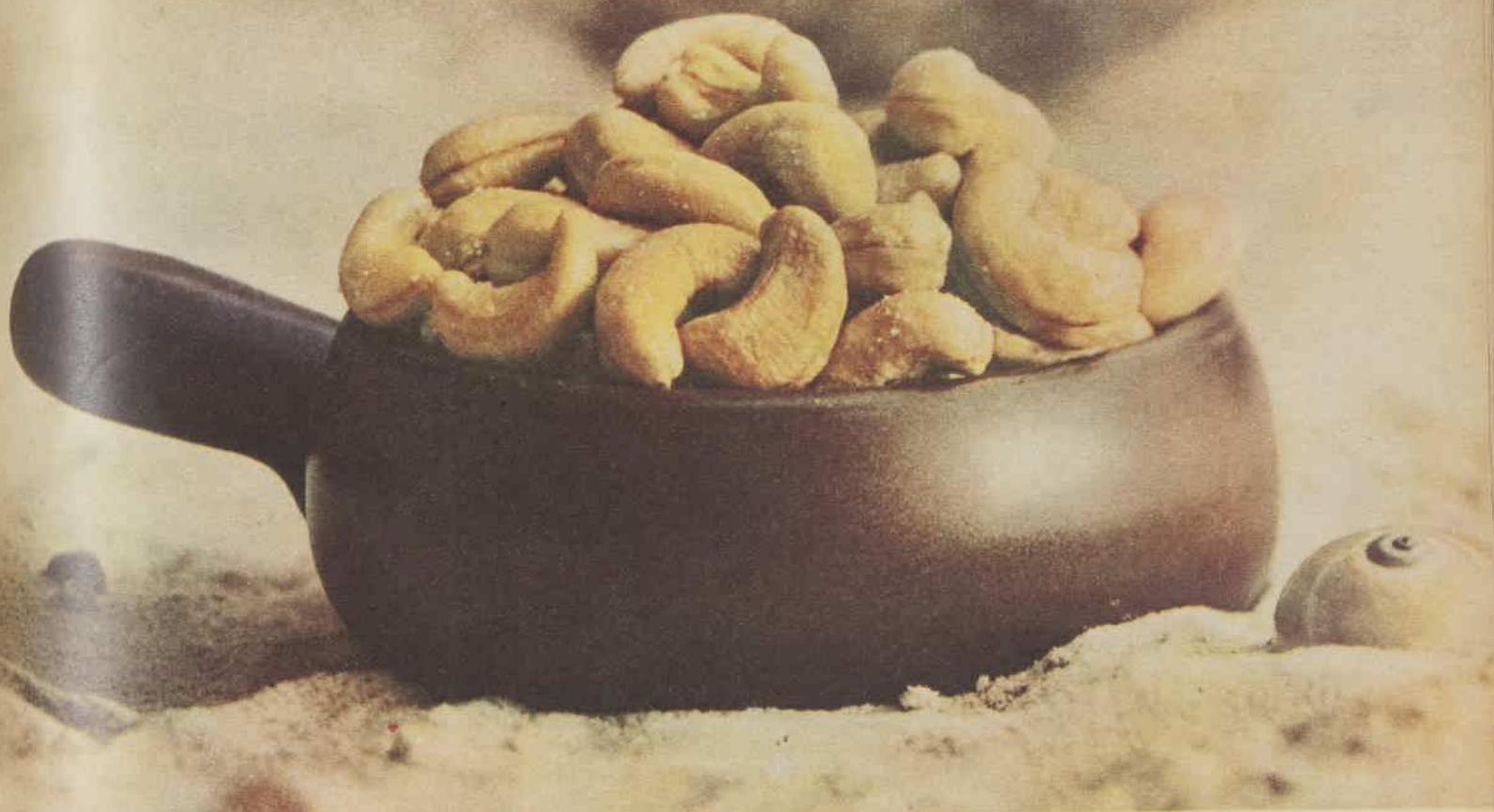
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 27, 1967

WHAT'S GOOD TO EAT IN THE

GOOD

OLD

SUMMERTIME



PLANTERS NUTS

tastier, bigger, firmer

... so fressshhh, they whisper

it as you open each can, each jar

Our chef's promise: tastier, bigger, firmer nuts.

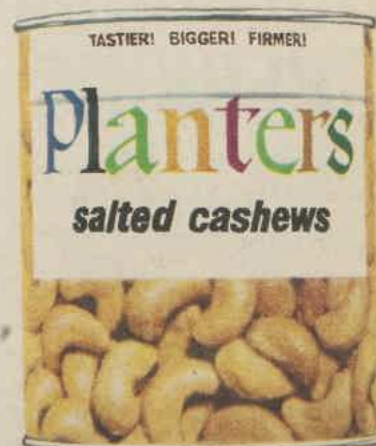
To keep their promise they reject many nuts.

Quality before quantity our chefs contend.

For example: On occasions, when premium nuts have been in short supply, they have downed ladles

— and resumed only after the plumpest nuts have become available again. We love them for it.

Because nuttin' can match a Planters nut — for size or saltiness, freshness or flavour. They're golden-hearted, golden-good. The finest you've ever sunk your teeth into. And the range of Planters nuts will delight you. We tenderly prepare 19 varieties. Apart from the old faithfuls — peanuts, cashews, brazils — we also pack you many cooking nuts. You buy them in a variety of packs: 2 oz. cello's; 6 oz. and 1 lb. cans; 1½ lb. and 3 lb jars. Call into your store and take your pick.



WHAT'S GOOD TO EAT IN THE
**GOOD
 OLD
 SUMMERTIME**



HOLBROOKS OLIVES, GHERKINS & ONIONS

Spicy and tender... prepared with all the care you would give them in your own kitchen.

A drink is somehow undressed without an olive. But some ill-mannered olives flout their flavour. Not Holbrooks. Our Olives have impeccable taste. They clear your palate, whet your whistle, then step aside and let the drink take over.

Clear-tasting, tender Holbrooks olives come in two varieties: plain or stuffed. Buy both and have fun choosing their drinking mates.

Page 4

Give 'em the biggest, fattest, spiciest, juiciest, gherkins with summertime salads. Holbrooks gherkins! Sliced, halved, diced, chunked, grated, minced, cubed, — or straight, with shoulders back.

Brighten every bite of savouries with Holbrooks cheery onions. You've 4 spritely colours to pick from: red, green, yellow and white. They're all happily spiced, perfectly pickled and have a genteel flavour that is loth to linger beyond your next drink.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 27, 1963



HOLBROOKS RICE-A-RISO

*Tender, perfect whole rice
that gets its gusto from five
unique and stirring flavours.*

This summertime, smart cookies are giving their
salads something special.

They're adding Rice-a-Riso.

Because chilled Rice-a-Riso is zesty, savoury and
rich. It adds a cool dash to summer's garden

greens and cold cuts. An easy dash!

You take fifteen minutes out while Rice-a-Riso
simmers. You stir. Then serve.

You choose from five old-fashioned flavours —
beef, curry, chicken, mushroom and spanish.

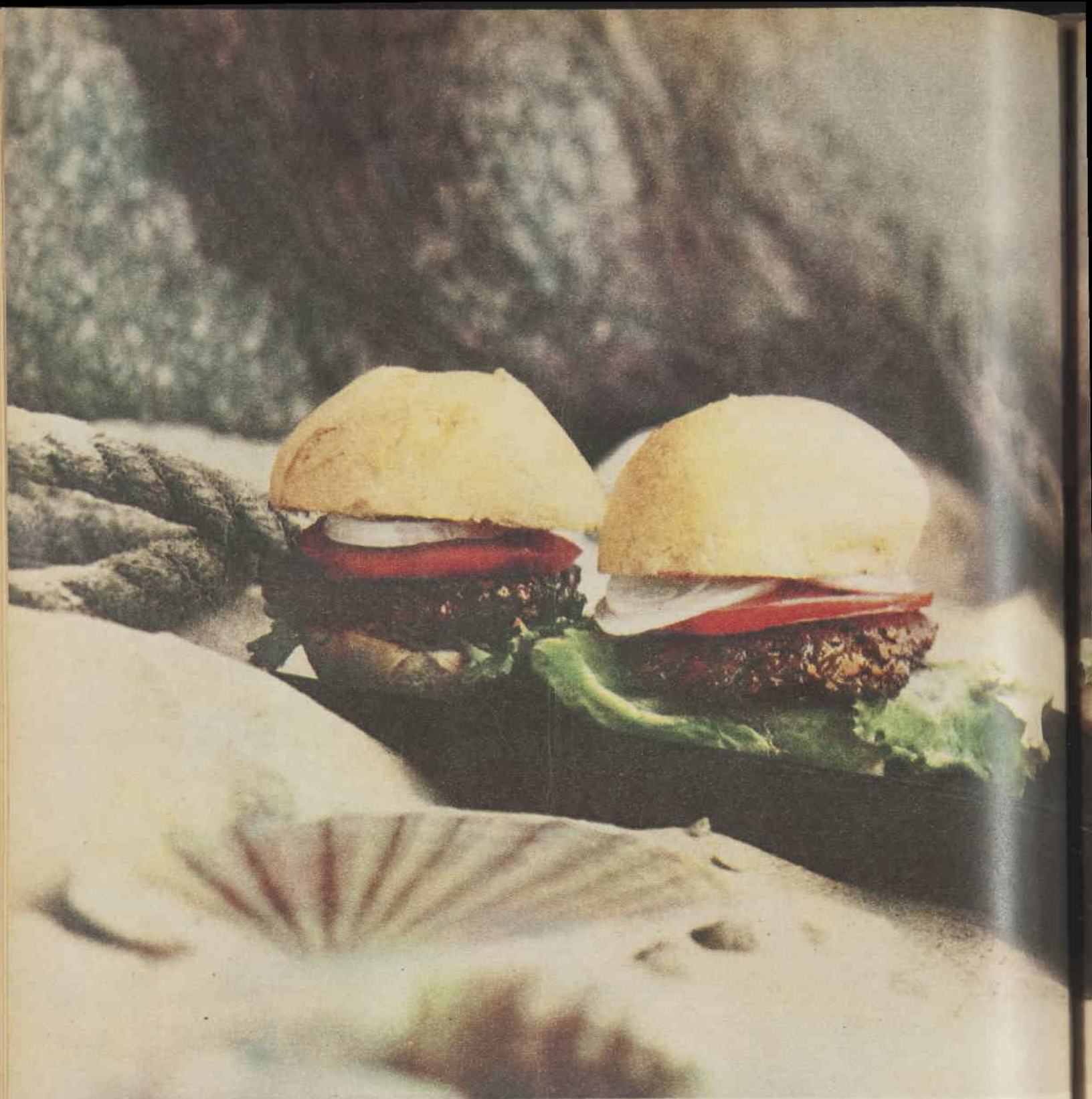
You're a smart cookie this summertime.

You give your salads something special. You add
some Rice-a-Riso.



26/33

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HOLBROOKS SAUCES

*Every tiny droplet is rich, spiced and mellow
... so a little adds a lot of life.*

Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce is a magnum of flavour. It springs with zest, stings with a rich and mellow spicery.

Worcestershire seeps right through a meat, seals the juices and bestows a tender tastiness.

Your hamburger zings with heartiness at a droplet's splash. And your summertime grills and cold cuts

need not be envious.

For them we have prepared a delightful new sauce: Holbrooks Sweet Mustard.

Yellow, mellow, alive with subtle flavour oils. Sweet mustard teases your meat. Tempts its flavour.

This summertime, liven your meat with good old Holbrooks sauces. Your store has them all — Worcestershire, Sweet Mustard and many surprising others (including Soy and Anchovy).



WHAT'S GOOD TO EAT IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME



EN-A-VITE STARCH REDUCED ROLLS

Shock selection: En-a-vite, famous waist-whittler given leading role in salad days.

From breezy kitchens come surprise summertime snacks and party foods.

Light, crisp En-a-vite rolls, sliced then diced with rich, succulent fillings.

Like tomato, lettuce, tasty cheese, continental meatery and spreads.

(Some surprise examples tempt you above.)

Topped or filled En-a-vite rolls are delectable summertime fare.

They're also starch reduced, vitamin enriched, and brimful of bouncy protein.

They stay fresh indefinitely, need no cooking, cost less than ordinary rolls.

So make the most of En-a-vite these salad days — use them for snacks, or on picnics, or as waist-whittlers, or all three!





New! DAWN announces single pack colours!

Now! Your favourite toilet tissue in PINK, BLUE and PRIMROSE single packs! Buy DAWN — delicately soft, safely strong — and super-long, too. 100 extra sheets in every roll.



Dawn is a top-quality, true-Australian product of

AUSTRALIAN PAPER MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
OWNED BY AUSTRALIANS

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● We were pleased recently to learn that The Australian Women's Weekly is being used as a teaching aid.

FROM Perth, Mr. C. W. Such wrote:

"I have been a regular reader of your magazine for some years.

"Recently I had occasion to make an unusual use of the beautifully colored illustrations.

"I am teaching Malay and Japanese in such a way that students learn to speak these languages without using any English words or phrases.

"They learn to think in the language rather than in English, then translate.

"The word for a dominant feature in a picture is given as it is pointed out. At a suitably progressive stage the details are dealt with.

"For example, a large colored picture of a fully dressed man is pointed out and the word 'man' is given in the language.

"Later I give the details of his clothing. For parts of the body, a man in a bathing costume is used."

★ ★ ★

STAFF photographer Adelle Hurley made many friends during her recent visit to India and Russia with our chief sub-editor, Kay Melan.

One of their plane's crew, Mr. Soli Mody, later sent Adelle a beautiful card made from a leaf of the Peepal tree (see picture above).

The chlorophyll is removed from the leaf as soon as it is plucked, and a screen of fine veins is left, which serves as a good painting surface.

Adelle's leaf-card has an exotic Indian lady painted in oils.



MEMO fathers who have had to mind their small children while their wife went to the hospital to have another baby: Be sure you read our delightful story "Mother and Baby

Our cover

● The Queen, glamorous at an evening engagement, wears an embroidered gown and an emerald necklace and tiara bequeathed to her by Queen Mary.

Doing Well," by American writer Will Stanton (page 33).

Actually, we think any father or mother will enjoy the story. We consider it one of the funniest we've published for a long time. The author must know what he is writing about — he is the father of five children.

Another of our stories is also about a child — "The Whistling Boy," by Ernest Wickes, of Blair Athol, South Australia (page 26). He is equally appealing, only in a different key. Ernest Wickes was one of our prisoners in a short-story contest we held in 1957.

WHICH "TWIN" IS TONY?



● Regular reader Mrs. M. Williams, of Pymble, N.S.W., says she has often "seen" her nephew in our pages.

WHILE on a visit to her homeland, England, Mrs. Williams says she found a nephew who is a "double" for Princess Margaret's husband, Lord Snowdon.

She sent a picture, one of the two above, to support her claim.

Mrs. Williams wrote: "My nephew is constantly being told by complete strangers about his likeness.

"People often stop him in the street and speak to him, thinking he is Tony."

Which "twin" is Tony? The answer is, the one on the right.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1963

ROYAL HAT CONTEST

£1000 prize for taste and fashion judgment



AT OCEAN BEACH, Mount Maunganui (above), the Queen wore this green-and-white ensemble when she attended the surf carnival.

AT WAITANGI (right), where the New Zealand tour began, her choice was bright blue.



AT AUCKLAND (right), for her visit to the Crown Lynn Potteries, the Queen chose the patterned dress and jacket she had worn on her arrival at Fiji.



• To mark the Queen's second visit to Australia and New Zealand, we announce a competition with a fashion challenge: our £1000 Royal Hat Contest.

EVERY woman is interested in clothes, and the Queen's Royal Tour clothes—especially her hats—are the fashion news of the moment.

Which of the Queen's hats do you like best?

In this contest you have to decide which of the Queen's Royal Tour hats you think are the most becoming. Your taste in judging millinery can win you £1000.

HOW TO ENTER:

From this week's paper, cut out all COLOR pictures which show the Queen wearing a hat.

Do the same thing every week until the final issue from which you will complete your picture-collection of Royal Tour millinery.

We will then publish an entry coupon.

The coupon will be accompanied by sepia "reminder" pictures of the Royal Tour hats you will be "judging."

From these you will choose the 10 hats which you think are the most becoming and place them in order of preference from one to 10.

It is, however, essential to keep all color pictures published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* of the Queen wearing a hat.

To enter the £1000 Royal Hat Contest, each entry coupon MUST be accompanied by the color pictures of your chosen hats.

The coupon will be numbered so that you can place the 10 hats in order of preference. As well, the coupon will include space for you to tell us, in not more than 30 words, why you chose Hat No. 1.

You may send in as many entries as you like. But remember that each entry must be on a separate coupon and must be accompanied by a set of color pictures of the hats chosen.

The reader whose selection of Royal hats is closest to the 10 hats listed by our panel of judges will be awarded £1000.

If any readers make the same winning choice of hats, the prize will be awarded to the entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.



IN AUCKLAND DOMAIN for the public welcome to the Royal couple, the Queen chose pink. All these pictures of the Queen in New Zealand were taken by Ron Berg, our photographer on the tour.



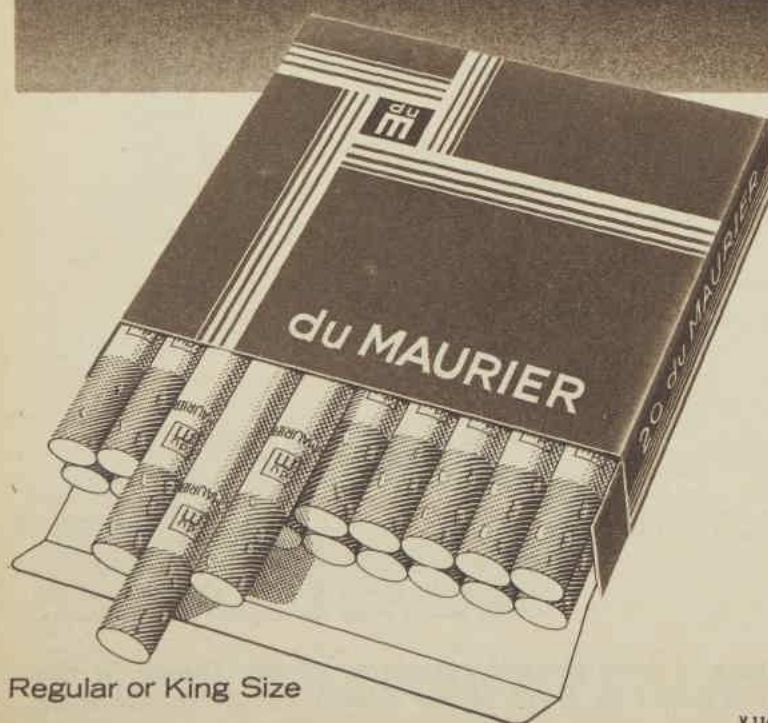
AT NAPIER, Queen Elisabeth chose one of her favorite pastels when she attended Sunday Service.

• Cut out and keep the color pictures of the Queen in this issue of the paper to enter in our £1000 Royal Hat Contest.



du MAURIER

Throughout the world, wherever people of taste and discernment meet, you'll find du Maurier... perfectly mild, superbly filtered



Regular or King Size

The Texan who sells sizzle

● The Texan who coined the best-selling phrase "Don't sell the steak, sell the sizzle" has just sizzled through Australia in five days.

DURING the trip he was still selling the sizzle at 120 words a minute, followed 20 words behind by his wife, carrying a book she wrote entitled "How to Help Your Husband Relax."

"She doesn't need the book for me," said sizzler Elmer Wheeler. "I need no relaxing. I've no ulcers, don't get indigestion, am a perfect traveller, and agree with everybody."

Elmer, who started out as a newspaper reporter, met the depression, and was told by his editor: "Times are bad. We don't need reporters. We need salesmen."

So Elmer put on his hat, said "I'm a salesman," started selling newspaper space, and soon was a top master of the telling, selling sentence.

By
FREDA IRVING

His wife, Beth, had a job with Nieman Marcus, but was sacked because she couldn't sell.

Today her husband is one of the store's advisers, and her 1960 book has become a best-seller.

Elmer, who was on his first visit to Australia to give advisory lectures to the Institute of Sales Management (Aust.), tells you between puffs of his 5in-long cigars:

"We are all born salesmen, but to be a success you must talk only about what you know."

Elmer, who has 247 clients all over the world, has a Sizzle Lab. in Dallas, Texas, where he tests selling sentences, and he's won an Oscar for public speaking.

"My selling line started with a button on a shirt," he said. "For so long I'd watched wives sewing buttons on shirts at six in the morning while impatient husbands champed at the bit."

"So I came up with: 'Buttons Anchored On... Won't come off in the wash.'"

"That was a seller. People chased me for it."

"The next was 'Won't Rub Off' for a white shoe polish. And then I was in business."

"Mostly," he said, "you get the slogans out of the mouths of other people, but you have to be on the beam to pick up their sayings."

Elmer also started the "Family Size" gimmick.

But getting back to his sizzle gimmick which started Elmer's tested selling sentences lab, with franchises all over the world...

And his 247 organisations working on sales surveys in as many cities...



TEXAN VISITORS Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wheeler.

And his 22 books which have been translated into 13 languages — books such as "The Fat Boy's Book" (said to have started a monstrous dieting spree in the States), and his latest "Around the World With Elmer, Backwards—or How to Haggle in 17 Countries..."

"Well," said Elmer, "my point about that sizzle line is that if you can't move a buyer's heart you won't move his head. After all the heart is closer to the pocketbook than the brain."

"Take the sizzle and the steak. First you hear the sizzle, then you smell it, and then you see it — and that

to me is what makes you buy a four dollar steak instead of a 37 cent hamburger."

Beth, mother of 14-year-old Linda, has quite a few home truths in her book.

But she has the honesty to add: "Don't do as I do. Do as I say Do."

Her "Say Do's" include:

- Take separate vacations and never, never make business trip your vacation.
- Get your husband to travel when he's young. If you don't, you're liable to take your world trip as a lonely widow on his life assurance.
- Feed him less and relax him more.

**RELAX
on a
WONDERFUL
PACIFIC
CRUISE**

**&
SEE
BRISBANE,
HAYMAN ISLAND
AND NOUMEA**



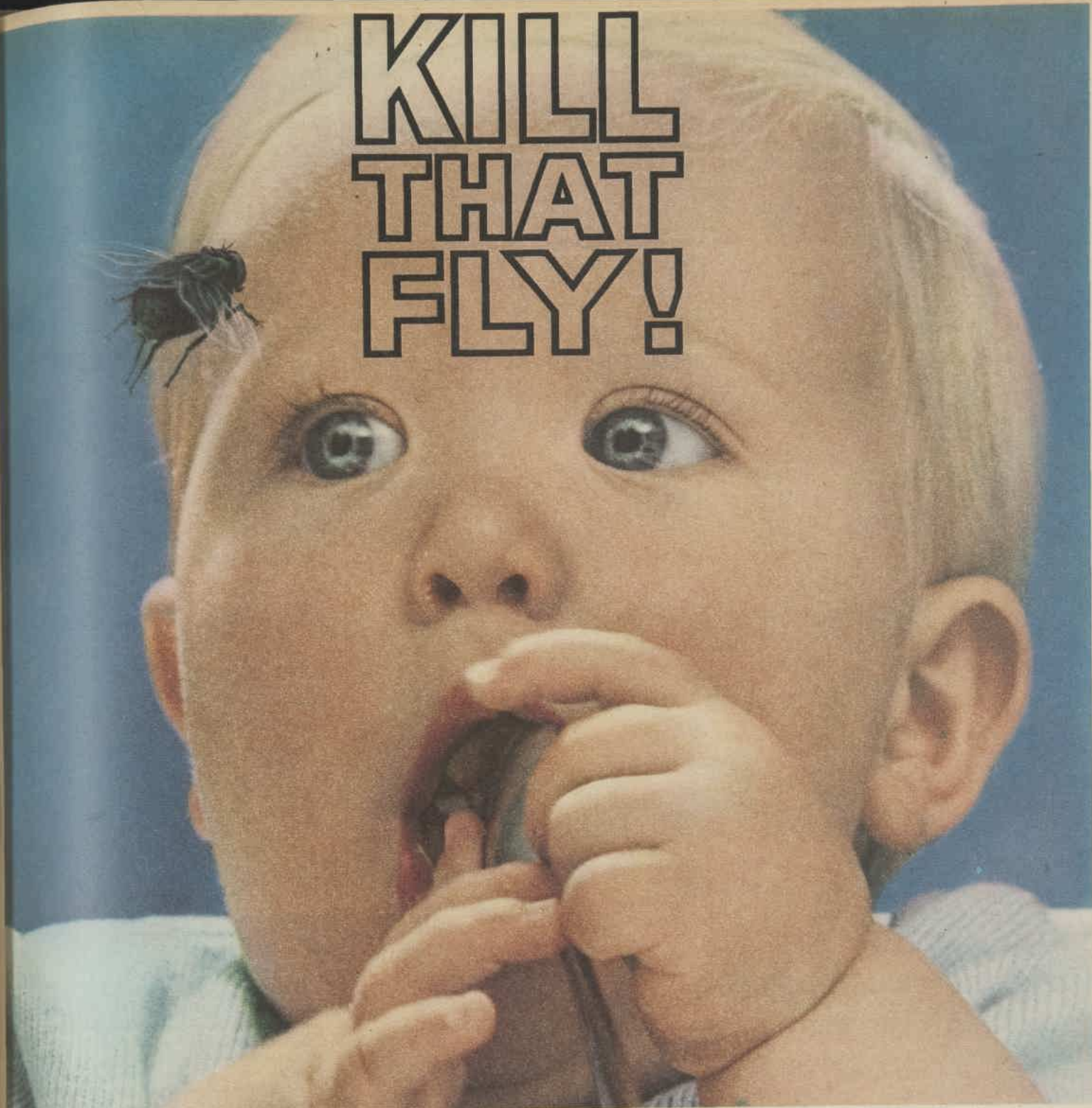
from Sydney, April 19, returning May 3
FARES FROM £81/5/-

See sunny Queensland, Hayman Island, the tropical paradise, and fascinating French Noumea on this ideal Pacific cruise by the M.V. "Wanganella". It's fun and relaxation all the way, and on the return voyage you call again at Brisbane. This is your opportunity to see these "islands in the sun" at real economy fares. Contact your travel agent or the Ship's Agents.

M. V. WANGANELLA
10,000 TONS—ALL ONE CLASS
SYDNEY—F. H. Stephens Pty. Ltd. 27-8311; NEWCASTLE—F. H. Stephens Pty. Ltd. 61-5491; MELBOURNE—F. H. Stephens (Vic.) Pty. Ltd. MB 2333; BRISBANE—F. H. Stephens Pty. Ltd. 31-1476; ADELAIDE—McIlwraith McEachern Ltd. 51-6071; PERTH—McIlwraith McEachern Ltd. 21-6171; HOBART—F. H. Stephens Pty. Ltd. 2-2861; LAUNCESTON—F. H. Stephens Pty. Ltd. 2-2311; AUCKLAND—Henderson & McFarlane Ltd. 44-822; WELLINGTON—Burns Philp & Co. Ltd. 75-278.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1961

KILL THAT FLY!



Protect your family from filthy flies with **Mortein Plus**

Dangerous illnesses such as hepatitis, poliomyelitis, gastro-enteritis and ophthalmia may be carried into your home by flies. Children are especially defenceless against attack unless you guard them with Mortein. You cannot afford to take risks with the health of your family — so be sure to kill every fly that enters your home with safe, certain Mortein Plus.

MORTEIN IS DEADLIEST TO FLIES YET SAFEST TO USE

Mortein Plus kills flies and all insect pests with such speed that they don't have a chance to harm your family's health. This is because Mortein Plus contains the fastest-killing insecticidal ingredients known to science.

Mortein Plus contains costly African Pyrethrum synergized with Piperonyl Butoxide. Mortein isn't only fast — it's **SAFE**.

Most imitations of Mortein contain substances which are harmful to humans and many are so hazardous to human health when sprayed in the normal manner that they would not be permitted to be sold in the United States of America.

Mortein Plus is different from any other insect spray and can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home, even where food is stored, prepared and eaten. Don't take risks with dangerous insect sprays.

SPRAY SAFE WITH MORTEIN.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!





Margo's crisp white shirt and tapered white duck slacks by Jantzen are perfect for summer sunshine.

Top fashion model, Margo McKendry, says...

"I stay slim the easy Ryvita way!"

"Strict dieting is out for me," says internationally-famous Margo McKendry. "I keep slim and full of vitality the easy way. Lots of exercise, a sensible diet and Ryvita every day."

This simple 3-point plan to new figure beauty can be just as effective for you. Reach for Ryvita instead of heavier breads. You'll soon lose unwanted inches—and gain fresh vitality. Ryvita is rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. Crisp. Sustaining. Delicious—with any meal.

Always fresh because Ryvita is sealed in packets. Treat yourself to new "second-look" figure loveliness. Make Ryvita your daily bread.



RYVITA

Makes you fit—keeps you slim



Margo enjoys Ryvita wherever she travels. Ryvita—famous all over the world as the perfect Crispbread.

What is the baby saying?

● Here's the fifth and final in our current series of "Baby Talk" contests. The little boy pictured above gives everyone another opportunity to try for cash prizes totalling £50.

WHAT do you think this week's baby is saying?

He might, for example, be taking part in a parliamentary debate ("And furthermore, I submit that the Honourable Member for Nursery Affairs..."). Perhaps he's an unenthusiastic host ("Oh-ahhhh, Come, Emyntude. Our guests **MUST** be leaving") or a regimental sergeant-major ("Company, ten-shun. Quick march: left-left-left").

But we'd like to hear **YOUR** ideas. Please remember that the baby talk must be short and to the point, using no more than 15 words.

Write your caption on the coupon below and send it in to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each entry must be written on a separate coupon.

The prizes will be awarded to the captions that are judged the brightest and most apt.

The best entry received will receive £20. There's £10 for the runner-up, plus two awards of £5 each and five of £2.

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 5 will close on March 13, and the winners will be announced in our issue dated April 3.

● The results of "Baby Talk" Contest No. 1 will be published in next week's paper (dated March 6).

HOW TO ENTER

1. On the coupon provided, write a caption of not more than 15 words for this baby picture.
2. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a separate coupon.
3. Please write or print clearly and address entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 5 will close on MARCH 13. Winners will be announced in our issue dated April 3.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

COUPON

"BABY TALK" CONTEST No. 5

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

THE BABY IS SAYING:

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1963

NOT A SINGLE MOD CON!

• A Japanese biologist helps her husband, a Greek migrant, run a pearl-culture farm on a remote island in Torres Strait.

HER name is Yurie — it means "September Lily."

Yurie's husband is C. Dennis George, 47, formerly of Sydney, who migrated from Greece in 1949 and was naturalised in 1955.

Packe (pronounced "Packey") Island is a dot — at that — on the map, three hours by boat from Thursday Island and previously uninhabited.

The island is scrub-covered, about one mile long and half a mile wide. It is only a few hundred yards off the south-eastern corner of the large, wild, and unsettled Prince of Wales Island.

The farm is established on a gem of a beach, completely protected, facing Prince of Wales Island.

Turtles no longer lay their eggs on the beach — too much activity now — but they still do on the next beach, just around the point. Yurie served me some when I visited Packe Island.

There, Yurie George nurses their infant son Thomas, cares for her husband, shares with him the heavy load of the delicate, vital scientific work involved in pearl culture, and the research work into artificial fertilisation of oysters, cooks for up to 16 men in the work camp, and keeps her own house in order.

Keeping house is her

By
LARRY FOLEY

finest achievement, I felt, after spending 48 hours there. For it is some house . . .

An unfinished structure of two rooms, one atop the other, it looks as though it is waiting for the Big Bad Wolf to huff and puff and blow it down.

The walls of the upper room are of paper. But the house will not easily blow down. It is ingeniously anchored to the ground from the roof corners by four steel cables.

The upper room is bedroom, nursery, and Yurie's laboratory.

The lower room is an all-purpose room. At one end Dennis has his toolshop-cum-work-bench, "laboratory" (set of shelves), "office" (home-made desk with packing-case for a chair), and a great assortment of equipment and supplies.

At the other end Yurie cooks (mostly on the concrete floor with fuel stoves), launders (in a tin tub), irons, bathes the baby, sews, mends, and makes-do with all her Japanese genius for making much of little.

A curtained corner is the "bathroom" (basin of water and slosh, slosh). Yurie's domestic equipment is

simple. She hasn't a single mod. con.

She fetches water in buckets from the little settlement's three galvanised-iron tanks. Water is brought in by boat. There is none on the island.

If the lower room is chaotic, the upper room is a haven — calm, cool, clean, and ordered. It is Yurie's "Paper Palace."

No sand is tracked up here, for Yurie rules that footwear must be left, Japanese-fashion, at the foot of the stairs.

The couple came to Packe last May. Their son arrived four months later, via Thursday Island General Hospital.

Dennis left Yurie on Thursday Island for the first week while he went alone to Packe to make their tin shed fit for a bride.

Dennis had built the shed on Packe in 1957 and lived in it for a year, experimenting, but he couldn't be sure it was still habitable.

The shed was their home until, stone by stone, they laid the foundations of the house, and then, bit by bit (most of their time and effort going meanwhile into the more pressing pearl-culture operations), made one room, and then the other. More rooms are to be added as time permits.

"Time," said Dennis, despairingly. "If only I had more time."

His achievement in eight months is remarkable. There is a house, store-room (the original tin shed), another tin shed, and three tents used for workers' quarters, water tanks, canvas-covered workshop, motor-launch and outboard dinghy, and, most important of all, a large raft with a wooden hut built on it.

The hut is the laboratory in which the live oysters are treated before being suspended in cages from the raft to feed on plankton, and so produce pearls.

Dennis "met" Yurie by correspondence. During the 1950's, his years of experiment and investigation, he often wrote to Japan, centre of pearl culture, for information.

A steady correspondence

on technical and scientific matters developed with Japanese scientists, including a brilliant biologist — Yurie, a Bachelor of Science and graduate in genetics and embryology at the International Christian University in Tokyo.

Descendant of a ruling family which lost nearly all in the war, Yurie has a brother and sister (both students) in Tokyo, and her father is a professor of economics.

Kings Cross

In February, 1960, Dennis went to Japan to talk business and study Japanese methods. Naturally, he called on his diligent informant. Suddenly their long, technical, impersonal correspondence seemed to have been, without either suspecting it, a courtship.

Dennis returned to Australia in September, 1960, and Yurie joined him in Sydney in February, 1961 — arriving a day earlier than expected.

Dennis returned to his flat at Kings Cross from a visit to friends to be told by a neighbor, "Your girl is here!"

Yurie giggled at the memory.

"Can you imagine?" she said. "Nobody to meet me when I get off the aeroplane. I think, 'Oh well, I go back tomorrow!'"

"I had a big reception committee arranged for the next day," Dennis said.

They were married in Sydney on February 9, eight days after her premature arrival.

Since then their life together has been as romantic and adventurous as their original association was formal and prosaic.

They joined a syndicate in a pearl-farming venture in the Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia, where they lived in a caravan for six months.

Always in Dennis' mind, however, was the potential of Packe.

In April, 1962, he got the financial backing he needed, and launched his Queensland Pearl Culture Pty. Ltd.

For the Georges life on Packe has its hardships, its frustrations, its problems, and its dangers (sharks, violent storms, no radio or other communication except boat to Thursday Island, no mail service), but it has its compensations.



PEARL FARMERS' settlement on Packe Island, Torres Strait, looking across the channel to Prince of Wales Island. The Georges and their 16 workmen tend the pearl "crop," which is suspended in cages from a floating raft. The oysters feed on plankton.



YURIE with her baby son, Thomas, born at Thursday Island. Besides keeping house, Yurie still uses her scientific training in pearl culture.

GREEK - BORN Dennis George built the two-roomed, two-storey house in background (right). The upper room, known as Yurie's "Paper Palace," has paper walls.





NEW

SUBTLE BEAUTY FOR YOUR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

pale and very interesting

OPAL ROSE

The heart-catching beauty of a delicate rose . . . captured for you by Cutex in their new Opal Rose Lipstick and Nail Polish. Wear it with fashion's darker colours — wear it with pastels as delicate as itself — wear it with anything. But be careful! You'll look much too alluring in Opal Rose.

by **CUTEX**

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Furniture fit for the Queen

Designer planned Asian palaces, gifts for British Royalty

WHEN furniture designer Bill Swaffield accepted a post in Singapore more than 30 years ago he left London with a white sun helmet, £10, and a solid training in furniture gained in Bath, Somerset, famous for its elegant Georgian architecture.

Today, Bill Swaffield is chief designer for a Sydney furniture store. In the years between, his life has been eventful. He has designed and furnished palace interiors for Malayan sultans and made gifts for British Royalty — a Chinese lacquered cabinet for Queen Mary's coin collection and a table, Malaya's wedding gift to Queen Elizabeth.

Recently he was asked to help refurnish the R.A.A.F. Connaught which the Queen and Prince Philip are using in Australia.

One of two R.A.A.F. aircraft used for V.I.P. flights, its original mahogany furniture (seats and writing table) have been retained, but the upholstery, carpets, and curtains renewed.

Light blue upholstery has been used on the bulkheads and there are new dark blue carpets, gold window drapes, and grey hide on the chairs.

Mr. Swaffield is a quietly spoken man from Somerset, England. Most of his work these days involves designing furniture for Sydney's skyscraper offices, new schools, and private homes — traditional furniture for the North Shore, contemporary for the Eastern Suburbs.

During the 1930s, when he was with the Public Works Department of the British Colonial Service in

Malaya, large sums were placed at his disposal to create works of art for the Sultans of Perak and Negri Sembilan.

He also designed interior fittings for King's House at Kuala Lumpur and Government House and the Supreme Court in Singapore.

"I worked mainly with Chinese, and learned to speak Cantonese and Malayan," he said. "I found the Chinese among the finest craftsmen in the world."

"They used to bring their wives and children to live on the premises in the wood-working shops, and even ten-year-olds learned to read complicated working drawings which it takes technical-college students here years to learn."

"I had to handle the men carefully, though. They didn't trust woodworking machines, and we had to provide joss-sticks and food to placate the spirits of the machines which nipped off fingers or damaged limbs."

"These placatory ceremonies were held in the factories in the evening in semi-darkness after someone had been involved in an accident."

"The Chinese just didn't believe in machine guards."

Australian wife

Before the war Bill Swaffield used to come down to Australia on leave, and after the war he married an Australian girl and settled here.

"After the war I went back with the Malayan Re-occupation Force to report on the damage by the Japanese and the looters who moved in after the Japanese moved out."

"Everything had been destroyed or stolen. Government offices had been ran-

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

sacked and even the light and toilet fittings had been torn out.

"The Government was allocated £2,000,000 by the Colonial Office to design and re-equip the offices. That was quite a job, with staffs of Chinese workmen to recruit again. We had to work mostly with unseasoned wood."

When the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) was married in 1947, Malaya commissioned him to design her wedding gift, a finely carved table.

"I'd known a Chinese master carver in Penang before the war, and I wanted him to do the job," he said.

"When I finally tracked him down I discovered he'd become an opium addict. He'd often be flat on his back among the shavings, craving for more opium."

"But he managed to finish the job in time."

Bill Swaffield got his early training with the Bath Cabinet Makers, who made furniture for Queen Mary.

"She used to come to the factory and talk about furniture. If she asked you a question and you didn't know the right answer, it was best to keep your mouth shut — she knew too much to be fooled."

He has a great regard for Australian craftsmen. "Their greatest lack is adequate working drawings, particularly with traditional work," he said.

"But given good, full-scale, detailed plans the Australian woodworker is as good as any Royal cabinet-maker."

In Sydney, his clients include jockeys and governors.

"I've done work for churches, hotels, homes, nightclubs, and universities," he said.

He often designs individual furniture for clients. He created an expensive bedroom suite for a leading Australian jockey and hand-painted into the pieces some Chinese plaques, one being for fertility.

"It must have worked. The jockey now has many children," he said with a smile.

Film bed

A Sydney woman once invited him to the French film "The Seven Deadly Sins." She wanted him to copy the Louis XVI bed in the film.

"Trying to remember the details was quite a feat," he said, "since I couldn't have the film slowed down."

But the job which gave him his greatest satisfaction was redesigning a bedroom for Lady Gurney, wife of the British High Commissioner in Malaya, in just under 12 hours.

"The poor lady suffered terribly from asthma," he said, "and one morning at 8 o'clock the aide-de-camp rang and asked how quickly I could build a new bedroom and install air-conditioning to help her."

"I told him that if he could cut through all red tape for me the work would be completed by 7.30 that evening."

"I rang up a Chinese contractor, and in no time the place was swarming with Chinese workmen. I took off my own coat and rolled up my sleeves, and got stuck into the work."

"I told the Chinese foreman that if the job wasn't completed on time I would lose face and he would lose face, too."



BILL SWAFFIELD with "George," carved in two days from a solid block of Siamese teak by a Chinese workman. "It's good luck to stroke George's head," he said. "Every friend who has sworn he brought happiness."

"That's the worst thing that can happen to a Chinese. The disgrace would filter down to his lowliest workman."

"We didn't stop for anything—not even for meals. At 7.20 that night I was able

to invite Sir Henry and Lady Gurney to come and inspect the redesigned room, including the new air-conditioning."

"We completed the job just ten minutes before our target."

NEXT WEEK:

WOOL FASHIONS, 1963

The 1963 wool fashions commended by a panel of judges for the Australian Wool Bureau are shown in glowing color pictures in a big section in our next issue.

Chosen for their color, fabric, excellence of manufacture, and price, the designs promise a bright fashion winter.

They include suits, coats (one is illustrated at right), casuals, evening gowns, and knitteds, and all will be available in the shops.

This section is a wonderful preview of winter fashions you'll be able to buy in a wide price range.

Punishing a child

An expert discusses the uselessness of punishment. The only discipline worth having is self-discipline, she says. A child must want to be good.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1963

● £1000 Royal Hat Contest

In our Royal tour coverage, more of the Queen's hats in color for you to keep for our £1000 Royal Hat Contest (details page 9).

● Cooking with cheese

Cheese is a valuable food—and so versatile. It can be used, cooked or uncooked, as the basis for many dishes.

Next week the Leila Howard Test Kitchen suggests a variety of recipes, all using cheese, to add to your cookery files.

● Coat in creamy wool, winner of a merit award in the Australian Wool Bureau 1963 awards.



ROYAL OCCASIONS



CIVIC WELCOME: Poised and happy, Queen Elizabeth arrived at Pollard Park, Blenheim, for a civic welcome. Once again she was in blue, her favorite tour color so far. Prince Philip rejoined the Queen for the welcome; earlier he had visited the Outward Bound School at Anakiwa.



VARIETY CONCERT: With an embroidered chiffon evening gown, the Queen wore a diamond tiara, a pearl-and-diamond necklace, and pearl-and-diamond earrings to a Royal Variety Concert in Dunedin Town Hall. During the concert the Queen used a tiny pocket torch to read her programme.



SHEARING CONTEST: In a patterned suit — the jacket semi-fitted, the skirt with an inverted pleat — the Queen (above) moved forward to present the prize trophy at the "Golden Shears" Invitation Shearing Contest at Fraser Park, Lower Hutt.

Pictures by staff photographer
Ron Berg.

GARDEN PARTY: The Queen laughingly called for an umbrella at the garden party in the Dunedin Botanic Gardens. "Quite like an English garden party — even with its rain," she said. To meet her were the N.Z. Prime Minister, Mr. K. J. Holyoake, and the Dunedin Mayor, Mr. T. K. S. Sidey.



THESE ATTEND the QUEEN

By ANNE MATHESON

● Travelling with the Queen and Prince Philip is a corps d'elite of loyal courtiers, sworn servants, and bodyguards who protect their sovereign's privacy.

MOST people have heard of their duties, but on this tour there are unfamiliar titles on the staff list.

One is the Page of the Presence, a Mr. Smith. His title is something of a misnomer, for he is never in the presence of the Queen. He rarely sees her.

In the Royal yacht Britannia he conducts visitors to the Queen's ante-room.

This is what happens to visitors:

At the head of the gangway they are received on board by the officer of the watch or, if it is a personage of great standing, then by the Flag Officer himself, Rear-Admiral Joseph Henley.

From here a young lieutenant, Albert Baker, with the title Keeper of the Royal Cabins, brings the visitors to the entrance to the Royal suite.

The Page of the Presence escorts them to the ante-room.

The Queen's personal page, Mr. E. Bennett, takes them on the final stage of their journey, right into her presence.

Mr. Bennett — as oddly titled as Mr. Smith — is Page of the Back Stairs, though he isn't on the back stairs, but at the top table on board or ashore, serving her food at banquets, looking after her cameras, rugs, and parasol.

All these ranks and titles read quite splendidly in the leather-bound arrangement books which must be carried by everyone travelling with the Queen.

Behind such titles as Lady of the Bedchamber, Secretary to the Private Secretary, and Prince Philip's Police Officer are the warmest, friendliest of people, enjoying every moment of their visit.

All have plans to see much more of Australia than the Queen's programme suggests, and their cabins are stuffed with sports gear from surfboards to golf clubs, cameras to swimsuits, snorkels to yachting rig.

For every one of them there is, of course, the hurdle of "finding a spot on the programme," which means a time when they are not on duty to the Queen and can leave on their own pursuits.

The Queen's Medical Officer, Surgeon Rear-Admiral Derek Steele-Perkins, says, "It's the great outback I'm looking for-

programme or relaxing in the Royal yacht.

Then there is Detective F. Kelley, the policeman who goes everywhere with Prince Philip.

Tall and broad-shouldered, Detective Kelley is, as one of the photographers said, "as tough as they come," but he never gets ruffled and has a great sense of humor.

He is a born mimic who can keep everyone rocking with laughter at Royal tour parties by his impersonations, particularly of pomposity.

One person on this tour who won't miss a chance to enjoy Australia is the Flag Officer, Rear-Admiral Henley, whom I first saw in a conga line in the Mocambo Hotel at Nandi, Fiji, is an amazingly youthful personality with a puckish face.

Miss Margaret Macdonald, the famous "Bobo," who is the Queen's dresser, is rarely seen on an outing, such is her devotion to her mistress.

Of the members of the entourage who have never been to Australia, it is Miss Mary Morrison who surely most deserves to have time off to relax and enjoy herself. In New Zealand she was the only lady-in-waiting, because illness had prevented Lady Leicester from joining the tour.

This meant that the tall, slender Miss Morrison was on duty with the Queen at every function.

When the last visitor has gone from the yacht and the last function of the day is over she has all the "thank you" letters to write for the Queen for the bouquets and the good wishes, letters which are written by hand.

As a Lady of the Bedchamber, she has also to see that the Queen's wishes are carried out, make sure that she leaves one function in time to dress for the next.

And see that the Royal parasol, cine-camera, rug, raincoat, and that extra pair of stockings it is alleged she carries in her handbag, in case of a ladder, are all there if wanted.



SURGEON Rear-Admiral Derek Steele-Perkins.



PRESS - SECRETARY Commander "Dickie" Colville taking Prince Charles back to Cheam after school holidays in 1959.

ward to more than even the surfing."

Tall, fair, blue-eyed, with a quiet voice and humorous smile, he already has a deep suntan.

The Queen's Private Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Michael Adeane, is looking forward to the cruise from Darwin round the north-west coast.

"That's a part of Australia I'm told few Australians have been to," he says.

The Queen's Press Secretary, Commander Richard Colville, has a job which leaves little chance of time off, with the Press clamoring for news of the Queen whether she is carrying out her official

Mary COLES' SOCIAL

THE Victoria Racing Club is planning fabulous floral finery at Flemington on February 23, when the Queen and Prince Philip will attend the Queen's Cup Meeting.

Magnificent arches of flowers will be a feature of the decor and nine bands (eight of them Highland) will add to the splendor and provide music for the Queen (especially Scottish airs) wherever she goes on the course.

The chairman of the A.J.C., Mr. Brian Crowley, and his wife will fly to Melbourne for the day and be among official guests at the meeting.

The big race of the day for them will be the Duke of Edinburgh Stakes — with Sky High carrying Mr. Crowley's dark blue and orange colors, having his first start since his springtime successes.

Mrs. Arthur Grundy, of Roseville, and her younger daughter, Chrystobel, who has just gone to Melbourne to "finish" at Invergowrie, will also be among Sydneysiders at Flemington.

And they'll add to the color on the course with elegant, gold-handled parasols they bought in Paris.

Mrs. Grundy's is in a vivid shade of green with a green-and-white flowered lining, and Chrystobel has a black silk one, lined and frilled with gay beige-and-pink rose-patterned material.

ON her first home visit here from England for three years, Mrs. Sam Hardy is making her headquarters with her sister, Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne, at Macleay Regis. She's hoping for news that the musical comedy "Berlin," recently written by her son, Charles MacArthur Hardy, and John Worth is to go into production. As soon as a theatre is available, Robert Helpmann is going to direct the show, and Mai Zetterling will be one of the stars. "Berlin" is Charles' first venture as a professional playwright. Once chosen by a London paper as the "Number One Escort for London Debutantes," Charles spends most of his time these days writing at his 500-year-old country cottage, "The Moat House," Whittlesford, rather than being a dashing young man about Mayfair.

FROM England comes news that film director John Coquillon and his bride, formerly Penelope Hill, of Edgecliff, have returned to London from Africa and taken a flat in Upper Montagu Street. They were married several months ago in Nairobi, where John was shooting scenes for Bob Hope's new film, "Call Me Bwana." The reception after their wedding at the District Commissioner's Office was held in the Royal Game Park at the home of Game Warden Mr. Steven Ellis and his wife. And "guests" at the party included a pet lion cub, Penny, who is the daughter of Dr. Marie Hill and Professor M. A. Hill, met John in London last year when she was abroad with her mother.



NAVAL OFFICERS formed a guard of honor for Sub-Lieutenant Garry Stiles, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Phillipa Hudson, as they left St. Martin's Church, Killara, after their wedding. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stiles, of Lindfield, and the bride the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Charles Hudson, of Killara. An orchid held Phillipa's veil in place.

NO one was more excited about the christening of Fiona Robinson Matchett, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Matchett, of "Northcote," Boom, last week, than Fiona herself. She is three. She wore the sweetest beige Swiss cotton frock appliqued with yellow and green leaves for the ceremony at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, and afterwards her parents entertained in her honor at a small party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lloyd, of Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Des Matchett, of "Kunopia," Moree, Ian Alexander, of "Murki," Moree, and Robert Allan, of "New Bonithorne," Garah, are Fiona's godparents. Robert accepted the role in absentia — he is en route to the United States to holiday and look at famous cattle studs. The day after the christening Ian married Marita Head at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, and flew off to honeymoon in Tahiti.

DR. BEN HANEMAN'S most fascinating memory of Spain, where he and his wife recently spent two months, was attending a midnight performance of "Hamlet" by a Spanish Shakespearean company at a theatre in Madrid. As Spanish is one of his pet hobbies, Dr. Haneman was able to follow the dialogue — including having the thrill of being able to translate the lines "Ser o no ser," as the famous phrase, "To be or not to be." Incidentally, he says Spaniards have trouble pronouncing their aitches and call "Hamlet" "Armllet." Mrs. Haneman's treasure trove from Spain includes the most lovely chocolate-brown antelope coat with raglan sleeves.

THE driveway of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Shaw's home, "Kanoona," Harden, will be transformed into a Parisian terrace cafe on March 2 for a Night in Paris dinner party and fur parade to aid the Harden Church of England Building Fund. The garden will be spectacularly lit with a mapole of colored lights for the party, which will be attended by about 200 guests.

BESIDES lots and lots of chairs there'll be five hundred cushions for guests to make themselves comfortable sitting on the lawns at the "Harborside Festivities" at "The Hermitage," Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Boyce's lovely home on the waterfront at Vaucluse, on February 24. Features of the function, which is being arranged by the Combined Auxiliaries of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, will be an all fresco luncheon and a non-stop round of entertainment, including cruises to the Opera House. And I hear Mrs. Falkner Blandford, chairman of the Combined Auxiliaries, and Mrs. H. Bell-Allen will preside at a hot-dog stand — dressed for the part in the chef's cap and iazzy barbecue aprons.

ROUNDAABOUT



IN LONDON. Mr. Bill O'Connell, of Vauchuse, and his bride, formerly Miss Sally Best, of Lisamore, setting off to honeymoon in Paris after their wedding at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Best, and the bridegroom the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Connell.



JUST WED. Mr. Neil Jamieson and his bride, formerly Miss Jocelyn Shea, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her bridesmaids. From left, Miss Helen Shea, Miss Erin Shea, Miss Pam Austin, and Miss Beverly Shea. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Shea, of Seaforth, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Jamieson.



SMILES from Mr. Christopher Simpson and his fiancée, Miss Elke Dowidat, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willi Dowidat, of Remscheid-Luttringhausen, Germany. She is making a three months' visit to Sydney to house-hunt with her fiancé for a home here after their marriage.



ABOVE: Dr. Arnold Knepper, of San Francisco, and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Gael Rudwick, of Roseville, pictured after their marriage at the reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cook Rudwick, at Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, California. The bride set off her simple cream French silk gown with a Spanish mantilla. She was attended by her sister Miss Libby Rudwick, who wore pale blue.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Campbell Scott, Mrs. Daryl Isles (centre), and Mrs. Bill Edwards (on the right) at the fashion - parade luncheon at Chevron Hilton Hotel to aid the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society. More than 300 guests attended the function, which was held in the Silver Spade Room.



CONTESTANTS in the Concourse of Canine Elegance, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax on February 22 to aid the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, will include Mrs. John Amory's hunt terrier "Chipper." Mrs. Amory will escort him wearing riding kit to complement his sporting personality.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Unwanted at 50

MY husband has reached retiring age, and I am just 50, and his single pension is quite inadequate for the needs of two people. Therefore I must work. But, because I married very young and devoted all my time and attention to the home and children, I am untrained for any job. I could now spend some time training and studying for something, but whatever I try I am told, "We don't accept anyone over 40." What am I to do?

£1/1/- to "Forgotten Woman" (name supplied), Boulder, W.A.

Careful — or mean?

MY 10-year-old is very careful with her pocket-money. She saves every penny she gets and, if she does spend it, she buys a present for one of the family. If I run short of change, she offers me hers, which I always pay back. The trouble is that friends and relations always call her "Meanie," "Scrooge," or "Tightwad" until she gets quite worried about whether it is right to save money or to waste it on sweets. Have other readers had this trouble?

£1/1/- to "Fed Up" (name supplied), Penguin, Tas.

No money for gifts

AS I am in poor health, my husband handles the money and does all the shopping. When Christmas and birthdays come around, however, my husband buys me presents that we cannot really afford, yet refuses to give me money to buy him a present. This makes me feel very bad.

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Those collectors of recipes

WHY is it that women must collect recipes? My wife collects at least one every time we go out for a meal. She never uses any of them because, "I know my own recipes will be all right," she says. Then why does she ask for them? Is it out of politeness? Does she consider she is complimenting the hostess, or is it just another feminine trait that men are never meant to understand?

£1/1/- to "Mr." (name supplied), East Brighton, Vic.

Howzat!

OH, these cricket broadcasts! My five-year-old is very interested in the radio and listens quietly with her Daddy. When I was bathing her the other day she whispered very confidentially, "Mummy, what IS a Titmus?"

£1/1/- to "Mother of Four" (name supplied), Cooroy, Qld.

Hubby's gifts

"KITCHEN KID" (Tas.) asks if she is being selfish in expecting her husband to give her personal presents instead of practical ones for Christmas and birthdays. I think she is a very lucky woman to have such a thoughtful husband to buy useful gifts for the home and kitchen. My husband buys me a box of chocolates for birthdays, a bunch of flowers for anniversaries, and nothing for Christmas. So she should be thankful for whatever gifts she receives.

£1/1/- to "Appreciative" (name supplied), Wollongong, N.S.W.

"KITCHEN KID'S" husband has treated her very well. I received a rake for Christmas, and for my birthday my husband handed me a "nice little cake of sandsoap." And I'm not complaining.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Cook, Bendigo, Vic.

MY husband usually gives me presents for the kitchen, but last Christmas he showed some improvement. When asked what I wanted, I named a host of things I needed for the kitchen, then later I remarked how lucky a friend of mine was to have a new white cardigan, and that it was something I had always longed for. He took the hint and I received a lovely white cardigan, some stockings, and a flour sieve.

£1/1/- to "Sifted" (name supplied), East Wymond, Tas.

HOW lucky "Kitchen Kid" is! In 25 years of marriage the only presents I have had from my husband are the wedding ring and three children.

£1/1/- to "Docile Daisy" (name supplied), Maryland, W.A.

MY husband gives me personal gifts for birthdays and Christmas, and, though I appreciate them and all the thought that goes into choosing them, how I would love sometimes to receive cutlery or tea-towels. Then I would be able to save a little money from my non-elastic housekeeping allowance which would eventually grow into enough to buy things like an electric frying-pan, floor-polisher, washing-machine, and motor lawnmower.

£1/1/- to "While There's Life" (name supplied), North Bundaberg, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

PUTTING covers on school books is very important now.

In my time we put brown paper on a few books that had a lot of hard wear, like Hall and Stevens' geometry. (What a best-seller that was! I'll bet Hall lived in luxury on the proceeds of it—not to mention Stevens.)

We didn't put covers on our exercise books. The covers would have hidden those helpful tables on the back cover, and lists of penny-weights, and rods, poles, or perches, which we relied on in doing our sums.

Today pupils are expected to cover just about all their books. The girls make a special thing of it, and compete keenly in the design and material used.

There was a great stir when Gloria Potts, in my eldest daughter's class, covered her books with gold paper. Her uncle could get it wholesale. The other girls used candy-striped wallpaper and other fancy items, but Gloria was a jump ahead.

It is the thing to paste pictures on the covers, too.

COVERING UP

Last year my younger daughter had a picture of a kitten on the cover of her social studies book. Her arithmetic book was decorated with a color portrait of Sandra Dee. I could not see the connection, but it wasn't for me to criticise.

The covers have to be just right or there is much distress—even the shedding of tears.



We had a crisis over the folder for keeping the monthly School Magazine in. I put elastic bands on it for holding the issues in place. "That's not allowed!" was the horrified comment.

Pieces of thread had to be used, not rubber. Otherwise the whole

education system would be thrown into chaos and ruin. So thread it was.

This year the accent is on plastic. My wife, who has been through the covering ordeal before, thought she would be smart this time. She bought a length of pale blue plastic cloth (2/6 a yard).

Daughter No. 1 was delighted with it. She spent a whole evening on the floor covering geometry books and everything else with blue plastic.

But Daughter No. 2 looked at the blue plastic with dismay. Her eyes filled with tears. "It's not allowed," she said.

The proper thing in her class was to cover exercise books with transparent plastic, and paste pictures of dogs on the book underneath.

It was late, getting on for dinner time, but my wife dashed up to the shopping centre again to get transparent plastic (1/- a yard).

The books are a dazzling sight now, from the outside.

"You're supposed to take an interest in the inside, too, you know," I said.

That may come in time. But just now it is all dogs and plastic.

Undersea with a Polaris sub

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Project '63," Channel 9's new name for their big prestige hour formerly known as "Friday Special," is presenting Australian audiences with some outstanding television.

THE first "Project '63" was a presentation filmed at the Globe Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, of Charles Laughton in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It has set a standard that has been upheld in following programmes. The one listed for Monday, February 25, sounds like another beauty.

It is called "Polaris Submarine: Journal of an Undersea Voyage," and is scheduled for screening at 10.30 p.m. on February 25. It is an N.B.C. special, filmed under most unusual conditions when a six-man team spent 16 days on board a Polaris submarine during a 16-day mission and the firing of its missiles.

The N.B.C. team was headed by Martin Agronsky. All were examined physically, psychologically, and patriotically before they were allowed aboard.

The six men rendezvoused at sea with the nuclear submarine.

"We had a purpose for this rendezvous at sea," Mr. Agronsky said.

"We wanted to interview the captain at the end of a sea patrol. The George Washington, our sub, had been at sea for six weeks. We met it, and as it came into

its base at Holy Loch, Scotland, I interviewed the captain on the bridge."

With this over, the N.B.C. went down below and submerged with the crew on the 16-day mission.

The crew filmed for nearly 14 hours a day.

"We worked day and night," Agronsky said, "except we couldn't tell when it was day and when it was night."

"At night, though, the ship 'runs red.' This means the lights throughout the ship are red and it's the only way to tell that it is night. After a while you got to associate night with the red lights, and when you saw them you got tired."

Missile fired

The climax of the film is the firing of a non-armed Polaris missile down the Atlantic missile range.

For the first time ever it shows the details of a Polaris countdown and its underwater launching.

One of the most intriguing interviews in the documentary is with the sonarman, Oliver Volk, aboard the sub.

"My ears are the eyes of the ship," the sonarman said. "I am listening to sounds all round the ship. A cargo



Jimmy Hannan

ship, for instance, puts a great amount of noise into the water. Whales make a noise, too; so do porpoises.

"That noise you hear now is a sperm whale feeding. He has big teeth like a soup-strainer. He gulps great big mouthfuls of water and forces it out through this type of soup-strainer and that makes the tinkling noise you hear."

Volk is very highly regarded among sonarmen. He can tell girl porpoises from boys by the noise they make.

I can't wait to see this special. I just love submarine shows. I've never yet recovered from the loss of "Silent Service" and the gravelly voice of Rear-Admiral Thomas Dykus (Retired) as he explained what was going on.

One of the interesting things about the special is that it was filmed and shown in color in America and ended up with the spectacular but sinister sunburst of color from the Polaris missile as it took off. That must have been colossal.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

*****With KIRSTEN WARD*****

★ THE PASSWORD IS COURAGE

This British prisoner-of-war story, nearly 20 years after the events it shows, is played mainly for thrills and laughter — taking the sting out of the terrors that went with the real thing and putting the Nazis on a level with the Three Stooges. Dirk Bogarde is handsome and intrepid as Sergeant-Major Charlie Coward on whose experiences the film is based. —Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . RACY.

★ IF A MAN ANSWERS

Sandra Dee is the young bride who takes her mother's advice and uses a book on dog care and an imaginary lover to keep her new husband (Bobby Darin) faithful and contented. She de-

"SATURDAY DATE" is a good name and Jimmy Hannan is a good comper for a teenage show, but, while I admire this new Channel 9 show and its comper, I don't admire its timing.

I can't understand why Channel 9 don't do the right thing and present young Hannan, obviously being groomed for bigger and better things on Channel 9, with the old Saturday "Bandstand" time of 5 p.m. ("Bandstand" has now graduated to being a night-time week-night show.)

"Saturday Date" is an unpretentious presentation of popular music and teenage talent, with an invited audience of teenagers who actually take part in the show — very like "Bandstand" of several years ago.

It relies on audience participation by teenagers for a lot of its viewer interest.

At 3.30 on Saturday afternoon, when it is telecast, most teenagers have dates at the beach in the summer, at the football in winter, but at 5 p.m. teenagers are looking for entertainment (especially when it's free), either on the TV screen or right in the middle of the TV studio.

"Saturday Date" is good enough for the 5 o'clock time slot. It is a simple presentation and has an artlessness that is appealing.

Good — but harrowing

A PSYCHIATRIST, Dr. Theodore Bassett (Wendell Corey), is the star of Channel 7's new show, "The Eleventh Hour."

It is a good show, well produced, well done. Dr. Bassett deals not with the diseases of the body, as do

Casey and Kildare, but with the diseases of the mind.

The people he treats are deep in the grip of mental illness. The desperation of their kin or a desperate situation in which their sick mind has involved them brings his patients to him.

The patients are virtually the stars of each hour show. Their cases make television that is interesting, absorbing, but unutterably sad.

The last episode I saw, in which Katy Jurado played the Mexican mother of a retarded boy of 16, was splendid, but it was so horribly true and so pathetic that I couldn't sit some bits of it out.

It is not only the condition of the patient that makes "The Eleventh Hour" sad; it is also harrowing to watch the generally unrewarding and pathetic efforts of helpful relatives and the lack of help and understanding from many members of the community.

I think "The Eleventh Hour" is a well-produced and thoughtful series, but it is not to be approached lightly.

It is interesting to know that all the methods used in the show are checked by technical, medical, and psychiatric experts. There are no unreal techniques used.



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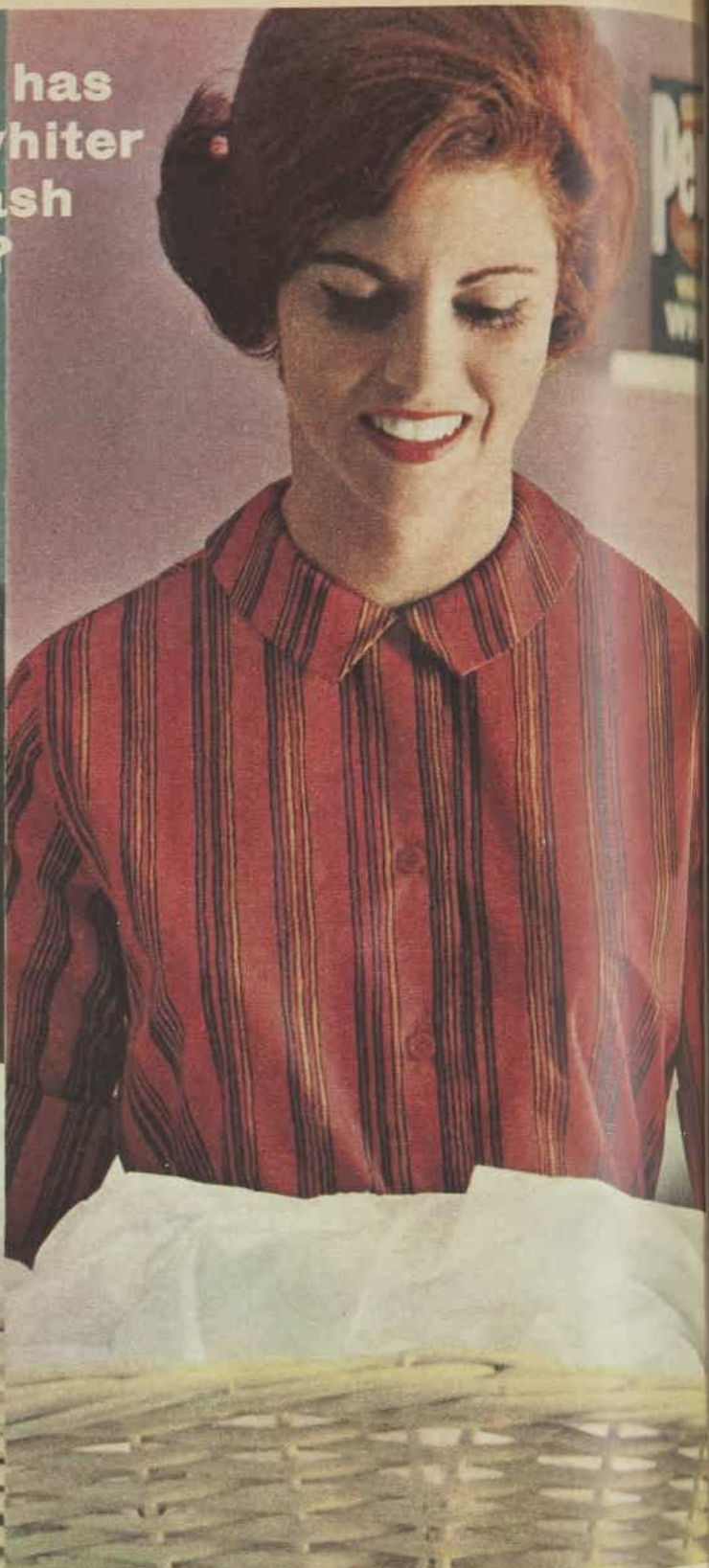
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"Hello, Mrs. Brent, Mrs. Todd.
Dear, where's my shirt that has
all the buttons on it?"



"Mum would have a fit if she
knew about this."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dean

SOME of the best short stories I've read in years are collected under the title of "An Unavoidable Delay."

The author, Diana Atwill, is described on the dust-jacket as a young English-woman who only recently began writing. In 1959 she won the London "Observer" international short story contest.

All 13 stories in the book are love-stories in the sense that they are about love. They are not what are usually labelled romantic stories.

Aside from their insight into the minds of the young and the middle-aged, they evoke a setting so strongly that when you lay the book down you are still, for a time, in the place where the author put her characters—whether it is England, Greece, Italy, or Yugoslavia.

Because I wanted to see how she managed to convey this atmosphere so sharply and so economically I read some of the stories again. But she is a writer of such skill that you forget to study the mechanics and become absorbed again in the characters.

BY announcing the true reason for the cancellation of Princess Margaret's visit to Paris, the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, caused a storm of criticism.

But you can be sure that had the Princess and Lord Snowdon continued to plan their Paris visit and to be entertained by General de Gaulle there would have been an equally violent outcry.

It might have been more tactful for the Princess to feign a sprained ankle. A bandage and a slight limp, a little nearer the time, might have met the case.

But I don't know that I blame Mr. Macmillan. Britain IS offended with France. And why not?

THE Earl of Arran, columnist for the London "Evening News," described General de Gaulle as "That bottle-nosed old giraffe."

Do not, they say, make personal remarks — A rule that you were reared on, that I'll bet, And one which often, mid the flying sparks, Makes you frustrated to the point of fret.

Annoyed, you may deliver sundry quips, Shafted and barbed, but lacking fire and force, And all the time you feel like spitting chips But keep the brawl impersonal, of course.

So let us hail a man who doesn't care. He offers satisfaction and a laugh To those of us too mealy-mouthed to dare To call someone a bottle-nosed giraffe.

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*Marmite contains no meat and is not an extract of meat

AFTER a month of a murder mystery, February looked like getting off to a pretty tame start in Sydney until the spy story shot like a rocket across the front pages and was dissipated in a shower of sparks.

There is a temptation to picture a scene between executives of a Russian spy school.

"What can we do with Ivan?" asks one of another. "He is coming on nicely at his invisible writing and some of his English compositions are very good, but I have my doubts that he is absolutely top-grade material."

"There's always Australia," says another. "They have a few secrets there, I understand, and the people are of an unsuspicious nature. It is a good place to practise."

Time passes and the spy-teachers are again discussing training schemes. "I hear that Ivan flunked his field work," says one. "Makes us look pretty silly."

"Oh, well," says the other philosophically, "think of all our star graduates all round the world putting messages under loose bricks and things, and nobody knows."

"True," replies the first, "but it's annoying. We can never publicise our successes."

THINGS had quietened down at a time of writing with the result that a flying saucer was mentioned in an evening paper.

Dear old flying saucers! Do you remember when they were the stuff that front pages are made of?

This one, which appeared in Italy, was rather nice. The observer reported that while "in the woods" he saw a huge round luminous object and a man wearing what looked like a suit of transparent plastic. After the observer took photographs the man boarded the saucer and flew away.

However, it's really only the sentimental memory of the hilarity they aroused, somewhere round 16 years ago, that strikes a chord of pleasure.

Surely someone can devise a new fantasy now.

GRUMBLE though I may about the heat, I am always sorry to see the summer go and this summer I shall be sorer than usual.

For this has been the year of the watermelon. I don't remember a summer when the quality of those on sale in Sydney was so good. They came down from tenpence a pound to sixpence (which is cheap around Kings Cross where a floating population brings top prices).

Their comparatively low calorie value gives them an added attraction and so I shall float into autumn awash with watermelon.

FRENCH DRESSING

from the AUTUMN
PARIS COLLECTIONS



● Arresting new fur catch for 1963. Cardin's "dotty" fox coat and matching hat (left) have spots of black fur scattered on snowy-white. Right: Exotic zebra coat from Lanvin. Stripes and spots are a sign of the new season.



● Nina Ricci's pink moire floor-length evening coat (above). The coat has a detachable fur-lined hood.

● The muffled look of Paris, from Nina Ricci (right). The collar curls around the face to form a hood.



● Jean Barthe's red velvet urchin cap has the new, blown-up crown. The cap is banded in ribbon and has a large jewel trim.



● Ski fashions were a chic item in the autumn Paris Collections. Above: Hermes' sheepskin jerkin worn with a black sweater and white trousers.

● Here, to generate new excitement in fashion, we show fresh shapes, colors, and ideas for autumn. The fashions are potent, Parisian, and fascinating enough to make clothes talk provocative.

The boy look in hats is the talk of the town, hoods are a conversation

piece in themselves, and suits are varied. The woman who has everything will chatter about exotic striped and spotted furs in black and white.

A word to emphasise is tunic. The dinner suit is another item to discuss; this year it is laden with glamor. Talk is colored with white for day and night,

all-black, and vivid shades. The wonderful thing about the new clothes—there's something for everyone. But, remember, what looks right on you or me may be another woman's fashion poison. As I was saying, start talking—the word to utter now is plan.

— BETTY KEEP



● Dior's red wool suit (above) worn with a matching pompon-trimmed skater's cap. Note tunic-type jacket.



● Important news at Yves Saint-Laurent (above) — a short jacket and full skirt tapering to the knee.

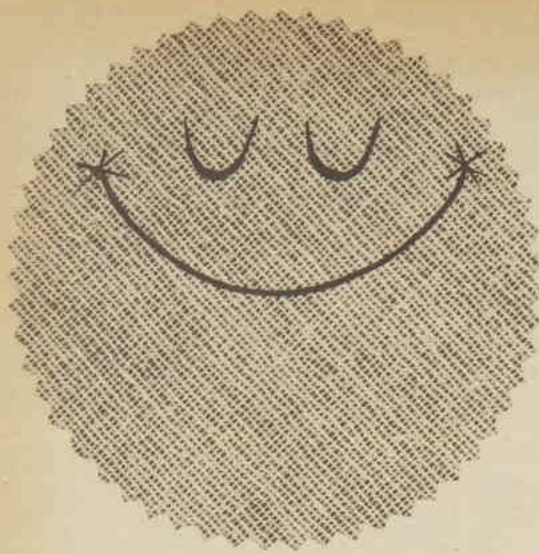


● Glamorous ingredients for after-dark. Suit in gold-and-white brocade worn with a blouse of fringed crystal beads. Design by husband-and-wife team Simonetta and Fabiana.



● New look at Maison Dior is the suit with a trouser-type skirt. The look is achieved by a deep-welted, inverted front pleat. Color news: Black and brown mixed in a plaid.

● At its zenith in fashion, the tunic. The one above from Dior has a narrow, slick silhouette and key-hole neckline at back. The material is green cloque satin.



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The Whistling Boy

Although their meetings were
few, a warm and firm friendship
had grown between them . . .
A charming short short story

By ERNEST WICKES



I HEARD him whistling a long time before I saw he was coming down our street. The whistle had a trill to it like a blackbird's and the same intangible sense that it was declaring the sun is shining and the world is made for enjoyment.

Occasionally he would pause in his skipping to beat time with a stick against the fences or call impatiently to an invisible "Rover."

"Rover! Hurry up, Rover!" or an impatient, "Rover, come here at once. Do you think I have all day to waste."

Dogs and little boys do not often choose to wander down the conservative and uninteresting street in which I live and grow my flowers. Especially the kind of boy that shouts and whistles and the sort of dog that is independent enough to be disobedient.

"Rover! Rover! Stop chasing that cat." Apparently Rover was a very disobedient dog and was going to chase cats because the boy was minus any signs of a dog when he came rattling his little stick along the decorative top of my fence.

His head came a little higher than my fence and he did not appear to notice me as he reached my open gate and stopped as though considering whether an open gateway represented more cats and temptation to the errant Rover.

A few minutes' pause while he waved his stick around and waited before tapping the other gatepost and continuing with muttered remarks about people who left gates open and what was likely to happen to disobedient dogs. I watched him depart and waited to see if the dog came along but it apparently had found something more important to a doggy mind.

The next morning he surprised me by coming along quietly with an occasional tap against the fence and no signs of his dog. I was pruning roses and he stopped with his eyes to the ground and said, "You have such a lovely garden, such lovely roses, especially those dark ones that smell so lovely."

"Thank you," I said, "they are my favorites, too." I was wondering whether to offer him some to take home when he gave a cheery wave and was on his way.

The next morning his voice sounded angry as I heard him admonishing, "Oh you bad dog. Bad dog! Rover, go home at once."

But he was laughing and talking to himself when he came to my fence and stopped to say, "Good morning. Are those cosmos you have by the gate?"

I looked where he was pointing his hand and answered, "Yes. They are making a good show at present."

"The bees like them," he said. "I can hear them humming. There is a feast for us today."

I looked at him surprised because it is not often you meet boys with poetic feelings even when they are still young.

"How is your dog? You seemed to be having trouble with him."

"Oh, Rover. He is in disgrace. I am trying to teach him to be a police dog but he won't try."

With a polite "Goodbye," he was gone as abruptly as before, running and rattling his stick along the fence.

I missed seeing him for the next few days and wondered if he was sick or had found a more interesting pathway for boys and dogs.

Then he was back again and stopping to talk about flowers and dogs. I found out he liked stocks and violets and did not like dahlias at all. Rover was away in the country on a farm, I was informed, being trained to be a sheepdog. "Sheepdogs have fun chasing rabbits and it is wrong to keep dogs cooped up in a city."

I agreed with him, thinking he was a shy, funny little lad, as he ran off as though afraid to stay longer.

The next day I could hear that Rover was back. "Rover, you must stop and watch the lights. Rover, you must walk slowly." I thought I was at last going to see this illusive if versatile pup, but again I was disappointed.

"Home, Rover, home," came the call before I could gratify my curiosity.

This time we talked for a longer period, but he would not come in and look around my garden but stayed shuffling his feet at the gate with his eyes on the ground. I was intrigued about those traffic lights and so I said, "How is the sheepdog coming along?"

"He was no good with sheep. He wanted to bite them."

"Well, what will you do with him now?"

"I am training him to be a guide dog. That is the best job of all for a dog."

I was getting my suspicions about the illusive and invisible Rover and he must have sensed my disbelief, for he said, "Let's talk about something real like flowers. You know that Rover is only a make-believe dog."

He ran off and I had a feeling he was going to start crying. I was upset because I felt we had lost something fine that we had shared. The next day there was no sign of him, although I waited all the morning in the hope he would come along.

I heard the usual sounds of traffic up at the corner where we join the main road. The impatient honking of trucks, the squeal of brakes, the sirens of fire engines, police cars, and ambulances that mark a busy highway. I thought it was time somebody did something about installing traffic lights so people could cross safely. But my visitor failed to appear.

Then I read that there had been an accident at our corner and a little blind boy had been injured. The description seemed too familiar and that is why I am taking this bunch of flowers — nice smelly flowers — to the hospital. They are inscribed "from Rover and Rover's friend."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1961

whatever happened to CHARLEY?



The sight of even a single rose brought romantic and nostalgic memories to Jodie.

PEOPLE, Jodie told her husband, don't have any fun any more.

It was a warm night. For an hour they had lain in bed, vainly trying to sleep. Now, lying still in the darkness, they talked to each other in low tones. "Oh, I don't know," her husband's voice answered from the darkness, "I am sure they do."

"They make a lot of noise and smile a lot," Jodie said, "but they don't have any fun."

"What do you mean, fun?" Her husband propped himself up on one elbow and leered at her affectionately. "I suppose by that you mean they don't do the same things you did. As I recall, my girl, you ran around with a pretty wild bunch."

"They weren't wild," Jodie protested.

"Ha, ha. That isn't what I heard."

"Not wild at all." She smiled. "Just adventuresome."

The soft summer air came in the window, flowing over them. Beneath them the sheets smelled of sunshine. Her husband said casually, with a trace of malice in his voice, "Whatever happened to Charley, anyway?"

"Charley?"

"Surely you remember him," her husband said in astonishment. "As I recall, you had quite a crush on him one summer."

"I don't know. He probably married some girl and went to work in a bank and has a couple of kids like everyone else."

Her husband snorted his disbelief. "Charley?"

"People change," Jodie said primly. She smiled.

"Nothing personal."

"I don't like the sound of your voice. Oh, I may have gained a few pounds, but basically I am still the same charming fellow."

Jodie turned over on her stomach, remembering with a trace of nostalgia that summer long ago when she had been exposed to the special brand of person that was Charley Green — the curved mouth and red thatch of hair, the hazel eyes that had hypnotised her for one short summer month. It was impossible to believe now that she had ever danced barefooted in the moonlight, but she had — with Charley Green.

From the first she had known that she didn't belong to Charley Green's world. She had gone to the party out of a sense of boredom — boredom with her life and the summer itself, a feeling of life flying by, and in the centre of it, pinned like a moth, Jodie Andrews dancing sedately at Junior Club dances, drinking punch (predictably spiked) with young men like Jim Caldwell and Gary McCormick home from college for the summer.

When she married, Jodie knew that she would marry one of them, if not Jim or Gary, then somebody substantially like them. At nineteen she was snobbish enough to know that they were considered the cream, and she was conventional enough to care about such distinctions.

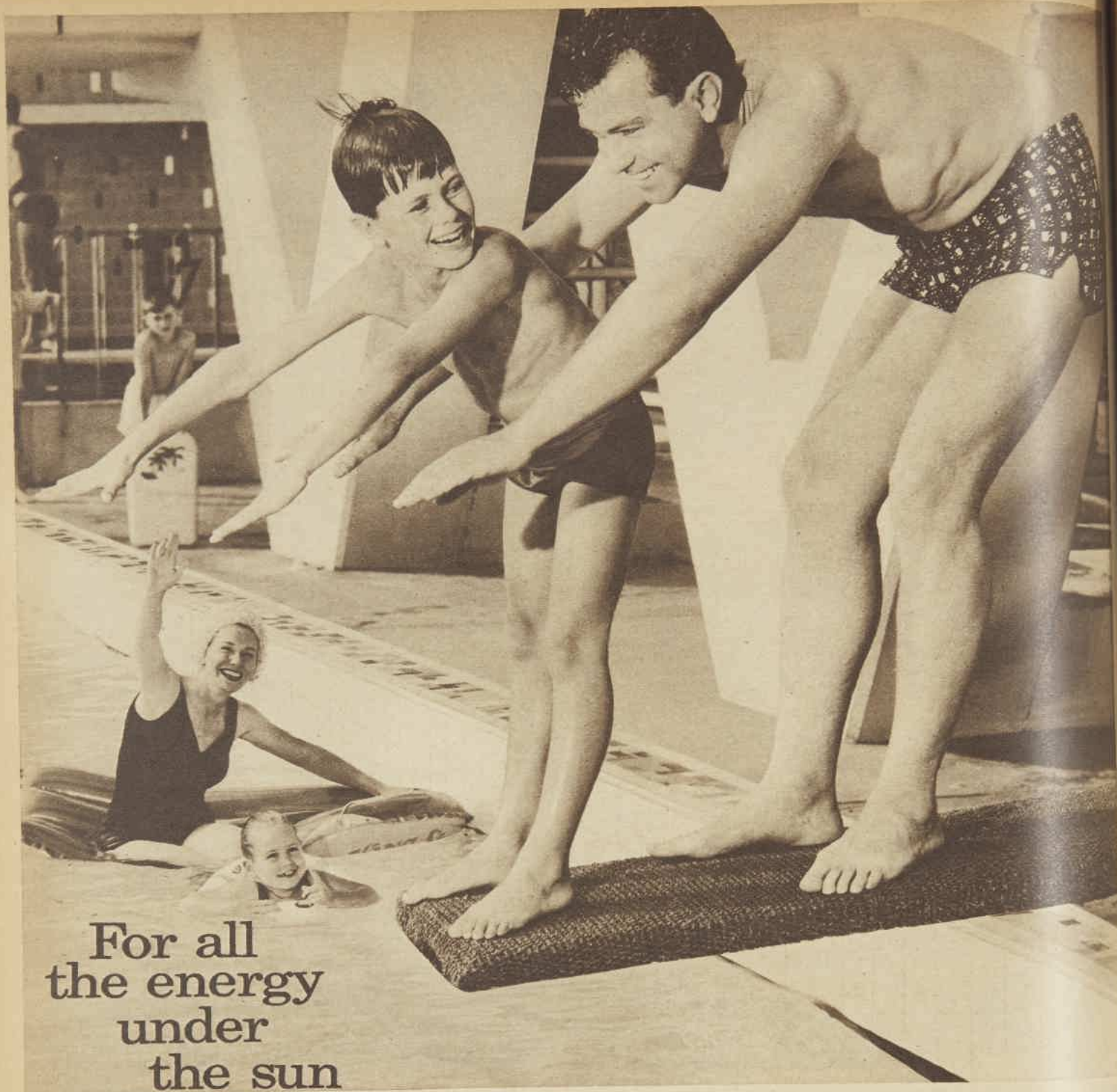
But now, for the summer, she didn't want to think of marriage. She wanted . . . but she didn't know what she wanted. In this restless spirit she accepted the invitation to the party where she met Charley Green.

The reason for the group seemed to hinge on the arbitrary distinction that all of them did something. That is, they painted pictures or wrote poems or composed songs. In a way they seemed as determined and serious with their books and paintings as the young men of her own background. Except, of course, none had money.

Charley Green had no money, either. He had a job of sorts. He referred to it briefly that first evening. They were seated on a low black couch with a painting overhead that was entitled "Study In Black." She said, "What do you do?" Politely. She wasn't particularly interested, but you had to say something when you were so obviously paired with a tall young man.

To page 48

By **MARIANNE ROSS**



For all
the energy
under
the sun

it's marvellous what a difference **MILO** makes!

Dad gives lessons on the spring-board, but Mum's the family authority on fitness. She knows how MILO keeps everybody's energy bouncing! Chocolatey MILO with frosty-cold milk makes a perfect hot day refresher... full of light, easy-to-digest energisers. MILO quenches thirst and keeps you in the thick of the fun, safe from summer fatigue. Serve it any time. Ice tinkling in your MILO glass tells you - it's marvellous what a difference MILO makes!



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Iron—helps keep blood healthy.
Calcium/Magnesium/Phosphorus—aid development of strong bones and teeth, steady nerves.

ELUDING MISS KNIGHT, her overkindly companion, MISS JANE MARPLE is walking in the district's new housing area when she falls and is helped by MR. and MRS. BADCOCK. They talk about the new owners of Gossington Hall—an ageing film star, MARINA GREGG, and her fifth husband, JASON RUDD, a producer.

Shortly after moving in, they lend the grounds for a local ambulance association function. HARLEY PRESTON, Jason's personal assistant, and ELLA ZIELINSKY, his secretary, take some people inside to meet Marina. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Badcock, the secretary of the association, and MRS. BANTRY, the owner of the Hall, who notices a strange look on Marina's face as Mrs. Badcock talks to her. ARDWYCK FENN, a television producer, LOLA BREWSTER, another film star once married to one of Marina's husbands, and more people arrive. Then Mrs. Badcock's drink is knocked from her hand, and Marina graciously hands over her glass. Shortly after Mrs. Badcock complains of being ill and dies.

Miss Marple hears the news from her daily help, CHERRY BAKER, who lives near the Badcocks, and also from her friend, Mrs. Bantry. After the inquest, which found death was caused by an overdose of a tranquillising drug, DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR CORNISH is helped by CHIEF-INSPECTOR CRADDOCK, of Scotland Yard, an old friend of Miss Marple's.

Marina's doctor, DR. GILCHRIST, tells Craddock Marina believes the poison had been meant for her. Jason explains how highly strung she is. She had adopted three children before having one of her own, who had been born mentally deficient, causing her to have a breakdown. Later Marina tells Craddock she had received threatening notes.

The next day Mrs. Bantry tells Miss Marple she had seen Ella Zielinsky use a public phone when she knew the Hall's phone was in order. The same day Craddock talks to DONALD MCNEIL, a reporter, who says he had noticed a strange look on Marina's face as she had received the guests. NOW READ ON:

Death calls again at the Hall ... part four of our serial

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

The mirror crack'd from side to side



Margot Bence stood quietly watching Craddock as he studied the picture she had given him.

THERE was a neatly docketed pile of papers on Craddock's desk at New Scotland Yard when he arrived back from his interview with McNeil. He gave a perfunctory glance through them, then threw a question over his shoulder.

"Where's Lola Brewster staying?"
"At the Savoy, sir. Suite 1800. She's expecting you."
"And Ardwyck Fenn?"
"He's at the Dorchester. First floor, 190."

"Good."
He picked up some cablegrams and read them through again before shoving them into his pocket. He smiled a moment to himself over the last one. "Don't say I don't do my stuff, Aunt Jane," he murmured under his breath.

He went out and made his way to the Savoy.
In Lola Brewster's suite Lola went out of her way to welcome him effusively. With the report he had just read in his mind, he studied her carefully. Quite a beauty still, he thought, in a lush kind of way, what you might call a trifle overblown, perhaps, but they still liked them that way. A completely different type, of course, from Marina Gregg.

The amenities over, Lola pushed back her hair, drew her generous lipsticked mouth into a provocative pout, and flickering blue eyelids over wide brown eyes, said: "Have you come to ask me a lot more horrible questions? Like that local inspector did?"

"I hope they won't be too horrible, Miss Brewster."
"Oh, but I'm sure they will be, and I'm sure the whole thing must have been some terrible mistake."

"Do you really think so?"
"Yes. It's all such nonsense. Do you really mean that someone tried to poison Marina. Who on earth would poison Marina? She's an absolute sweetie, you know. Everybody loves her."

"Including you?"
"I've always been devoted to Marina."

"Oh, come now, Miss Brewster, wasn't there a little trouble about eleven or twelve years ago?"
"Oh, that!" Lola waved it away. "I was terribly nervy and distraught, and Rob and I had been having the most frightful quarrels. We were neither of us normal at the moment. Marina just fell wildly in love with him and rushed him off his feet, the poor pet."

"And you minded very much?"
"Well, I thought I did, Inspector. Of course, I see now it was one of the best things that ever happened to me. I was really worried about the children, you know. Breaking up our home. I'm afraid I'd already realised that Rob and I were incompatible. I expect you know I got married to Eddie Groves as soon as the divorce went through?"

I think really I'd been in love with him for a long time, but, of course, I didn't want to break up my marriage, because of the children. It's so important, isn't it, that children should have a home?"

"Yet people say that actually you were terribly upset."
"Oh, people always say things," said Lola vaguely.

"You said quite a lot, didn't you, Miss Brewster? You went about threatening to shoot Marina Gregg, or so I understand."

"I've told you one says things. One's supposed to say things like that. Of course, I wouldn't really shoot anyone."

"In spite of taking a potshot at Eddie Groves some few years later?"

"Oh, that was because we'd had an argument," said Lola. "I lost my temper."

"I have it on very good authority, Miss Brewster, that you said — and these are your exact words, or so I'm told." He read from a notebook: "She needn't think she'll get away with it. If I don't shoot her now I'll wait and get her in some other way. I don't care how long I wait, years if need be, but I'll get even with her in the end."

"Oh, I'm sure I never said anything of the kind," Lola laughed.

"I'm sure, Miss Brewster, that you did."

"People exaggerate so." A charming smile broke over her face. "I was just mad at the moment, you know," she murmured confidentially. "One says all sorts of things when one's mad with people. But you don't really think I'd wait fourteen years and come across to England, and look up Marina and drop some deadly poison into her cocktail glass within three minutes of seeing her again?"

Dermot Craddock didn't really think so. It seemed to him wildly improbable. He merely said: "I'm only pointing out to you, Miss Brewster, that there had been threats in the past and that Marina Gregg was certainly startled and frightened to see someone who came up the stairs that day. Naturally, one feels that that someone must have been you."

"But darling Marina was delighted to see me! She kissed me and exclaimed how wonderful it was. Oh, really, Inspector, I do think that you're being very, very silly."

"In fact, you were all one big happy family?"

"Well, that's really much more true than all the things you've been thinking."

"And you've no ideas that could help us in any way? No ideas who might have killed her?"

"I tell you nobody would have wanted to kill Marina. She's a very silly woman, anyway. Always making terrible

fusses about her health, and changing her mind and wanting this, that, and the other, and when she's got it being dissatisfied with it! I can't think why people are as fond of her as they are. Jason's always been absolutely mad about her. What that man has to put up with! But there it is.

"Everybody puts up with Marina, puts themselves out for her. Then she gives them a sad, sweet smile and thanks them! And apparently that makes them feel that all the trouble is worthwhile. I really don't know how she does it. You'd better put the idea that somebody wanted to kill her right out of your head."

"I should like to," said Dermot Craddock. "Unfortunately, I can't put it out of my head, because, you see, it happened."

"What do you mean, it happened? Nobody has killed Marina, have they?"

"No. But the attempt was made."

"I don't believe it for a moment. I expect whoever it was meant to kill the other woman all the time—the one who was killed. I expect someone comes into money when she dies."

"She hadn't any money, Miss Brewster."

"Oh, well, there was some other reason. Anyway, I shouldn't worry about Marina if I were you. Marina is always all right!"

"Is she? She doesn't look a very happy woman to me."

"Oh, that's because she makes such a song and dance about everything. Unhappy love affairs. Not being able to have any children."

"She adopted some children, didn't she?" said Dermot with a lively remembrance of Miss Marple's urgent voice.

"I believe she did once. It wasn't a great success, I believe. She does these impulsive things and then wishes she hadn't."

"What happened to the children she adopted?"

"I've no idea. They just sort of vanished after a bit. She got tired of them, I suppose, like everything else."

"I see," said Dermot Craddock.

Next — the Dorchester, Suite 190.

"Well, Chief Inspector—" Ardwyck Fenn looked down at the card in his hand.

"Craddock."

"What can I do for you?"

"I hope you won't mind if I ask you a few questions."

"Not at all. It's this business at Much Benham. No — what's the actual name, St. Mary Mead?"

"Yes. That's right. Gossington Hall."

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Joan Sutherland

PART THREE

• The transformation of Joan Sutherland was well advanced in 1958. She and her coach Richard Bonyngé had been married four years and had a son, Adam. Joan's figure, hair, teeth, and style of singing had been made over. Now she faced her first major international engagement, the Vancouver Festival — but her health was still insecure and her legs were swollen, an after-effect of a severe illness.

By RUSSELL BRADDON

IN Vancouver she had to apologise at once for the fact that she was unable to stand for long or to kneel at all; and she was embarrassed by the fact that, for the first time in her life, she was treated as a celebrity.

Since she had no idea how to behave like a celebrity, she continued to be herself — with the result that, when she sat outside, eating hamburgers with the rest of the company, everyone commented how democratic she was; and when she lined up to get a drink out of the soda pop machine, a reporter wrote a paragraph about it in the local paper. Yet, to her, all this was absurd, because she regarded herself simply as a happy member of a happy company.

Also, for her, a fortunate company. Joan had never before experienced the full potential of a producer's undiluted attention. Now, from Gunther Rennert, in Vancouver, she did.

Rennert had a ferocious Teutonic capacity for work and in rehearsals for Menotti's "Don Giovanni" he soon found that Sutherland, though still suffering from illness, was perfectly prepared to match him in it. He had tremendous vitality; and to it — less inhibited in her acting than usual, because she was among strangers, and, anyway, regarded as a "star" — his soprano reacted with complete willingness and lack of awe.

Suddenly she accepted production as not only her right but also an essential complement to her art.

Those who had seen and heard her in London, and now saw and heard her in Rennert's production, were agreeably surprised. They found her voice even lovelier and more flexible than they remembered it; they found her appearance commanding. And Sutherland herself, quite obviously, no longer found the stage, as Lord Harewood had once put it, "such a long way across." Sutherland, in short, was now ready for Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" — provided she could be given a good producer.

FROM Vancouver, she flew to New York and there, at the generous instigation of George London, dutifully, but not optimistically, auditioned for the Metropolitan Opera Company. Against Richard's tactically telegraphed advice, she sang Gilda's "Caro Nome" in English as she had always done at Covent Garden.

The Metropolitan was not short of Gildas who sang in Italian and certainly, now, did not evince any interest in one who sang in English. As a result, they did not lounge her with fabulous offers; and so, very tired, she returned to London — to sing three more operatic roles and to prepare for "Lucia."

Outside England, in remote Vancouver, she might have been regarded as a star: inside the walls of the Covent Garden Opera Company Administrator's office there

might be plans to attempt to make her a star; but, for the moment, to the rest of the world in general, and to the Covent Garden Opera Company in particular, she was once again just Joan — just another hard-worked soprano.

Bill Beresford, the public relations officer, greeted her on her return.

"Hear you auditioned for the Met." She nodded. "Were they impressed?"

"Don't think they gave a hoot," she told him — which, as it turned out, was an extremely accurate assessment of what the Metropolitan Opera House in New York had not given.

At this time Covent Garden's Royal Opera House was celebrating its hundredth year of intimate association with music within and vegetables without. To commemorate this event the administration had devised a suitable programme — whose performance would be graced by the presence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II — which was to include scenes from ballet and opera. As was only natural, Maria Callas was invited to head the cast of performers.

Callas, with her husband, Battista Meneghini, arrived at the Opera House in the middle of an afternoon.

She was duly photographed in the crush

A hospital bed was reserved — but first she must sing "Lucia"

Bar and duly, again, rescued from the photographers by David Webster, the Administrator.

Greeting her affectionately, he escorted her into the auditorium — her husband, somewhat neglected as is the sad lot of most singers' husbands, following behind.

At that moment Sutherland was rehearsing an aria and duet from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" which, with John Lanigan, she was to sing in the Centenary Programme.

In the gloom, and without her thick-lensed glasses, Madame Callas was quite unable to see. Nevertheless she could hear; and, hearing, she groped her way down the aisle and then, peering blindly but intently, asked: "Who's that?"

"Joan Sutherland," Webster told her. Madame Callas looked vague. "Don't you remember, dear; she sang Clothilde to your Norma in 1953?"

Callas did not remember and Webster did not want to bore her. "Well," he said cheerfully, as if Sutherland meant nothing to him, "come on."

"No," said Callas unexpectedly, "I want to stay," and put on her thick glasses. "Battista, come and listen. Isn't she good?"

On the night itself, however, she was not good. It had been found, during the rehearsal, that the programme was too long. Just before the actual performance, therefore, Joan and Lanigan were advised of huge cuts in their duet — cuts which en-



• Maria Callas (left), at that time the world's most celebrated prima donna, visiting Joan Sutherland at a rehearsal of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden.

abled the Queen to leave the Opera House as punctually as she had arrived; but which utterly befuddled the two already nervous Australian singers.

Nevertheless, it was soon after hearing Callas in the Centenary Programme that the critic Noel Goodwin, on the alert ever since hearing Joan as Gilda, wrote:

"I predict that if Maria Callas, now thirty-four, goes on performing at the present rate, she will have left no professional singing voice by the time she is forty. Joan Sutherland . . . will, within five years, be acclaimed as famous an international star as Maria Callas is now, but she will no longer be a member of the Covent Garden Company."

He did not know that Joan's doctor had ordered her into hospital because of further ear abscesses, a danger of mastoid, and even some lung damage. Joan refused to go until she met her engagement to sing in six performances of "Lucia di Lammermoor," so the specialist reserved a hospital bed for her.

ward the handkerchief in her belt.

"Undo the jacket," he ordered. She undid it. He regarded what was left with dismay. "Where," he demanded, "is the bosom?" Joan was speechless. "All right, all right—we do something about that, eh?" —and put his arm round her shoulder.

Quite noticeably, she flinched away from his touch.

"You must not jump away when I put my hand on your shoulder," he instructed. "I am Italian. I cannot speak without putting my hand on the shoulder. So, we understand each other, yes?"

"Yes," said Sutherland—who did not understand this dynamic little man at all. "Good. Then I see you when you return from Venice."

Everyone had warned him, when he was pondering whether or not to accept the task of producing Sutherland in "Lucia," that he was wasting his time; that Sutherland was big and useless; that no good would come from such a collaboration.

"This poor girl," he now decided, as she left him, "needs help!" Nothing could have been a better inducement for Franco Zeffirelli than that. "And anyway," he told himself, "she has marvellous eyes. I would like to make up those eyes."

Franco Zeffirelli had begun his theatrical career at Milan's La Scala in 1952. There, as a designer first and then as a producer, he had come to be recognised by La Scala's management as an enfant terrible.

The main principle upon which he always worked was that there should be, in each production, as well as the best possible costumes and scenery, and the greatest possible realism, at least one striking and novel concept. One on its own was enough, but at least one there had to be. In "Lucia di Lammermoor" it quite obviously had to be incorporated into the Mad Scene.

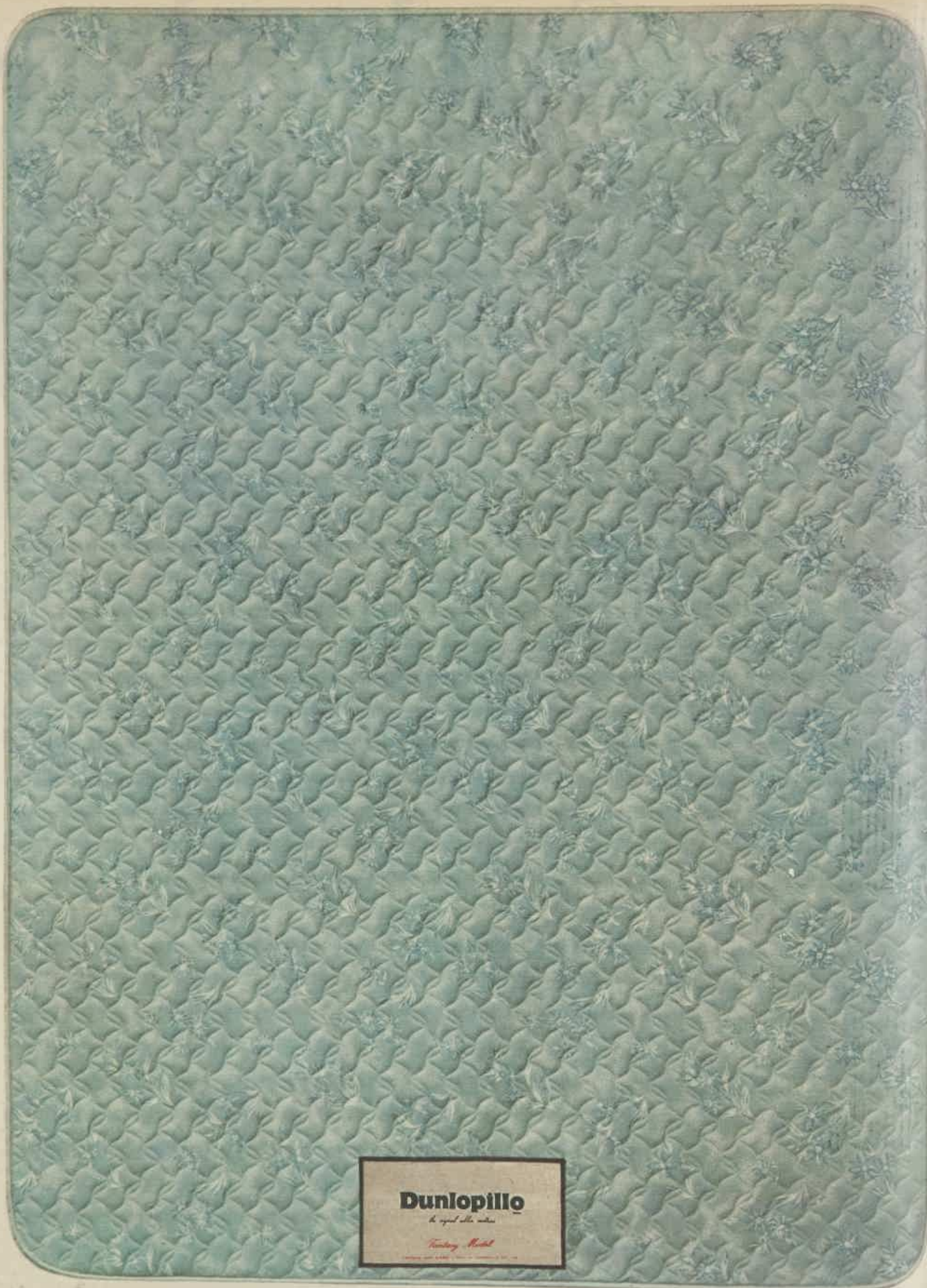
Quite obviously, because, if not there, where else? Operatic stories, though often based on great literature, are in themselves seldom strong; and Sir Walter Scott's story of "Lucia," though based on fact, as it had been produced and performed for the last fifty years, was no exception.

A Scottish girl wants to marry her sweetheart. For political and financial reasons, her brother tricks her into believing that the aforesaid sweetheart has married someone else—and then bullies her into marrying another man sympathetic to his own cause. At this wedding, Lucia is reluctant but obedient: but no sooner is she wed to the wrong man than in comes the right one.

Naturally, since he is not married at all, he becomes very indignant with poor, deluded Lucia and says—or rather sings—some very harsh things to her. Then he

Gravely Zeffirelli surveyed the swaddled figure and the nervous hands straying to-

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MOTHER AND BABY DOING WELL

The family's reaction to the happy event
was certainly full of variety — a story

By WILL STANTON



Dear Evie,
Sorry to be so long in answering your note, but I've been home three weeks now and just beginning to see daylight. Poor Ben — he tries so hard to help. If only he wouldn't. The first week he would jump out of bed the minute the baby started to cry for his 2 o'clock feeding, but lately he's been sleeping right through. Ben, I mean.

Evie, never leave a man alone with an automatic washer. The first thing I saw when I got home was three baskets of ironing. Ben's idea of doing the laundry is to cram everything washable into the machine and turn it to high and hot. He uses soap flakes like a mulch. The children's underwear was stiff. And when you try to use a bath towel you get lathered all over again. You remember my pink cashmere sweater — it's a lavender felt jacket now. Ben washed it with lots of hot water and blue jeans.

And, you know my wonderful cleaning woman, Mrs. McGruder? Ben fired her. She has a waiting list a mile long and I'm right back at the bottom of it.

Did I mention the kitchen floor? It has a glaze that defies all cleaning products. I guess the only thing is to soak it in gasoline and then light it. There is also a considerable amount

of spaghetti on the ceiling. I think something must have exploded, but I'm afraid to ask. Heaven knows what they ate. They can't seem to remember. Whatever it was used up a full quart of mustard and two gallons of catsup. Quite a bit of this wound up on the T.V. screen. Maybe they were trying to convert it to color.

I'm afraid the kids gave Ben a pretty bad time — the little monsters! Imagine telling him their school lunches cost a dollar. I suppose that didn't sound like much to him, but he should have realized that the school cafeteria doesn't serve boned squab.

I found a note from Jeannie's teacher. Apparently when I was away Ben told Jeannie that she would have to be the mother of the family. So she wore lipstick to school — not to mention some kind of padding under her sweater. And I don't mean in the shoulders. That girl is going to bear watching.

The kids are so excited over their new brother they hardly know what to do. Ben too. He really is a darling — not as pretty as the others were, but I think bald-headed babies are actually cuter.

Our love to you.

Dear Al:

Louise has been so busy since we brought the new baby home she asked me to write and thank you and Ruth for the flowers.

I think she was a little nervous about leaving me in charge of the other two kids while she was in the hospital — expected to find them half-starved and mountains of dirty laundry all over and so on. Was she in for a surprise! And when she found out the kids and I had done it all by ourselves — I told the cleaning woman we wouldn't need her — well, Louise just couldn't think of anything to say.

The kids were no problem. They ate what was put in front of them and when bedtime came they went. I think children appreciate a firm hand.

Only one thing gave me any trouble — have you ever tried to sweep up cooked spaghetti? The broom keeps rolling over the top of it and when you finally get it all swept to the center, there isn't any left.

The baby is fine. Everybody seems to think he looks exactly like me. And talk about healthy — he's been sleeping right through his 2 o'clock feeding.

Well, let us hear from you.

Ben



Dear Alice
I got your Easter Card. And the handkerchief
And the dollar. I should say for the dollar
Guess what? I got a new baby brother. Mom
got him. He is a boy. I am the only girl
in my room that has got two little brothers
I don't think it is fair.

We saw a real neat show on TV while Mom
was away. The Bride of Frankenstein. It was
real keen. The girl was real pretty. A man had
her up in a tower. I wish I could wear
lipstick. I don't see why I have to be as old
as you and Mom. That is too late.

How is Krampus? And snowball. Danny
was real bad when Mom went away. He made
an awful mess with the spaghetti. Then he
spent his lunch money for candy. I am saving
mine for a bro. Love, Jeannie



Dear Gran.

Mom said we couldn't spend our Easter
dollar until we thanked you for it.
So thank you.
Danny

P.S. Mom says we have to write a hole page.
Daddy was our sitter when Mom went some
place. He sure is a good cook. We had hot dogs
almost every night. And pop. And donuts.
Daddy washed my pants with 3 candy bars in
the pocket. They sure did taste funny. How is
snowball?

I was good when Mom was away. She said no
pillow fites. And no water-fites. So I didn't. She
didn't say no spaghetti fites. I bet you didn't
think I could spell that. I copied it off the box.
Jeannie was bad.

She wouldn't let me brush my teeth. She
said I couldn't brush my teeth until after she
did. And she didn't.

P.S. Guess what we just got at our house? A
turtle. I named him Gran.



Joan Sutherland

storms off in a fury and Lucia is left to cope with an entirely unwanted husband and a castful of rowdy guests.

She accordingly retires with the unwanted husband to their bedchamber — whilst the guests continue their rowdy celebrations — and there, allegedly overwrought, stabs him 27 times. Easily duped she may be; but at least she is thorough.

Then, into the middle of the festivities in the castle hall, she descends, covered in her late husband's blood and out of her never very secure mind, and sings an extremely long scene entirely on her own — sometimes crooning gently, sometimes recoiling in horror from a ghost which only she can see, sometimes imagining that she is receiving guests at her wedding to the man she really loved.

Finally, after a cadenza involving a spectacular series of arpeggios, trills, and astonishingly difficult high notes, she swoons away — and subsequently, unseen, dies, whilst her lover sings plaintively outside the castle before committing suicide.

A simple enough story about an obviously simple girl whose only moment of appearing a whole and convincing character is, regrettably, when she has gone melodiously, but not at all ragingly, mad.

How then, if she was not to rage, was her madness to become dramatic? This was Zeffirelli's problem; and, when he started his rehearsals at Covent Garden, he had by no means completely solved it. But three weeks of rehearsals lay ahead and surely something must come out of Sutherland, as he produced her, to reveal to him what exactly was the key to the door that had previously barred her from great dramatic acting.

At first, then, he concentrated on arranging his crowd scenes dramatically and moving Joan convincingly through the earlier and less exciting part of her role. He discovered which of her natural gestures would suit the part, and then encouraged her to use them. He controlled the thrashing movements to which her hands were liable and made them move explicitly. He never hesitated to ask her to attempt anything that came into his head; nor — if she was not sure what he meant — himself to trip, Lucia-like, round the stage to show her.

"Do it this way, darleng."
"Oh, Franco, I can't."
"Yes, you can: and you will. For me, darleng."

Working with astonishing energy and a vitality that flared, rather than flickered, he quickly won her complete confidence. "Why do you stand like a hunchback?" he asked rudely, observing her well-worn ruse of attempting to disguise her height. "Stand upright. You are a star." Gradually she began to stand straight.

She found Zeffirelli precise in his directions and imaginatively scrupulous in his attention to detail.

Furthermore, he was determined to make her look beautiful. He designed for her costumes in greens and rich browns and ice-blues that enhanced the brilliant redness of her hair; he boned and corsetted her waist and flared out her skirts so that her figure became statuesque; he ordered special ringlets, the same color as her own hair, which were both becoming and proper to the period of the story; and he showed her how make-up could enhance her very good eyes and her quite extraordinarily long eyelashes into features of real beauty.

Then he left her to concentrate on her singing — mainly with Richard; briefly under the baton of Tullio Serafin.

Joan found Serafin equally as helpful as Zeffirelli had been. Always patient, always in command, always completely aware of the music and its relationship to Zeffirelli's planned movements, he seemed delighted at the way she had polished every note to perfection. And when she sang a high E flat that particularly pleased him, he smiled joyously and presented her with an award — an English sixpenny piece, now one of her many rather peculiar souvenirs.

Zeffirelli now concentrated on the crowded wedding scene and the Mad Scene that followed it.

He soon found that Sutherland could sing just as perfectly and effortlessly when she walked as when she stood still. More and more, therefore, he required her to move among the crowd of guests at the wedding as she sang. Then faster and faster. And finally, to his joy and astonishment, he discovered that nothing seemed to affect the Sutherland voice — she could even sing as she ran.

"Try it," he suggested; and, so great by now was her confidence in him, she did not even argue. She merely ran, and sang, quite perfectly.

Here, indeed, was a physical expression of agitation which would add tremendous conviction to her simulation of insanity. That stage which once Lord Harewood had found her unable to cross at all, she now skimmed and circled like a demented moth, utterly confident of every curious, gliding, swooping step; utterly immune to her past fears of seeming ridiculous.

Thus the action accompanying the music had been vastly enhanced: now the problem was how to restore lunacy to the notes that Donizetti had written presumably to sound lunatic but which later singers had rendered merely acrobatic.

And this was a greater problem. In all of the two long, very long, arias of the Mad Scene, none of the music itself sounds obviously crazed. There is the crooning

Now, exploiting this unwanted moment of Sutherland improvisation, he saw how the purely technical brilliance of the coloratura notes could be translated into visible, vocal madness. They would become not a flute playing an obbligato in the pit and a soprano astonishingly reproducing them on the stage, but distracting sounds that Lucia imagined she heard and, having imagined, repeated.

So that, in as long as it takes to jerk a head upright, the least convincing part of this long scene suddenly became the most shattering, because Zeffirelli could now give his demented moth a flame to pursue — the cruelly elusive and invisible flame of notes that existed only in a destroyed mind.

That this was not only sound drama, but also a sound interpretation of Donizetti's intentions, was proved by one of the refinements Richard had already imposed upon the cadenza.

Realising that, in the cadenza, the flute was echoing the voice, Richard had for months been coaching his wife to enhance the illusion of an echo by a device which would allow the audience — apparently — to hear an echo of her voice.

This he was able to plan and execute because the laws of opera allow a soprano in *bel canto* works to insert an elaborate coloratura cadenza at the end of any great aria. Thus Richard had ornamented the

tress, to David Webster; from Jo, the stage-door keeper, to Lord Harewood; from the stage hands to the orchestra, and the company to the house cleaners, through all the 797 members of the theatre's total complement, there began to spread a sense of electric excitement.

"My God," Bill Beresford suddenly announced, "this could really be something."

Until now Covent Garden had seen its very expensive production of "Lucia" simply as a well-earned and probably successful vehicle for a voice in which it had confidence, and for a girl it liked. Now, as if possessed by a spirit of rather incredulous and most contagious optimism, it began to whisper of a miracle. Nervously, excitedly, it waited for the morning of the dress rehearsal so that it might listen to all of this "Lucia" with, for the first time, an orchestra accompanying it.

ON the morning of this rehearsal, Maria Callas, in London for a recording session, rang David Webster. She had always wanted to sing Lucia at Covent Garden herself; she had heard whispers that this Lucia would be good — could she attend the dress rehearsal?

"Of course, darling," said Webster. Callas arrived, in a whirl of cars and hand-kissing, and was at once escorted to a seat in the Grand Tier. Friends of the singers and the musicians sat in the Circle below.

"Who's here?" Callas asked. By "who," Callas meant what other singers?

"Elisabeth Schwarzkopf," Beresford told her. At that moment, Madame Schwarzkopf's husband, Walter Legge, approached them.

"Maria, my dear," he said, "come and sit with Elisabeth and me."

Below, the Circle buzzed with the exciting news that both Callas and Schwarzkopf were in the house. Beresford decided that the Circle was right. It was exciting. And it could be good publicity. He ordered his secretary to ring every paper in Fleet Street to tell them: "Callas is here."

Twenty minutes later the Opera House was crawling with photographers.

"Maria," Beresford asked, "how about a photograph?"

"Oh no," Callas protested, "I'm not even dressed." She was magnificently dressed, but Beresford made no immediate attempt to persuade her.

The rehearsal began and, in her first aria, "Regnava nel silenzio," Joan sang perfectly — so that, spontaneously, in a gesture they had never before afforded anyone, the orchestra applauded. Startled, Joan looked down at them. Tullio Serafin, white hair fluffing benignly beneath the inevitable black hat, smiled up at her.

"Wait until the first night before you do that," she warned, retreating characteristically from the need to acknowledge the applause of friends.

Callas stayed to see the Mad Scene. As she watched Sutherland's endless darning and running throughout this scene, all of it in full voice, she turned to David Webster.

"That," she observed, "I would not do for any producer."

For the second time, when Sutherland finished the Mad Scene, the orchestra downed their instruments and unthinkingly applauded: and this time, the chorus abandoned their role as singers and shouted "bravos" as well. This was unprecedented and Beresford reacted to it.

Taking his courage in both hands, he approached Callas.

"What do you think of that voice?"

"Very good."

"The Press want to photograph you and Joan together." It was not true; but he could soon make it true, if only Callas would agree.

"What do you think, Walter?" she asked, inevitably. Her husband approved.

Beresford knocked on Joan's dressing-room door and shouted: "Joan—you've got a very distinguished visitor."

"Oh," shouted Sutherland back. "Who?" At which moment Callas entered. Callas, exquisitely gowned; Sutherland, flushed, her make-up peeling, her hair dishevelled, wrapped in a dressing-gown. She was too



● Joan Sutherland's dresser prepares her for the first act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Italian opera set in Scotland.

softness of the feeble-minded; the shrinking fear of the hallucinated; the joyous rapture of the deluded — but no strident madness.

Worse than this, as the scene mounts to what should be its climax of horrifying dementia, the music itself is in danger of becoming purely a display of technical brilliance as the soprano flings out a staggering procession of arpeggios more likely to suggest the silver throat of an intoxicated nightingale than the dark, flawed mind of an idiot.

In this very production, though Sutherland sang all these with absolute purity and precision, and even with a veiled overtone of exquisite and haunting melancholy, Zeffirelli realised that the madness he sought to impress upon his audience had still not been discovered. Admittedly, the flute sounded its agile notes, quivering and soaring, and instantly, magically, the voice followed the flautist, reproducing his exact phrase, even enhancing his tone; but still, this was not dramatic vocal madness.

AND then, during one of the many rehearsals of this particular section of the Mad Scene, as Joan knelt — her head bowed in well-simulated grief — the flautist played his first trill. As if the notes had flashed arrow-like past her ear, Sutherland's head jerked spontaneously erect and then backwards over her shoulder.

"That's it," shouted Zeffirelli. "That's it!"

middle of the Mad Scene with every possible gem from his wife's astonishing collection of perfectly mounted coloratura jewels; and, in the process, had decided to implant his own illusion of the echo of the voice which itself echoed the flute. It was simply done. She merely turned her back on what would be her audience and repeated a trill.

Now, perfectly, this device fitted in with Zeffirelli's concept of Lucia's crazed running among her guests. As Joan ran, she was to sing one trill as she ran toward the audience, and then, turning, repeat it — its sound muted and hollow — as she sped away from them.

All his technical problems thus solved, Zeffirelli capped his production with the costume he designed for Lucia in this scene — a white shift spattered with the blood of her murdered husband. At this, Serafin was appalled. Art, he maintained, needed no such uncouth accessories. Zeffirelli refused to listen to him. Though Serafin raged, Zeffirelli would not yield. His Lucia would not only be mad, he insisted, she would also carry on her, for all to see, the stigma of the murder that had driven her mad.

Now at last Franco Zeffirelli's production had its one striking and novel concept. For the first time in all its long life, Lucia's Mad Scene would not only look mad, it would sound mad as well. And suddenly a most curious thing happened at the Royal Opera House.

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THE HOUSE OF HAIR BEAUTY

Continued from
page 34

Joan

astonished even to stand. Behind her, Richard was speechless.

"How nice after all these years," Callas said, utterly self-possessed. "And you sang beautifully, my dear."

"Thank you."

Six photographers burst into the room.

"But I look awful," Joan wailed.

"You look fine," Callas contradicted firmly — and flashlights exploded from every angle.

"And you owe me something," Callas joked. "Don't forget it was I who encouraged you to sing like this!" At which all the flashbulbs winked again.

Joan was not overawed.

"How about letting them photograph us from my good side for a change?" she suggested, wagging an admonishing finger at the world's greatest prima donna. "So far they've all been from yours."

Such *lese majeste* was too good to be missed. At once every camera clicked again.

That evening all of London knew that Callas had met Sutherland, because every paper carried a brilliant study of the great diva, composed and untouchable, being laughingly admonished by the rude forefinger of a flushed, excited, and unknown hopeful. A photograph which was the beginning of a friendship based on mutual respect which not even the wildest efforts of the world's Pressmen could transform even to rivalry, still less antagonism.

A memorable picture because, for the last time in her life, Sutherland had been photographed as an unknown: the following night she was to become a star.

FEBRUARY 17, 1959, was a typical London winter's day—very cold, with a hint of fog in the air. The fog was unfortunate: Joao Gibin, the tenor who was to play Lucia's unfortunate lover, succumbed to a bad throat.

At this grievously late moment, Kenneth Neate stepped into Gibin's role. There was, however, no question of the opening performance being cancelled. Not only did the Royal Opera House's policy prohibit this; so also did the atmosphere of intense and expectant excitement in the house itself.

From Joan's dressing-room the orchestra could be heard tuning up. Mrs. Sutherland and Auntie Bloss left for their seats. Richard offered last words of advice.

"You'll be marvellous," he told her.

"My throat's tight."

"Ivor'll look after that."

Her throat was not only tight, it was inflamed with the slight and inevitable Sutherland cold; and she was nagged by a constant desire to cough. The Royal Opera's specialist Ivor Griffiths called in, gave her some spray, and, wishing her well, departed more confidently than he felt. He was terrified that the cough would be stronger than his prophylaxis — which was as strong as he dared administer.

"Take a hot drink between acts," he advised, as the only extra palliative possible for her.

The auditorium was full and through it buzzed an unwonted hum of expectancy. The company's excitement had proved contagious. Only a handful of people in that audience — and they almost entirely in the gallery — really knew Sutherland: yet suddenly all of them tingled to the anticipation of what, that night, she might do.

On the stage, behind the curtain, Zeffirelli supervised. Gauze hung copiously — which, from the stalls, would convey an illusion of the mists of Scotland; small boys with spears, part of the noble Lord Henry Ashton's retinue, giggled and whispered. Geraint Evans, who played Enrico (Lord Henry), paced backwards and forwards, uttering brief phrases from the role he was to sing. Tenors in the chorus also warmed their voices — adding to the cacophony of the tuning orchestra in the pit beyond the curtain.

Margreta Elkins, who played Alisa, Lucia's maid, pushed her head through Joan's door. "Good luck." Then Richard kissed her and left her, to join Auntie and Mrs. Sutherland. And the opera began. The first scene involved only the men in the company and established the dark plots they laid against Lucia and her lover, Edgardo.

Joan, followed by an attentive Gertie

Stelzel, made her way up to the wings. The first scene ended; the curtain fell; the chorus thrashed into the wings; and stagehands pushed around, altering the scene from one of a castle's exterior to one of green garden, soft night light, and a fountain.

Joan sat on a rock by the fountain and Margreta arranged her shawl, kissed her, and again whispered, "Good luck." As the harpist in the pit plucked out a cascade of notes that were unmistakably watery, the curtain, with a slight hiss, rose on a most unusually darkened stage. The scene was supposed to be a garden at night; Zeffirelli left those who surveyed it in no doubt as to the time of day.

Dimly the audience perceived a gentle, red-haired girl, her face averted from them, yards of tartan trailing off her shoulders along the stage. Then her maid, Alisa, descended a few steps toward her and, as if disturbed by this movement, Lucia sang some brief, limpid notes to which Alisa, in a rich and powerfully contrasting mezzo-soprano voice, responded. Then Lucia, watched by Alisa with devoted anxiety — a feat of acting which Margreta found excessively easy in her very real anxiety for Joan — sang "Regnava nel silenzio."

In fact, this is a somewhat neurotic song about a young woman murdered long ago by this same fountain, whose ghost, beckoning her from a pool of blood-colored water, Lucia imagined she once saw. As she recounts this macabre and improbable experience to her maid, Lucia abruptly — apparently, to her own mind, quite logically — switches, in the next aria, "Quando rapita in estasi," to a warm and contented description of how happily she is in love with Edgardo. Obviously Lucia's mind was never of the soundest material. But, as Sutherland sang the arias, no one in that packed, tense house was in the least aware of any inconsistency.

Allowing them no time to react to her first perfectly delivered "Regnava nel silenzio," Sutherland swept her audience away with the second — "Quando rapita in estasi."

The voice was indescribably pure; soaring, floating, and, in the concluding part of the aria, radiantly, joyously, innocent. As well, it was apparently effortless.

Her last note ended — and the house exploded. Clapping, shouting, rising to their feet, the audience thundered their applause. Literally thundered so that the auditorium seemed suddenly too small and too frail to contain this unprecedented enthusiasm.

At which Joan looked frankly startled and tears came to her eyes. Margreta squeezed her arm comfortingly in congratulation.

The singer Geraint Evans, in the wings, listened in astonishment to the uproarious audience and then asked: "My God! How far can this go?"

IT went on, deliriously it seemed, both then, in mid-act, and at the end of the act itself, for curtain after curtain after curtain: and it subsided, in the end, only because this was merely Act I, the aperitif — Act III, the main course, was yet to come.

Surprised and flushed, Sutherland left the stage to change into her costume for Act II.

Walter Legge, head of Columbia's recording company, visited her in her dressing-room.

"My dear," he said, "we're not even waiting for the Mad Scene, we're determined to sign you up. I'll ring you first thing tomorrow morning and we'll talk business."

Back in the auditorium, Richard and Mrs. Sutherland each relinquished the other's crushed hand and relaxed. At the back of the Grand Tier, an ecstatic Frances Zeffirelli, who had watched in an agony of anticipation with an equally agonised Sir David Webster, glowed with unrestrained Latin joy and shouted: "I told you so," and then, observing one of Sutherland's pure detractors, jeered contemptuously: "And you said she was so fat and useless."

Lord Harewood, enraptured both by the singing he had heard and by the response accorded the singer, got out of his seat reluctantly. He could not wait for the rest of the opera — for that vital Mad Scene.

There was a family dinner to attend.

Sutherland

and when family dinners are held at Buckingham Palace, not even a Mad Scene may delay the diners; but he knew the exact moment at which the Mad Scene was to begin. And when it began, his mind at least would return to Covent Garden.

Bells sounded in the bar and the foyers, and, with unaccustomed promptness, the audience returned to their seats.

The second act's first scene followed, not so much in the same state of frenzy on the audience's part as in an impatience that it be over; that the second scene of the crucial wedding and its appalling aftermath might be witnessed as speedily as possible. Nevertheless, Joan remembered to react violently to the forged letter her stage brother thrust at her. After a duet between Enrico, storming and bullying, and his sister, Lucia, the scene ended as Raimondo, the tutor, persuaded Lucia to accept her brother's wicked machinations. The audience tensed.

A brief pause between scenes and the curtain rose again, this time to reveal the castle banquet hall, packed with guests, awaiting Lucia's enforced marriage, heartily, in fact, celebrating it in colorful, vital song. Now the real test would begin.

Lucia, in wedding veil and a gown of exquisite and champagne brocade, appeared obviously distraught. Protesting violently—sustained and hysterical song—she signed the marriage contract.

Almost immediately, her beloved Edgardo entered. Thereupon, impolitely perhaps, but with tremendous operatic effect, everyone sang at once, each one about something different, no one paying the least attention to the other.

Edgardo demanded loudly of himself why he did not avenge this betrayal; Enrico expressed somewhat belated sorrow for Lucia's plight, though he himself had contrived it; Lucia's tutor piously invoked the help of heaven; Alisa and the newly acquired husband prayed optimistically that there would be no bloodshed; and Lucia—voice soaring above all five of the others, not to mention above the full-blooded attack of a large chorus and an orchestra—strongly lamented her brother's treachery.

Rage, contrition, piety, fear, and—above all—exquisite grief, combined to achieve, with the orchestra and chorus, a tremendous theatrical effect. This was operatic extravaganza at its prodigious best, solid gold made dazzling by the jewelled flashes of Sutherland's soaring voice.

Rapturous applause followed the sextet; but the story had to rush on. No longer embarrassed by the voices of five others, Edgardo promptly and ungallantly seized the opportunity to sing some more disagreeable things to Lucia. Gloriously, but unavailingly, she sang in response. He gave her back contemptuously the ring she had once given him.

Tragically she returned his and he was magnificently enough to fling it to the floor and stamp on it. Passionately they sang together—but helplessly. As he stormed out of the banquet hall, cursing Lucia's entire family, Lucia, kneeling, concluded on a high and magnificent D flat and crumpled backwards on the floor.

Again, from the audience, came that roar of applause, so delicious and frenzied, so seldom heard in any theatre; but twice already heard tonight.

A magnificent sextet; a magnificent high D flat; a magnificent swoon. As Alisa rushed to cradle her mistress in her arms, the curtain fell and the bedlam of applause continued.

TIME after time the six singers took their bows before Covent Garden's slightly parted curtains. Time after time they were recalled, the din doubling itself the instant Sutherland appeared. For minutes after this last bow, the house continued its clapping. Then to the Crush Bar went the audience—to pass, impatiently, the last interval before the Mad Scene.

In the Crush Bar, conversation was entirely of Sutherland.

"What do you think now?" Griffiths demanded of his companion.

"Never heard anything like it," Griffiths prayed that the Sutherland voice would

hold out long enough for the same to be said after the next and incredibly taxing scene.

At Buckingham Palace, Lord Harewood looked at his watch. It would be starting now. In the next few moments, Sutherland would either triumph or fail. His relations smiled; not opera fanatics, any of them, as their cousin was, they knew why he looked at his watch, though none of them could possibly have understood all the causes of his anxiety.

For more hung upon this one scene than just the success of an expensive production or the triumph of a one-time fat girl with a one-time big, wild voice. Upon this one scene depended the future success in England of all Italian *bel canto* works.

Years earlier, George Bernard Shaw had summed up the established English attitude to this style of opera and its singing. These were works not for the public's cultured enjoyment, Shaw had raged, but for the personal enjoyment of "a dynasty of



● Dressed for the famous Mad Scene in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

execrable impostors, in tights and tunics, interpolating their loathsome B flats into the beautiful melodies they cannot sing, and swelling with conceit when they are able to finish 'Di quella pira' with a high C capable of making a stranded man-of-war recoil off a reef in mid-ocean."

If this was acceptable about male singers in Italian opera, it can be imagined how much more acceptable and scathing would have been Shaw's comments on the period's melodramatic and insatiable prima donnas. And obviously it had been acceptable, because Italian opera of this *bel canto* style had long since vanished from the English scene and been replaced by the more sombre works of Wagner, Puccini, Strauss, and Verdi, so that sopranos had forgotten what *bel canto* really was.

But tonight—because of Richard's implacable conniving, and Webster's faith, and Harewood's pushing, and Ayrton's coaching, and the Dickens' award of a scholarship, and Miss Rathbone Lawless' elocution, and Mrs. Sutherland's superb mezzo-soprano vocalises (to mention only some of the contributing factors; and certainly not to neglect the Sutherland God-given voice, courage, and determination)—tonight Covent Garden were attempting a renaissance of opera's most despised art.

Tonight would decide whether this kind of opera became popular again or vanished a second time. And the decision would be made on Sutherland's voice and art, on Sutherland's acting, and on the public's response to those high arpeggios and trilling notes with which she and Richard had decorated Donizetti's music.

Should the style, or taste, or execution of those coloratura ornamentations fail to please, the public and critics would not only blame Donizetti, they would also blame Sutherland.

The two minutes' warning bell had rung in the Crush Bar and the auditorium was once again full. The lights dimmed. The

orchestra began to play and the curtain rose on the continued revelries of Lucia's wedding reception—with Lucia and her husband, by their conspicuous absence, quite obviously upstairs in some icy castle bed-chamber consummating their unlovely marriage.

These revelries were abruptly shattered by the entrance of Lucia's tutor who, in a lugubrious bass, announced that the unfortunate bride had not only lost her reason but had also killed her husband—him who, only the scene before, had been optimistically praying that there would be no bloodshed!

Stunned by this news, the revellers were soon to be rendered doubly uncomfortable; for into their midst, long red hair hanging loose, copious bloodstains all over her white gown, barefooted, her right hand gory, her mind completely lost, descended Lucia.

THIS was the beginning of Sutherland's test—and suddenly the significance of the moment smote her. Suddenly she felt weary and crushed. In the audience Richard and her mother tensed in anguish. Joan was not singing her best: but, driving herself on, she descended the staircase and approached Lucia's guests.

As they shrank from her in their superstitious horror of lunacy, Lucia dimly perceived that this was a wedding banquet.

Soft-footed and gently bereft, she greeted the guests of what she now believed to be her imminent marriage to Edgardo.

And as the tempo of the music changed, so did Sutherland's sudden languor leave her. Once again she was completely in control of her part, a tragic actress and a great singer. Pathetically joyous and crazily radiant, Lucia arranged her plain white shawl as a bridal veil and went through the motions of a wedding ceremony. But such joy cannot last. She recoiled as she saw the ghost of the woman long ago murdered by the fountain and came, briefly, close enough to sanity to realise that her life was ending.

And here, abruptly, that solo trill from the flute flashed beyond Lucia's head—and the head jerked round to follow it.

Instantly the audience recognised it for what it was—a sound that existed only in Lucia's flawed mind. Fascinated then, they watched as, faithfully echoing what she imagined she heard, she pursued the elusive sound.

At which point this aria reaches its fiendishly difficult climax—a sustained scattering of upward arpeggios and chromatic scales both ascending and descending, of trills on high notes, all perfectly designed to test and demonstrate supreme virtuosity.

With strange speed—an eerie speed—Sutherland swooped and glided round the stage; running, halting, searching, running again; all the time singing in lunatic antiphony with the tormenting echo of the flute. With perfectly phrased craziness she listened to its call; with appreciative cunning she awaited its response. Fleet-footed she sped and spun among the alarmed and fearful guests, growing steadily more distracted—and all the time maintaining perfect delivery of every note.

Never once did she lose the crystal purity of voice which is so peculiarly hers; nor, with it, the madness that was Lucia's. Her trills were an incredible glittering of notes so high and so swiftly delivered as to defy the throat of anything but a bird: yet each swift note, like a fast-moving light splintering off the diamond of a tiara, was brilliantly distinguished from its neighbor. To a now gasping audience, she thus revealed the awesome, unassailable technique that had become hers.

Until, upon a high E flat of agonised but spine-tingling virtuosity, the aria ended and the next began; or should have begun.

It did not because, just as the orchestra had applauded mid-scene at the dress rehearsal, so now—a thousand times more loudly and vociferously—did the audience. The audience, in fact, exploded with delight.

Holding her pose, Sutherland gratefully seized the opportunity to relax, to regain her breath, and to prepare for her last aria: but then, as the applause continued and grew, she lost her composure, obviously overwhelmed by her reception, but excited and confident, too.

Eventually the uproar subsided and she continued, singing of Lucia's knowledge that soon she must die.

Now half-mad, half-aware, wholly gentle and doomed, she crowned the brilliance of her previous madness and, upon yet another

last despairing, piercing E flat, arms outspread, head backflung, erect, and utterly abandoned, pitched spectacularly backwards, full length on to the stage and into oblivion.

The roar that followed, as the curtain fell, made the applause given earlier seem half-hearted. As Sutherland appeared alone in front of the heavy red curtain, and the spotlight blazed on her, she was assailed and astonished by this hurricane of cheers and bravos and clapping hands.

Gone then was all semblance of the superb tragedienne: instead what the audience observed was an exhausted and very ordinary girl, not quite certain how to handle this lavish acclamation—and this, to them, was infinitely more touching than any polished professionalism could have been. With passion and compassion, they cheered again. And again with each succeeding curtain call.

Behind the curtain, Margreta Elkins was at last permitting herself a good cry. In the wings, Gertie Stetzel was crying. In the auditorium, Auntie and Mrs. Sutherland were crying.

Sutherland took a second curtain; and a third and a fourth. She began to smile; and the uproar doubled itself. More curtains gave her a confidence, so she blew kisses—and the applause redoubled.

This was total triumph—for Zeffirelli as well as Joan. In one night both had become stars in their own field. So had Richard: but only a handful even knew of, let alone acknowledged, this.

The audience refused to stop clapping.

Said Sir David to Beresford: "Go to the House Manager and have six bottles of champagne sent to Joan's dressing-room." Happily Beresford went. In his opinion, this wasn't just success—it was a riot.

At last Sutherland left the stage, hugging Zeffirelli.

"Franco, darling, thank you."

"Thank you, darling!"

IN her dressing-room she sat down, embarrassed now. Protruding her bottom lip, she blew upwards, scattering the fine red hair that hung over her face. Inelegantly she mopped her perspiring brow with Lucia's shawl—thus initiating what was to become a habitual gesture.

"Well," she exclaimed in the Australian vernacular, "what do you know about that?"

Richard, Mrs. Sutherland, and Auntie entered.

"You were marvellous," Richard told her. "Fantastic."

Sir David entered, closely followed by half a dozen bottles of champagne.

"Ooh," said Joan, "for me?"

He put his arm round her shoulders, for all the world as if she were someone important like Callas.

"Open it, m'dear," he ordered. "Tonight you're a star. We're all very grateful to you." He kissed her.

He hardly noticed the two white-haired, erect old ladies, so beautifully dressed, who stood unobtrusively in the background. Nor did Mrs. Sutherland and Auntie notice him. Wholly absorbed, they watched the girl they had known all her life as Joan, whom Sir David now called a star, as she wrestled with the cork of the first bottle of champagne.

Franco Zeffirelli brought in and introduced Signor Oldani of Milan's La Scala. Joan offered them champagne; and then discovered that there was only one glass in the room—and that stained with a hot beverage.

"We hope," said Oldani, "that you will soon be singing at La Scala."

As Richard had said to her, way back in 1954, she had to get into her head the idea that there were other opera houses in the world than Covent Garden; and that, in them, she would sing only those roles that suited her genius for *bel canto*.

Certainly he would now make sure that she never again steered the erratic professional course which, without ever offering her stardom, had led her from Verdi to Mozart to Wagner and, via all opera's cross-roads, back again. Henceforth, they both knew where they were going. They were going wherever Richard, and only he, said they should go.

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NEXT WEEK

The operation—and loss of voice

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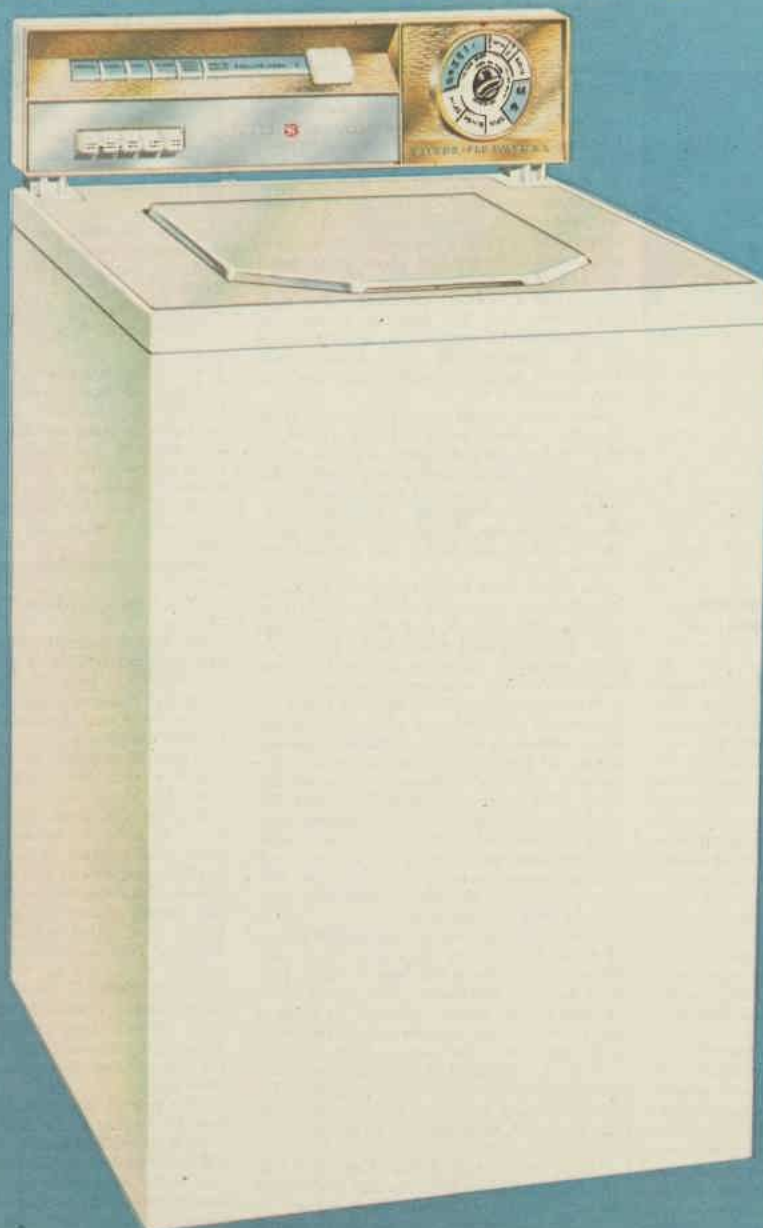
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 27, 1963

The problem of

STEPCHILDREN

● Wicked stepmothers and cruel stepfathers are popular figures of children's fiction. In real life, too, they may seem figures of dislike and fear to children who have lost a beloved parent.

FOR such children may well feel a sense of loneliness and bewilderment — and the desire to claim all their surviving parent's attention.

These feelings can persist for a long time, even for years, as the words of a 19-year-old stepdaughter show: "My father was killed in the war."

"My mother remarried when I was 10 — too young to have any conscious feeling about her remarriage."

"However, it is obvious by my attitude and subsequent behaviour for the following three or four years that my feelings were unconsciously resentful."

"For a few years I had lived with an aunt while my mother went to teachers' training college, during which time she met my stepfather."

"Looking back I can see how difficult my attitude probably made life in our 'new' family, but as I was by then a teenager I did not consider the feelings of other people much, especially my stepfather."

"I suppose I disliked him. He was competing for my mother's affections when I,

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1963

living with her again for the first time in several years, wanted all her affections for myself.

"Now we are good friends and I have an adorable little half-brother."

An eminent Sydney child specialist, who talked to staff reporter Winifred Munday on the problems of stepchildren, says that this girl's experience is not unusual.

Sympathy and liking for a step-parent often come with understanding, but the interim years can be trying and difficult.

The most difficult situation — yet its problems are the easiest to understand — is where a stepmother is the second wife of a man with a beautiful daughter.

Those happily married mothers with daughters of their own know the joy of seeing her at her first debutante party and delightfully believing she is the prettiest girl there.

She is secure in the knowledge that both she and her daughter have firm places in her husband's heart.

But the stepmother knows that she was a second choice, and is terrified that the beautiful daughter will take all father's affection.

She will probably have to face, too, the photographs of the first wife around the house, or pictures of the daughter which remind father of his first wife.

Fairy-tales

"This, of course, won't always happen, and just realising it might — and facing up to the fact — makes it less of a problem," said the specialist.

He warns that the second wife should not try to have the pictures of the first wife removed, and also that it will help if she realises the reasons behind the stepdaughter's apparent adoration of her dead or divorced mother.

It goes back to the "wicked stepmother" fairy story which expresses in a dramatic form what can happen in real life.

When she is tiny her mother provides the little girl with everything. Feeds her, keeps her warm, smiles, plays with her.

But sometimes she has to be horrid to her, scolding her if she goes near the stove or near an electric point.

If this same attentive, loving mother suddenly goes, it is easy for the little girl over a period to remember only the wonderful feelings her mother gave her.

She becomes crystallised into a lovely, beautiful dream.

When the stepmother comes on the scene and has to scold, she becomes a sym-

bol for everything nasty in the child's life — the child forgetting that sometimes her own lovely mother had to chastise her.

A stepdaughter's relationship to her new father can provide problems equally difficult to overcome without great understanding.

The specialist told of the following case:

"A stepdaughter of 15 would be a charming hostess to all the boys and girls and their parents when parties were held at the house, but she would persistently ignore her stepfather at such gatherings."

"He was afraid to stay away in case his stepdaughter told her friends his absence was deliberate."

HOME and FAMILY

"The things he did to try to help matters only made them worse, especially when he resorted to striking and shaking her."

"Neither he nor the mother could see, until the reasons were pointed out to them, why the girl was so difficult."

"The truth was she felt her mother had deceived her. The girl was seven when her mother met and married her stepfather."

"Instead of having her daughter involved in her courtship, she had been sent to a church 'home.' The advent of a new father was not even mentioned in the mother's letters to the child."

"She came home to find everything changed. Her new father seemed to get all her mother's attention when she wanted it herself."

Unfair

"The child secretly cried, fretted, and waited, and it wasn't until she reached the age of 15 that she rebelled. Her way of getting her own back was to ignore her stepfather."

"When the parents understood the reason for her rebellion and talked matters out with her the situation improved, but much of the ill feeling over the years could have been prevented if the mother had let her daughter know, right from the start, all about the new father, before he joined the household."

"Very tiny children, even three-year-olds, have a greater understanding than they are given credit for and like things to be explained."

"It isn't fair to spring a surprise on a child, like a new mum or dad, without first preparing him or her."

"A new train, or doll, or

bicycle is the sort of surprise he likes, because it is connected with make-believe and not permanent, but a new parent is something that one has to live with forever!"

Anxiety

Stepfathers to boys face problems, too. One is implied criticism on the part of friends.

So often a stepfather has a stepson who is the opposite in every way from himself. For instance, he may be tough and muscular while the boy is, say, slightly built and studious.

If the boy were his own, the father would encourage him to climb trees and ride bikes and fall off, he would encourage him to box and get hurt a little, and would tell everyone how he was trying to bring up his boy to be a tough young man.

He would probably be applauded.

But in the stepfather-stepson relationship these same friends would probably say, on seeing the boy with his arm in a sling, "You wouldn't have let that happen if he'd been your own boy."

His reaction may then be to stop the boy doing things — and the surest way to increase a boy's desire to do dangerous things is to forbid them.

A stepfather in such a position, anxious to do the right thing, must understand that this deep-seated anxiety is natural — and not stupid or unmanly. Just realising this helps it to become less unbearable.

Here are some rules which may help a step-parent:

- Don't expect a stepchild to drop his surname when you marry his mother. By this marriage, she has changed her surname; he hasn't. A compromise is to encourage him to add your name. Thus John McTavish becomes John McTavish Brown. He may want to lose his former surname altogether in the course of time, but let him suggest it first.

- Don't expect a stepchild to call you "Mummy" or "Daddy." These names mean something precious to a child who can remember his dead or divorced parent. Allow the child to call you by your christian name.

Later on he may ask of his own accord to call you "Mum" or "Dad."

- Don't try to ignore the dead parent, or pretend he or she didn't exist. Encourage the child to talk about them, if he wants to.

- The greatest allies for both step-parent and step-child are time and a realistic approach.

Picture yourself as an OFFICER in the WRAAC

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to make a
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END-OF-SUMMER DESSERTS



DESSERTS FOR EVERY OCCASION ARE SHOWN ABOVE. They are light and fluffy Merango Crown, a wedge of creamy smooth Coconut Creme, tall and elegant Moonshine Festival, and tangy flavored Lemon Mellow. Recipes for these and other desserts are given in this cookery feature.

- Light, delicious, and easily made, these desserts are ideal to serve at the end of the summer, when appetites sometimes have become jaded and need tempting.

THESE desserts feature unusual combinations of flavors and textures. Served chilled and in attractive dishes, they will give a wonderful lift to menus.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used throughout.

COCONUT CREME

One cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup sieved cottage cheese, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, vanilla, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons gelatine (dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water), 1 can frozen raspberries sweetened to taste (or use fresh raspberries or any other berry fruit as desired).

Beat egg and sugar together, add to the milk and vanilla. Place in top half of double saucepan, stir over low heat until slightly thickened. Add gelatine, simmer further 2 minutes or until gelatine dissolves. Combine coconut and cheese, fold in the slightly cooled custard mixture; pour into oiled round tin; allow to set. Unmould, serve cut into wedges and topped with sweetened raspberries. Serves 4 to 6.

LEMON MELLOW

Two ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water.

Beat butter, sugar, and lemon rind to soft fluffy cream. Add well-beaten egg, fold in flour alternately with milk. Place mixture into well-greased ovenproof dish. Combine extra sugar, lemon juice, and hot water. Gently pour the hot liquid over. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4 to 6.

MOONSHINE FESTIVAL

One packet pineapple or lemon-flavored jelly crystals, hot water, 2oz. blanched almonds, 18 fresh or glace cherries, 1 small can chilled evaporated milk, 2oz. desiccated coconut.

Dissolve jelly crystals in sufficient hot water to make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint only; allow to cool. Chop almonds finely and halve cherries (if fresh, remove seeds). Whip cooled jelly until stiff, add evaporated milk, whip again. Fold in chopped almonds, cherries, and coconut; mix lightly, fill into tall sweets glasses or one large glass bowl; chill. Serves 4 to 6.

MERANGO CROWN

Six egg-whites, 8oz. sugar, pinch salt, pinch cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely cut zest of orange (the thinly sliced rind), orange sections to garnish.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, continue beating; add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, making sure all sugar is dissolved before adding more. Lastly fold through cream of tartar and orange rind. Spoon merango into wetted ring-mould; pack firmly. Stand in dish containing warm water. Place into moderately slow oven 45 to 60 minutes or until set. Unmould, garnish, serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

SPRING-TIME DESSERT CAKE

Two 8in. layer-cakes, 4 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2-3rds cup crushed canned pineapple (undrained), 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup flaked or shredded coconut.

Combine egg-yolks, lemon rind and juice, sugar, and

pineapple in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until mixture begins to thicken (about 15 to 20 minutes), stirring frequently; cool. Fold cream and coconut into pineapple mixture. Sandwich cakes together with half the mixture, then pile remainder on top of cakes. Serves 4 to 6.

MOCK ZABAGLIONE

One box strawberries (or any other fruit desired), 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups cream, 1-3rd cup icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry.

Slice strawberries in halves, sprinkle with sugar; chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Whip cream, icing-sugar, and vanilla until soft peaks form, stir in the sweet sherry. Fold into strawberries, pour into loaf-tin, freeze about 45 minutes or until chilled but not frozen. Spoon into sweets dishes, serve decorated with few whole strawberries. Serves 4 to 6.

PEACH CRUNCHIES

One can peach halves (drained), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn cereal crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute.

Drain peaches well. Mix corn cereal, sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, and butter. Place peaches, cut side up, in 9in. square cake-tin; mound crumbs on peaches. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream or ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: Fresh peaches could be used in this recipe; remove skins, halve, and remove seeds and then continue as above.

Continued overleaf

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Continued from previous page

END-OF-SUMMER DESSERTS

BUTTERSCOTCH MERINGUE PIE

One package butterscotch-flavor or caramel-flavor pudding mix, 2 cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 baked packaged pie-shell, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Combine pudding mix and milk in saucepan, add egg-yolks; blend well. Cook and stir over heat until mixture comes to full boil. Remove from heat, add butter and vanilla. Cool 5 minutes, stirring once or twice. Pour into pie-shell, sprinkle with walnuts, reserving 2 tablespoons. Cool about 1 hour. Beat egg-whites until foamy, add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, and beat well until sugar grains have dissolved and meringue is stiff. Pile lightly on filling, sprinkle with reserved nuts, bake in hot oven until lightly browned. Serves 4 to 6.

HONEY CUSTARD SPECIAL

Half pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons sugar, vanilla, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons butter.

Grease ovenproof pie-dish with butter, pour honey round sides and on base. Make custard by beating eggs with sugar, vanilla, and milk; pour over honey. Put dish in another dish of water, cook in moderately slow oven until set (about 20 to 30 minutes). When cooled, unmould, serve with stewed fruits. Serves 4 to 6.

FRUIT PLEASER

One and a half cups fresh or canned fruit or berries, 1/2 to 1 cup sugar (if canned fruit is used reduce or omit sugar, according to taste), 1 1/2 cups fruit juice and water, 1 package jelly crystals (any flavor), 1 cup boiling water.

Combine fruit and sugar, let stand 10 minutes; drain. Measure juice, add water to make 1 1/2 cups. Dissolve jelly

crystals in boiling water. Add fruit juice and water. Chill, stirring occasionally as jelly sets to give soft, not firm, jelly. Then add fruit and serve in sweets dishes. Decorate with pieces of fresh fruit or cream. Serves 4 to 6.

PRUNE ALMOND CAFE

Half pound prunes, 1 cup strong black coffee, blanched almonds, 1 pint milk coffee, 4 tablespoons sage, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, cream or ice-cream.

Soak prunes overnight in black coffee. Simmer gently until tender (dessert prunes may not need any cooking). Remove stones, replace with halved almonds. Place in pattern in bottom of one large or 4 to 6 small individual moulds. Add washed sage to milk coffee and coffee used for soaking. Simmer 8 minutes, stirring frequently. Add sugar and vanilla essence, cool slightly. Pour or spoon into mould, chill thoroughly. Unmould on serving-dish, serve with cream or ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

RHUBARB CREAM PARFAITS

Two and a half cups sliced fresh rhubarb, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 package strawberry jelly crystals, 3 egg-whites, 1-3rd cup sugar, cream, glace cherries.

Combine rhubarb, water, and sugar in saucepan, cook over medium heat until rhubarb is tender. Remove from heat, add jelly crystals, stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg-whites until foamy, add 1-3rd cup sugar gradually and continue beating until meringue will stand in soft peaks. Whip jelly until fluffy and thick, fold in meringue. Turn into tall parfait glasses, chill until firm. Just before serving garnish with whipped cream and cherry pieces. Serves 4 to 6.

RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● A crunchy almond cake with a subtly flavored topping wins the £5 main prize this week.

A RECIPE for colorful little chocolate bits wins a consolation prize of £1. All spoon measurements are level.

RUSSIAN ALMOND TORTE

Six egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 1lb. minced almonds (or walnuts), 2 dessertspoons flour, 3 egg-yolks, 1lb. unsalted butter, 1/2 cup icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons instant-coffee powder or essence, 1 dessertspoon drinking chocolate or cocoa, rum (if desired).

Whip egg-whites until stiff in large basin. Add almonds, sugar and flour gradually, mixing with wooden spoon, then fold in beaten egg-yolks. Fill into greased and paper-lined lamington-tin, bake in slow oven about 40 minutes. When cool, remove from tin, remove paper, slice across in halves, and fill with half the following butter cream. Top cake with remainder, sprinkle with extra nuts if desired.

Butter Cream: Cream butter well, add icing-sugar, coffee, and cocoa gradually, beating all the while. Lastly flavor to taste with rum or your favorite essence.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Faen, 23 Wandella Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE CHERRY SQUARES

Three-quarters pound cooking chocolate, 1lb. coconut, 1lb. castor sugar, 1lb. chopped glace cherries, 1 egg.

Melt chocolate in bowl over hot water then pour into very lightly greased shallow tin, spreading evenly. Allow to cool. Mix coconut, sugar, and chopped cherries, bind together with beaten egg. Spread over chocolate, roughen with fork. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cut into squares when cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Edwards, 66 Wangic Street, Cooma, N.S.W.

MERINGUE-TOPPED FRUIT SQUARES

Eight ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1lb. fresh, canned, or frozen berries, 3 eggs, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, extra 6 tablespoons sugar.

Roll pastry out to fit into slab-tin, prick well with fork, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Remove, allow to cool, prepare filling. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir

until smooth. Add milk and sugar, continue stirring over heat until mixture boils and thickens; simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add egg-yolks and vanilla, beat well. Fold in berries which have been washed if fresh (or thawed if frozen). Pour over pastry base. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Pile over cooked filling, return to slow oven to set and lightly brown. Serves 4 to 6.

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THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS

FAB CLEAN

Readers' hints

• A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these household hints sent in by readers.

SMALL quantities of leftover jams of different flavors make delicious fillings for tarts if they are mixed together in a saucepan with some fruit juice, a few tablespoons of coconut, and a spoonful of butter and boiled for 5 minutes.—Mrs. H. Dorrington, Jimboomba, Qld.

Don't discard your garbage-bin if the base has been worn out completely with continual use. I put the lid on mine (side-locking) and turned it upside down, making an ideal incinerator.—J. Phillips, 11 Seville St., North Parramatta, N.S.W.

In busy harvest time, when doing the potatoes (new) for dinner, I always dice them. They cook much quicker, and the leftover pieces, cooled and garnished, make a quick salad for tea.—Mrs. J. Bechen, Box 178, Minyip, Vic.

Large nail-holes can be filled neatly with a mixture of fine sawdust and glue poured in hot and pressed down tightly. When quite hard, rub down surface with fine sandpaper.—Mrs. B. C. Wright, 70 Lockhart St., Whyalla, S.A.

Keep a few plastic spoons in the medicine cupboard. They do not stain, and any unpleasant taste will not penetrate the plastic.—Mrs. J. Hutchison, Box 19, Camperdown, Vic.

For the mother who does the family sewing: Have a clear plastic bag for each member of the family, and as new garments are made place leftover pieces in their respective bags. They are quickly and easily found when patching has to be done.—Mrs. D. Tarran, 93 Lily St., Bendigo, Vic.

Clean black satin shoes by sponging them with vinegar.—Miss M. Dickinson, c/o P.O., Wandooie, W.A.

When making melon jam, slice and cut melon into strips and then put it through a bean-cutter. It saves time and shreds more evenly. Fruit for marmalade can also be sliced in this way.—Miss Christine Mayne, 7 Ann Place, Ocean Vista, Burnie, Tas.

OUR TRANSFER



FLOWERS for household linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 210. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of transfer, 2/6.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers a reader's query about a beautiful old coffee-pot.

My grandmother has an old silver coffee-pot, and I would be glad if you could tell me its approximate age and, if possible, its maker.—Mrs. S. F. Tout, Forbes, N.S.W.

This rare George I silver coffee-pot (right) was made by John Penfold (probably), whose mark was entered at the Goldsmith's Hall in 1720. The date letter on the pot does not show up clearly enough to read, but the pot was made not later than 1726.

It is indeed a classical example of early

18th-century work. Among the salient features may be cited the plain, tapering cylindrical body with its wooden handle at right-angles to its swan-neck spout and the high domed cover with a turned finial.

These features illustrate the zenith attained by silversmiths in the early 18th century—a time when the craftsman wrought his work with fidelity and when simplicity of form became the order of the day.

It is unique to "discover" a pot of this type in original condition.



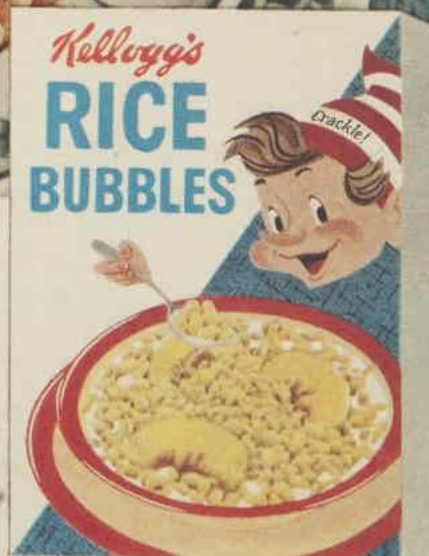
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Page 43



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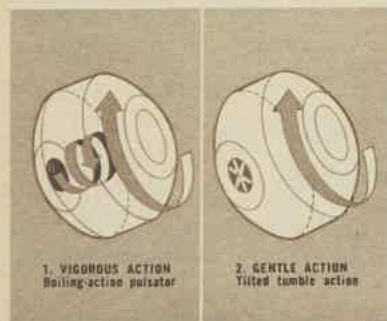
Just click in the key—that's all you do! Hoover Keymatic is the simplest, most advanced washing machine ever. No settings to learn, no dials to turn—just a simple keyplate marked with separate washing programmes. Select the programme you want, click in the keyplate, and the washing process is automatically controlled. Washing's as easy as posting a letter with the new Hoover Keymatic.

A perfect wash for every fabric

Every fabric has a special programme to give perfect results, e.g., bed linens are washed in hot water with two different actions—triple rinsed, spin dried. Delicate fabrics are gently tumbled in luke warm water, rinsed three times at reducing temperatures to avoid shrinkage, then spin dried. And the key controls it all!

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Not just two speeds, but two different washing actions—each one automatically selected by the keyplate.

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TABLETS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 27, 1963

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● The National Geographic Society has reached a decision as to what the most widely used and understood word in the world is. Like to have a guess at it?

IF I were guessing, purely on the basis of having lived in this house for a long time, I'd say the most widely used word was WELL, closely followed by BUT.

They both look harmless enough, but used by my family they have a madly argumentative quality.

"Well, anyway, I can't see why . . ." is the children's standard opening to protests against being asked to do anything, being asked not to do anything, or being convinced that they are getting a rawer deal than someone else in the family.

"But," on the other hand, is the first shot out of the locker in argument purely for argument's sake.

Mike is a past-master at this game — he can even argue on both sides of so simple a question as whether or not he should take a raincoat to school.

Argument, just for the pure and simple pleasure of arguing, seems to be almost a compulsory childish disease between the years of eight and 14.

It's useless to point out to Mike that whatever it is you want him to do could have been done and finished with during the time he's spent in argument.

"But I was going to do it," he'll say, "I just wanted to talk about it first."

So everybody says it — okay

NEITHER "Well" nor "But" are the world's most widely used words, according to the Geographic Society. "Okay" tops the list.

Three hundred million people in the world speak English, making it second only to Chinese.

But "Okay" as a word of approval has passed into many other languages, along with hundreds of other short and punchy English words used in technical fields like civil aviation, sport, and science.

The Society says that English is the most flexible language in the world and that it has a vocabulary of well over one million words.

I heard somebody add to that vocabulary the other day. Advertising something, an announcer said that it was being sold at "the unheardofly low price of . . ."

Let's hope we can learn to make do with our already-existing million or so words, and that this new one will prove to be unheardofly unpopular!

For the younger generation — ulcers

I'VE been reading an article in an American magazine which makes me wonder when children stopped being children and began being status-symbols for their parents.

In the U.S., according to a leading psychiatrist, hundreds of children are developing peptic ulcers — a complaint usually thought of as belonging to the harassed-executive type, and being brought on by anxiety and fear of failure.

"Parents throughout America are putting pressure on their children only to

satisfy their own vanity," the psychiatrist said.

"Adults are taking the attitude that this is a tough world, and that children must be taught to compete right from the start. But school records show that the child who is not pushed and driven to the top by an aggressive mother is one who does best for himself in the end."

American parents are also accused of becoming highly competitive over things that used to be just simple pastimes for children.

Baseball used to be fun, and something that got junior out into the fresh air for a while.

Now every father wants his son to be in the winning team, and boys of nine or 10 are liable to shut themselves up in their rooms for days brooding (and breeding ulcers?) because their team has lost an important match.

Schoolchildren are "extra" tired

I DON'T know what the figures are on peptic ulcers in the under-twenties in Australia, but there's no doubt we put a lot more pressure on our children than was ever put on us.

Once upon a time children used to come home from school at half-past three, get into old clothes, and spend the rest of the afternoon messing about in the back garden, reading, day-dreaming, playing with toys, exploring, climbing trees, or just doing nothing in a perfectly satisfying way.

Nowadays, when they need that free time more than ever because school itself is tougher and more competitive, it's all eaten up by "extras" — swimming coaching before school, dancing classes, speech training, music, painting, debating, golf lessons — the list of possible "extras" is endless in these comparatively prosperous times.

Each of these things, separately, seems a good idea, but the net result seems to be that many children leave home as early as 7.30 in the morning and stagger home like tired businessmen just in time to eat their evening meal.

AND they've usually got two or three more hours' homework to do after that.

No time (these days) for dreaming

THE subject of extras is a tricky one for those parents who can afford them, and whose children want to do them because "everyone else is."

But once they've decided on them, and paid out good money to get them, then they want to see some results, so the pressure is on for the children to shine at these spare-time pursuits as well as at school.

Life must have been easier in the old days of big families, where it was taken for granted that Mabel was the musical one and Egbert was the athlete and Cyril was artistic and Hilda was the bookworm and Theodore had the brains and no one was expected to shine in anyone else's field.

The net result of that attitude was that everyone had time to loiter and dream a bit, which ought to be the right of every child.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 27, 1961

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear
or cut out ready
to make.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 55. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 144-6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"TERRY." — Cool Jo-Anne poplin makes this smart maternity two-piece with slim skirt and tailored bow-trimmed top. Available in aqua, pale blue, navy, pale pink, or black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/16/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/6/6.

Postage 6/- extra.

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

A HOME-MADE SWIMMING-POOL

● For £18... including 30/- for the hire of a cement mixer... Mr. Gerald W. Noble built a family swimming-pool in the garden of his home at Mooroolbark, Victoria.

THE pool is now in its third summer — and is as sound as the day it was built.

About 18ft. long, about 54ft. in circumference, nearly 7ft. at its widest part, and ranging in depth from 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. 6in., it is an irregular kidney shape with natural stone forming a decorative finish round one end.

Mr. Noble — who teaches English and history at Upwey High School — dug the whole of the excavation for the pool himself with pick, shovel, and crowbar, and would have made the pool a little deeper except that he struck solid stone.

The soil he excavated was used to build up the terrace round the house, and when the hole for the pool was clear he bought old car crate

wood to make the forms for the concrete walls. His advice here is to use slightly heavier timber than this, as he found that it was not really strong enough for the weight of the cement, which tended to move the forms out of shape a little.

Assisted by his doctor wife, he poured all the walls in three to four hours one evening, and the next day poured the floor. Mr. Noble used a mixture of four parts ½ in. metal, two parts sand, one part cement.

When this was dry, he rendered the walls with sand and cement to give a smooth finish.

Then he scrubbed the entire pool with a detergent.

Next step was to paint the pool surrounds and floor with swimming-pool paint—a special rubberised one available from paint stores.

Only maintenance for the pool in its three years has been an annual painting, about a three-weekly change of the approximate 2000 gallons of water it holds, and an addition of one-third of a pint of sodium hypochlorite, which kills germs and keeps the water clear... this must be done at night, as the sun reduces its efficiency.

Even this maintenance is not expensive, as the chemical costs about 10/- a gallon.

The pool is emptied every three weeks or so with every last drop of the water siphoned through hoses on to some of the young trees in the garden. Mr. Noble built a sump at the lower end of the pool, which makes it possible to do this.



Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

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Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
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ATTRACTIVE swimming-pool built by Mr. Gerald W. Noble for his family. The youngest Nobles, six-year-old twins Timothy and Penny, are in the pool the whole summer — it's their favorite part of the garden.

SOOTHE HOT FEET! BEAT PRICKLY HEAT!



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Wonderful
for baby, too—
Quickly
relieves
chafing and
nappy rash

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FOR FAST RELIEF BEYOND BELIEF
of all minor skin irritations!

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Here's an ideal 10-day sea cruise at wonderful economy fares. You'll see the popular tropical paradise, Hayman Island, and fascinating French Noumea, and travel in luxurious comfort all the way on the famous M.V. "Wanganella". Book early for this special voyage. See your travel agent or the Ship's Agents.



M. V. WANGANELLA

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"Do?" Charley said. And then comprehending what she meant: "Oh, you mean painting or writing. No, I don't do anything like that."

"You seemed quite interested."

"I'm interested, but I don't do. For an obvious reason—no talent." He smiled unperturbed. "As to your question, what do I do," he said, "I work for Stewart Motors." He put the glass in his hand on the coffee table. "This summer."

"Oh."

"What do you do?" he said mischievously. His eyes were hazel with flecks of yellow and looked as if they might be laughing at her.

"Absolutely nothing, I'm afraid," Jodie said smiling. "This summer."

"I should think we'd get along famously." He stood up and extended his arm. "Shall we go for a short walk in the moonlight, Miss Andrews?"

"I don't think..." She looked around the room for her friend Jill, who had brought her to the party. Jill was nowhere to be seen. At her side her companion's arm remained extended, crooked like a broken limb.

"That sounds like a lovely idea," she stammered.

They went out into the night. He asked her address and they walked in that direction. Either he had no money for a cab or the thought never occurred to him. Once he stopped and drew a deep audible breath into his lungs. "Wonderful, isn't it?" he said.

Jodie realised he was talking about the air.

"Oh," she said. "Yes, it's very refreshing."

He took another deep breath, his eyes turned skyward—looking so long that Jodie wondered if he saw something special there. She peered up curiously at the familiar sky. It was just sky. Stars. Moon. A dark blankness in between.

"Prettiest night I've seen for a long time," Charley said. "Or"—he peered into her face—"don't you care to commit yourself on the subject?"

"Yes... yes, it's lovely."

What a strange young man, she thought, curious and amused. He had been walking on the outside; now abruptly as they reached the 1500 block he shifted positions without comment so that he was on the inside. To her astonishment she saw that as they walked he was plucking flowers that hung out over the stone retaining walls. When he had a bouquet the size of a wash-basin he handed them to her. Rather foolishly she stammered, "Thank you," and he answered, just as absurdly, "You're welcome," walking casually on as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

THEY were in the 1700 block now, a block from her home, passing McCormicks'. Nervously Jodie watched his hand reach up to the high wall where, running along its apex, were Mrs. McCormick's prize roses. In the moonlight, just out of reach, was a white rose. As he stretched on tiptoe, his long arm outstretched, Jodie said sharply, "Don't pick that."

The hand paused. "She won't miss it."

"She happens to be Mrs. McCormick. And she will miss it."

"Really?" Charley said incredulously. "Does she keep count?"

"It's one of her prize roses. She'd have a fit."

The hand went up, hesitated. "She can't be that hardhearted," Charley said and—snap—off came the rose.

Jodie walked on swiftly, her cheeks hot. "I won't be any part of it," she said furiously.

Behind her, unperturbed, came Charley Green's soft easy tread. Charley peered at her curiously. "She really upsets you, doesn't she?"

"Of course it upsets me."

"Mrs. McCormick upsets you," Charley corrected.

"That's private property. You're nothing but a... thief."

Charley sighed. "I think you're exaggerating. I'm sure she wouldn't mind at all. But if it'll make you feel better I'll go ask permission."

"Yes, why don't you? Go on!" she urged. "I'm sure she'll be very interested."

Charley bounded up the stone steps of the big house. Three minutes later he was back. He handed her the rose with a flourish. "Mrs."

Continuing . . . WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CHARLEY?

from page 27

McCormick says she is honored for you to have the rose."

Jodie took it silently and they finished the walk with only the sound of their footsteps on the cement. At the door Charley turned to her.

"Tomorrow?" he said.

"Thank you," Jodie said dryly, "I think one evening is enough."

He laughed. A shout of laughter that roared out over the sleeping neighborhood, the forbidding stone walls; a laugh so genuine and infectious that, after a moment, her own laugh helplessly echoed his.

"Thanks for the flowers," she gasped; and inside at the sight of her parents' puzzled faces she burst out laughing again.

So he charmed her, with a clown's face, his laugh, his schemes to while away the summer, and she tagged along, unwilling to believe in his magic, but at the same time beguiled into half-belief.

One night, at midnight, they went floating down the Calama Creek on a huge inner-tube. The moon was a pale silver in the night sky, their paddles dipped into cool darkened water.

"This is ridiculous," Jodie whispered. "What if someone should see us?"

Charley ignored her. "If we have trouble," he whispered in a sombre voice, "it'll be up around this bend."

We'll keep in the shadow of those trees close to shore."

Jodie opened her mouth. He put his fingers up to his lips. "Sh—"

Soundlessly he dipped the paddle into the water and their craft turned toward the far shore. A few yards from the bank the current caught it, drawing them into the shadow of the trees.

"Here we go," Charley whispered.

Jodie looked at him. He sat slim and straight as an Indian, the paddle held crosswise on his lap. He was wearing a white polo shirt and jeans rolled up to the knees, out of which his long legs poked. A giggle caught in Jodie's throat.

They rounded the bend. On the opposite shore, like matches struck

in the darkness, were three campfires. They drifted by unseen.

"Close," Charley said in a normal voice.

"You're mad," Jodie said, but she smiled. The water was cool and pleasant after the warm day, a wide, empty boulevard of moonlight occasionally broken by the white of water breaking over rocks. Here the craft shot with surprising speed through the moonlight path. It was easy to believe that they were indeed deep in the heart of some strange country.

She looked across at Charley, smiling. "Where do we meet the landing party?"

To page 49



for a



refresh

"Couple of miles." He grinned at her. They rounded another bend, and without warning were trapped in a blaze of light. The light came from the picture windows of a house and two huge flood-lights placed on the lawn. In the yard, in dinner jackets and barebacked horses, people turned with disbelief and amusement. Simultaneously, Jodie and Charley grabbed the wooden paddles and pulled furiously to get out of the light. At the edge of darkness, almost safe, a rock caught them. The craft swung around once and stopped. "For Pete's sake!" Jodie whispered.

from page 48

Charley stood up in the water, prying at the tube. "Shipwrecked?" a voice called out. Charley waved back cheerfully. "Hung up on to a shoal. Should have her off in a minute." He gave the tube another shove. This time it freed itself of the rock and started to drift downstream. Splashing along behind, Charley caught up, flung his body into the air and came down in an upright position on the tube. The tube hesitated with the added weight, then drifted on. A faint echo of laughter from the lawn party trailed after them like sparks.

With the laugh, all the magic of the evening evaporated. Ridiculous. Ridiculous. "How far did you say it was to the car?" Jodie said coldly. When they reached home, she got out silently, not saying good-night. But at the end of the month he was still there, this afternoon perched like an awkward crane on the lawn swing. "Big mistake for a man to tell a girl his salary," he said. It was the kind of statement he was fond of flinging out at odd moments. Jodie knew he was trying to trap her, but the sun was warm and pleasant on her back, and she answered, humoring him.

"Naturally a girl is interested in such things." "Why?" Charley said blandly. "If for no other reason," she said, "it's an index to what a man is—his ambition, where he's going." "Exactly." Charley sat up triumphantly. "Where he's going! How plushy a house she'll have if she marries him. She isn't marrying him; she's marrying a house!" He peered at her. "Positively ghoulish, isn't it?" he said, shuddering. "Nevertheless, I can't imagine a girl marrying a man without any reference to the subject," Jodie said dryly. She added with a little laugh,

"That would really be marrying on faith."

Charley said gently, "That was my point. She would be marrying him."

She looked at him, as startled as if someone had touched the back of her neck with an ice-cube. It reminded her sharply, if she had forgotten, that this was only a summer holiday, a pleasant reprieve from the summer's boredom.

"You're mad," she said lightly. "Nobody would marry on that flimsy basis." She laughed uneasily. "He might live in a tent."

"He might." The clown mouth grinned at her, and for a moment the hazel eyes with their flecks of yellow held hers, almost hypnotizing. Still smiling, he leaned down, picked a dandelion off the lawn, and offered it to her with a courtly flourish.

"Don't you have any money for flowers?" Jodie snapped.

The extended hand stiffened and dropped.

"I'm sorry," Jodie stammered, shocked by her own rudeness.

His whole attitude toward life suddenly upset her—the careless cheerfulness, the indifference with which he dismissed her world and all the rules by which she had always played, making his own arbitrary rules. Courting her with dandelions and pilfered roses. It was ridiculous. He was ridiculous. She stood up, biting her lip.

"I have an appointment."

"Oh." He scrambled to his feet. "Sure."

They walked silently to the door. "Tomorrow?" he said.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be busy."

His eyes met hers, a brief, searching look. He nodded. Jodie felt a stab of sympathy. I encouraged him, she thought, laughed at him. And then, helplessly: "You can't go through life making up your own rules, Charley. The rules are already made."

"I'm sorry."

HE turned and walked toward the gate. Halfway there, he turned back. "The world is full of magic, Jodie. But you have to be willing to believe in it."

She watched his shoulders disappear down the walk. She picked up the dandelion and stared at it dully. It was just a dandelion. A weed, she thought angrily.

She went out with Gary McCormick, who never in the world would have mistaken a dandelion for an orchid.

Gary towered six feet four inches, with dark curly hair and modest eyes. His teeth were white, his skin a lovely burnt brown. As if this weren't enough, he also had ambition. He didn't want to be just another basketball player — if she knew what he meant.

She nodded, knowing what he meant.

"Not that I'm complaining," he said. "Basketball's been good to me. It's a real springboard as far as contacts—almost money in the bank." He looked at her apologetically. "That sounds terribly calculating, I suppose."

"No."

"It is calculating in a way. But if you're a man you have to think of those things. Take any guy in this room" — he waved his arm at the little clumps of young men and women in the room — "any one of them: Bob Baker, Tom Riley, Ollie Parson. They know the score. Under those smiles and all that sun-tan, the little wheels are turning, turning. When the chance comes, you can bet they'll be ready to grab it."

"I can believe it," she murmured politely.

"Here—I'll get you some more punch."

"Would you mind terribly if we went home? I have a headache."

She stood at the window of her bedroom and looked out at the moonlit sky. What a boring evening. She turned away, kicking the loose slipper. What a boring, boring evening.

On the bedstand the extension phone gleamed, polished lavender; the lavender matched the two twin lampshades. She looked down at it a long moment, then swiftly—her fingers trembling a little — she dialled the number.

To page 50

Bushells Break

The advertisement is divided into two main visual sections. The top section is a color illustration depicting a social scene: a woman in a white dress stands on the left, holding a white cup; in the center, a man in a light-colored suit sits on a bench, talking to a woman in a yellow dress who is also seated. The bottom section is a product display featuring a box of 'Bushells Blue Label The Tea of Flavor' and a jar of 'Bushells INSTANT COFFEE'. The box is blue and white with gold lettering, and the jar is gold with a red label. The background of the illustration is a lush green garden with trees and a path.

"Can't think what Jason Rudd wanted to buy a place like that for. Plenty of good Georgian houses in England—or even Queen Anne. Gosington Hall is a purely Victorian mansion. What's the attraction in that, I wonder?"

"Oh, there's some attraction—for some people, that is—in Victorian stability."

"Stability? Well, perhaps you've got something there. Marina, I suppose, had a feeling for stability. It's a thing she never had herself, poor girl, so I suppose that's why she always covets it. Perhaps this place will satisfy her for a bit."

"You know her well, Mr. Fenn?"

Ardwyck Fenn shrugged his shoulders.

"Well? I don't know that I'd say that. I've known her over a long period of years. Known her off and on, that is to say."

Craddock looked at him appraisingly. A dark man, heavily built, shrewd eyes behind thick glasses, heavy jaw

and chin. Ardwyck Fenn went on: "The idea is, I gather, from what I read in the newspapers, that this Mrs. Whatever—her name—was, was poisoned by mistake. That the dose was intended for Marina. Is that right?"

"Yes. That's it. The dose was in Marina Gregg's cocktail. Mrs. Badcock spilt hers and Marina handed over her drink to her."

"Well, that seems pretty conclusive. I really can't think, though, who would want to poison Marina. Especially as Lynette Brown wasn't there."

"Lynette Brown?" Craddock looked slightly at sea.

Ardwyck Fenn smiled. "If Marina breaks this contract, throws up this part, Lynette will get it and it would mean a good deal to Lynette to get it. But, for all that, I don't imagine she'd send some emissary along with poison. Much too melodramatic an idea."

"It seems a little far-fetched," said Dermot dryly.

"Ah, you'd be surprised

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 29

what women will do when they're ambitious," said Ardwyck Fenn. "Mind you, death mayn't have been intended. It may have been just meant to give her a fright—enough to knock her out but not to finish her."

Craddock shook his head. "It wasn't a borderline dose," he said.

"People make mistakes in doses, quite big ones."

"Is this really your theory?"

"Oh, no, it isn't. It was only a suggestion. I've no theory. I was only an innocent bystander."

"Was Marina Gregg very surprised to see you?"

"Yes, it was a complete surprise to her." He laughed amusedly. "Just couldn't believe her eyes when she saw me coming up the stairs. She gave me a very nice welcome, I must say."

"You hadn't seen her for a long time?"

"Not for four or five years, I should say."

"And some years before that there was a time when you and she were very close friends, I believe?"

"Are you insinuating anything in particular by that remark, Inspector Craddock?"

There was very little change in the voice, but there was something there that had not been there before. A hint of steel, of menace. Dermot felt suddenly that this man would be a very ruthless opponent.

"It would be as well, I think," said Ardwyck Fenn, "that you said exactly what you do mean."

"I'm quite prepared to do so, Mr. Fenn. I have to inquire into the past relations of everyone who was there on that day with Marina Gregg. It seems to have been a matter of common gossip that at the time I have just referred to you were wildly in love with Marina Gregg."

Ardwyck Fenn shrugged his shoulders. "One has these infatuations, Inspector. Fortunately, they pass."

"It is said that she encouraged you and that later she turned you down and that you resented the fact."

"It is said—it is said! I

be sorry that they have done so. But that principle applies mainly in my business life."

"You did, I believe, use your influence to have her dropped from a picture that she was making?"

Fenn shrugged his shoulders.

"She was unsuitable for the role. There was conflict between her and the director. I had money in that picture

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



suppose you read all that in some film magazine."

"It has been told me by quite well-informed and sensible people."

Ardwyck Fenn threw back his head, showing the bull-like line of his neck.

"I had a yen for her at one time, yes," he admitted. "She was a beautiful and attractive woman, and still is. To say that I ever threatened her is going a little far. I'm never pleased to be thwarted, Chief-Inspector, and most people who thwart me tend to

and I had no intention of jeopardising it. It was, I assure you, purely a business transaction."

"But perhaps Marina Gregg did not think so?"

"Oh, naturally she did not think so. She would always think that anything like that was personal."

"She actually told certain friends of hers that she was afraid of you, I believe?"

"Did she? How childish. I expect she enjoyed the sensation."

"You think there was no

need for her to be afraid of you?"

"Of course not. Whatever personal disappointment I might have had, I soon put it behind me. I've always gone on the principle that where women are concerned there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"A very satisfactory way to go through life, Mr. Fenn."

"Yes, I think it is."

"You have a wide knowledge of the moving-picture world?"

"I have financial interests in it."

"And therefore you are bound to know a lot about it?"

"Perhaps."

"You are a man whose judgment would be worth listening to."

"Can you suggest to me any person who is likely to have such a deep grudge against Marina Gregg that they would be willing to do away with her?"

"Probably a dozen," said Ardwyck Fenn. "That is to say, if they hadn't got to do anything about it personally. If it was a mere matter of pressing a button in a wall, I dare say there'd be a lot of willing fingers."

"You were there that day. You saw her and talked to her. Do you think that amongst any of the people who were around you in that brief space of time—from when you arrived to the moment when Heather Badcock died—do you think that amongst them you can suggest—only suggest, mind you, I'm asking you for nothing more than a guess—anyone who might poison Marina Gregg?"

"I wouldn't like to say," said Ardwyck Fenn.

"That means that you have some idea?"

"It means that I have nothing to say on that subject. And that, Chief-Inspector Craddock, is all you'll get out of me."

Dermot Craddock looked down at the last name and address he had written down in his notebook. The telephone number had been run twice for him, but there had been no response. He tried it now once more. He shrugged his shoulders, got up, and decided to go and see for himself.

Margot Bence's studio was in a cul-de-sac off the Tottenham Court Road. Beyond the name on a plate on the side of a door, there was little to identify it, and certainly no form of advertising. Craddock groped his way to the first floor. There was a large notice here painted in black on a white board: "Margot Bence, Personality Photographer. Please enter."

Craddock entered. There was a small waiting-room, but nobody in charge of it. He stood there hesitating, then cleared his throat in a loud

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Continuing . . . WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CHARLEY?

from page 49

"Hullo . . ." a voice said sleepily.

"Charley?"

"Speaking."

"This is Jodie."

"Who?"

"Jodie Andrews."

"Who was that again?"

"Jodie An . . . You know who!"

At the other end of the line there was a low chuckle.

That was Charley Green, a summer month ten years ago.

Jodie sighed, rolled over in bed.

"As I was saying," she said loudly, looking at the shadow sprawled across the bed, "people change."

"Ung," her husband said agreeably.

"It's sad," she sighed.

"The world is a magic place, but people won't believe it."

"Don't bother me. I'm sleeping."

"You're not sleeping," Jodie said indignantly. "Nobody could sleep in this heat. You're just lazy. Lazy, indolent, fat with success."

"Not lazy—sleeping." An exaggerated snore floated upward in the room, followed by a soft exhalation.

Jodie crawled out of bed. Kneeling, she put her elbows on the window sills.

"It's a lovely night," she said. "Stars. Moon."

"Ung."

"Be nice for a walk."

The snoring resumed, one octave deeper.

Jodie slipped her shoes on.

"I think I'll go for a walk," she said briskly. At the door, fully dressed, she looked back at the shadow on the bed.

"Yes, I think I'll do that," she said in a loud voice. "I'll just walk down the street"—she sighed—"and have a look at this lovely night."

Another snore erupted from the bed.

She went down the stairs, through the house with its warm, purring equipment, out into the soft night.

The streets were quiet and empty; the faint smell of roses drifted past her nostrils. She passed a policeman. He looked up, idly, then walked on.

Halfway down the block there was the sound of footsteps gliding behind her, then a man's voice growled threateningly, "Okay, Lady, this is it!"

Jodie smiled and kept on walking. The footsteps followed behind, stalking her softly around the block.

"All right, buster, what do you think you're doing?" a voice said sharply out of the darkness. "Don't be frightened, Miss."

"It's all right, Officer," Jodie mumbled, "he's my husband."

"It that right, Mister?" Silence.

"Well, are you or aren't you? Surely you know."

"Of course he knows,"

Jodie snapped. She jabbed her husband in the ribs. "Tell him," she hissed.

"I hate to dispute the lady's word, Officer—but the fact is, I never saw this young lady in my life. About a block back—" He turned his back to Jodie, whispered something in the policeman's ear.

"Well, that's a different story. Would you like to make a complaint?"

"No. No. I have a family."

"Oh!" Jodie said. She turned and walked swiftly back to the house. Slipping out of her clothes, she snapped the light off and flounced into bed.

A few minutes later her husband came in. Humming softly to himself in the darkness, he put on his pyjamas and with a contented sigh heaved himself into bed.

"Can we go to sleep now?" he said innocently.

Jodie humped her shoulders closer to her side of the bed.

"Okay, I get the message." An arm reached stealthily around her waist. "Leave me alone," she grumbled. Something scratched her hand. "For Pete's sake, what are you doing?"

Slowly the frown turned to a smile. Her fingers tightened around the stem of a rose.

"Okay?" he said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 27, 1962

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Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 50

say so, I'm sure. Now, about Margot. Would you like to get hold of her right away?"

"If you can help me to do so, yes."

"Well, at the moment," said the young man, consulting his watch, "at the moment she'll be outside Keats' house at Hampstead Heath. My car's outside. Shall I run you up there?"

"That would be very kind of you, Mr. —?"

"Jethroe," said the young man, "Johnny Jethroe."

As they went down the stairs Dermot asked: "Why Keats' house?"

"Well, you know we don't pose

fashion photographs in the studio any more. We like them to seem natural, blown about by the wind. And, if possible, some rather unlikely background. You know, an Ascot frock against Wandsworth Prison, or a frivolous little suit outside a poet's house."

Mr. Jethroe drove rapidly but skilfully up Tottenham Court Road, through Camden Town, and finally to the neighborhood of Hampstead Heath. On the pavement near Keats' house a pretty little scene was being enacted. A slim girl

wearing diaphanous organdie was standing clutching an immense black hat. On her knees, a little way behind her, a second girl was holding the first girl's skirt well pulled back so that it clung around her knees and legs. In a deep, hoarse voice a girl with a camera was directing operations.

"For goodness' sake, Jane, get down. You're showing behind her right knee. Get down flatter. That's it. No, more to the left. That's right. Now you're masked by the bush. That'll do. Hold it. We'll have one more. Both hands on the back of the hat this time. Head up. Good — now turn round,

Elsie. Bend over. More. Bend! Bend! You've got to pick up that cigarette case. That's right. That's heaven! Got it! Now move over to the left. Same pose, only just turn your head over your shoulder. So."

"I can't see what you want to go taking photographs of bits of me for," said the girl called Elsie rather sulkily.

"You look great, dear. It looks smashing," said the photographer. "And when you turn your head your chin comes up like the rising moon over a mountain. I don't think we need bother with any more."

"Hi—Margot," said Mr. Jethroe. She turned her head. "Oh, it's you. What are you doing here?"

"I brought someone along to see you, Chief-Inspector Craddock, C.I.D."

To page 52

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and theatrical manner. Since that time no attention, he raised his voice.

"Anybody here?" He heard a flap of flippers behind a velvet curtain, the curtain was pushed aside and a young man with exuberant hair and a pink-and-white face peered round it. "Terribly sorry, my dear," he said. "I didn't hear you. I had an absolutely new idea and I was just trying it out."

He pushed the velvet curtain farther aside and Craddock followed him into an inner room. This proved to be unexpectedly large. It was clearly the working studio. There were cameras, lights, arc-lights, piles of drapery, screens on wheels.

"Such a mess," said the young man, who was almost as willowy as Billy Preston.

"But one finds it very hard to work, I think, unless one does get into a mess. Now, what were you wanting to see us about?"

"I wanted to see Miss Margot Jones."

"Ah, Margot. Now, what a pity. If you'd been half an hour earlier you'd have found her here. She's gone off to produce some photographs of models for 'Fashion Dream'. You should have rung up, you know, to make an appointment. Margot's terribly busy these days."

"I did ring up. There was no reply."

THE young man laughed. "Of course," he said. "We took the receiver off. I remember now. It disturbed us." He mumbled down a kind of lilac mock that he was wearing. "Can I do anything for you? Make an appointment? I do a lot of Margot's business arrangements for her. You wanted to arrange for some photograph somewhere? Private or business?"

"From that point of view, neither," said Dermot Craddock. He handed his card to the young man.

"How perfectly rapturous," said the young man. "C.I.D.! I believe, you know, I've seen pictures of you. Are you one of the Big Four or the Big Five, or is it perhaps the B's? Or nowadays? There's so much crime about, they'd have to increase the numbers, wouldn't they? Oh, dear, is that disrespectful? I'm afraid it is. I didn't mean to be disrespectful at all. Now, what do you want Margot for — not to arrest her, I hope."

"I just wanted to ask her one or two questions. She was recently an eye-witness of a crime that took place near Much Benham, at a village called St. Mary Mead."

"Oh, my dear, of course! I know about that. Margot came back and told me about it. Hemlock in the cocktails, wasn't it? Something of that kind. So bleak it sounded! But haven't you already asked Margot questions about that — or was it somebody else?"

"One always finds there are more questions, as the case goes on," said Dermot.

"You mean it develops. Yes, I can quite see that. Murder develops. Yes, like a photograph, isn't it?"

"It's very much like a photograph, really," said Dermot. "Quite a good comparison of yours."

"Well, it's very nice of you to



AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Feb. 20

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, orange, grn. * Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.	* Keep a tight rein on yourself until February 24. There could be emotional upheavals, a shattered romance, or a severed friendship. A lucky vibration on Sunday lasts until Wednesday.
TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, jade, blue. * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.	* There could be changes in the love life up to Friday. A tense, nervous period, bad for romance and friendship. A romantic period begins on Sunday. Stick to routine until then.
GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, purple, pink. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.	* The highly strung Gemini can expect disruption and high accident hazard until the 23rd, especially if born May 29-31. You really don't get a break until March 18.
CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, red, green. * Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.	* Use your sense of self-preservation—especially on February 22—accident risks rate high. An upsetting period gives way to one in which damage could be repaired.
LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, pink, mauve. * Lucky days, Sun., Monday.	* You are beginning a difficult cycle. February is not your month, but you have excellent stars throughout March and April. Turbulent conditions prevail until February 23, but Feb. 24-26 favor love and luck.
VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, pink, black. * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.	* You have begun a cycle propitious for new ventures, but postpone action until February 25. Friday is very adverse. Anything begun on this day could have an unpredictable and abrupt ending.
LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, pink, black. * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.	* Yours is one of the few signs which have lucky stars during February, but don't jeopardise your health or job. February 21-23 Sunday excellent for home, family, and business.
SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, pink, mauve. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.	* An emotional storm on February 22 could lead to a definite break. It is a day to exercise self-control. Sunday is ideal for a trip with the loved one.
SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, green, red. * Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.	* Home and career are subject to sudden change until February 23, but your ruling star helps to buffer any drastic effects. Use tact on Friday, caution on Saturday.
CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, mauve, pink. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.	* Beware of mental tension and unrest until the 23rd. It is an adverse day which inaugurates great changes. You have good stars February 24-27, favoring romance and speculation.
AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, jade, blue. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.	* Concentrate on material and monetary affairs, but take no action until after Saturday. It is a danger day, as are Thursday and Friday. Forward your financial plans to February 24.
PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, green, grey. * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.	* Uranus is on the rampage until Saturday, but you are protected from its influence. Keep to routine and guard against marital discord. A lucky period, February 24-27.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 51

The girl's eyes turned swiftly on to Dermot. He thought they had a wary, searching look, but that, as he well knew, was nothing extraordinary. It was a fairly common reaction to detective-inspectors. She was a thin girl, all elbows and angles, but was an interesting shape for all that. A heavy curtain of black hair fell down on either side of her face. She looked dirty as well as sallow and not particularly prepossessing to his eyes. But he acknowledged that there was character there.

She raised her eyebrows, which were slightly raised by art already, and remarked: "And what can I do for you, Detective-Inspector Craddock?"

"How do you do, Miss Bence. I wanted to ask you if you would be so kind as to answer a few questions about that very unfortunate business at Goslington Hall, near Much Benham. You went there, if I remember, to take some photographs."

The girl nodded. "Of course. I remember quite well." She shot him a quick, searching look. "I didn't see you there. Surely it was somebody else, Inspector—Inspector—"

"Inspector Cornish?" said Dermot.

"That's right."

"We were called in later."

"You're from Scotland Yard?"

"Yes."

"You butted in and took over from the local people. Is that it?"

"Well, it isn't quite a question of butting in, you know. It's up to the Chief Constable of the County to decide whether he wants to keep it in his own hands or whether he thinks it'll be better handled by us."

"What makes him decide?"

"It very often turns on whether the case has a local background or whether it's a more—universal one. Sometimes perhaps an international one."

"And he decided, did he, that this was an international one?"

"Transatlantic, perhaps, would be a better word."

"They've been hinting that in the papers, haven't they? Hinting that the killer, whoever he was, was out to get Marina Gregg and get some wretched local woman by mistake. Is that true or is it a bit of publicity for their film?"

"I'm afraid there isn't much doubt about it, Miss Bence."

"What do you want to ask me? Have I got to come to Scotland Yard?"

He shook his head. "Not unless you like. We'll go back to your studio if you prefer."

"All right, let's do that. My car's just up the street."

She walked rapidly along the footpath. Dermot went with her. Jethroe called after them.

"So long, darling, I won't butt in. I'm sure you and the inspector are going to talk big secrets." He joined the two models on the pavement and began an animated discussion with them.

Margot got into the car, unlocked the door on the other side, and Dermot Craddock got in beside her. She said nothing at all during the drive back to Tottenham Court Road. She turned down the cul-de-sac and at the bottom of it drove through an open doorway.

"Got my own parking place here," she remarked. "It's a furniture depository place really, but they rent me a bit of space. Parking a car is one of the big headaches in London, as you probably know only too well, though I don't suppose you deal with traffic, do you?"

"No, that's not one of my troubles."

"I should think murder would be infinitely preferable," said Margot Bence.

She led the way back to the studio, motioned him to a

You had your camera on the stairs, I understand?"

"A part of the time, yes. I got a very good angle from there. You get people coming up the stairs below you and you could swivel round and get Marina shaking hands with them. You could get a lot of different angles without having to move much."

"I know, of course, that you answered some questions at the time as to whether you'd seen anything unusual, anything that might be helpful. They were general questions."

"Have you got more specialised ones?"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



chair, offered him a cigarette, and sank down on the large pouffe opposite him. From behind the curtain of dark hair she looked at him in a sombre, questioning way.

"Shoot, stranger," she said.

"You were taking photographs on the occasion of this death, I understand."

"Yes."

"You'd been engaged professionally?"

"Yes. They wanted someone to do a few specialised shots. I do quite a lot of that stuff. I do some work for film studios sometimes, but this time I was just taking photographs of the fete, and afterwards a few shots of special people being greeted by Marina Gregg and Jason Rudd. Local notabilities or other personalities. That sort of thing."

"Yes. I understand that."

"A little more specialised, I think. You had a good view of Marina Gregg from where you were standing?"

She nodded. "Excellent."

"And of Jason Rudd?"

"Occasionally. But he was moving about more. Drinks and things and introducing people to each other. The locals to the celebrities. That kind of thing. I should imagine. I didn't see this Mrs. Baddeley—"

"Badcock."

"Sorry, Badcock. I didn't see her drink the fatal draught or anything like that. In fact, I don't think I really know who she was."

"Do you remember the arrival of the mayor?"

"Oh yes. I remember the mayor all right. He had on his chain and his robes of office. I got one of him coming up the stairs—a close-

graph of him?"

"Yes, I got him coming up with Lola Brewster."

"That would be just after the mayor?"

She thought a minute then agreed. "Yes, about then."

"Did you notice that about that time Marina Gregg seemed to feel suddenly?"

Did you notice any unusual expression on her face?"

Margot Bence leant forward, opened a cigarette-box and took out a cigarette. She lit it. Although she had not answered, Dermot did not press her. He waited, wondering what it was she was turning over in her mind. She said at last, abruptly:

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Because it's a question to which I am very anxious to have an answer—a reliable answer."

"Do you think my answer's likely to be reliable?"

"Yes I do, as a matter of fact. You must have the habit of watching people's faces very closely, waiting for certain expressions, certain propitious moments."

She nodded her head.

"Did you see anything of that kind?"

"Somebody else saw it, too, did they?"

"Yes. More than one person, but it's been described rather differently."

"How did the other people describe it?"

"One person has told me that she was taken faint."

Margot Bence shook her head slowly.

"Someone else said that she was startled." He paused a moment then went on, "and somebody else describes her as having a frozen look on her face."

"Frozen," said Margot Bence thoughtfully.

"Do you agree to that last statement?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

"It was put rather fancifully still," said Dermot. "In the words of the late poet, Tennyson, 'The mirror crack'd from side to side, The doom has come upon me,' cried the Lady of Shalott."

"There wasn't any mirror," said Margot Bence, "but I think there had been it might have cracked." She got up abruptly.

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"Wait," she said. "I'll do something better than describe it to you. I'll show you."

She pushed aside the curtain at the far end and disappeared for some moments. He could hear her uttering incoherent mutterings under her breath.

"Why is it," she said as she emerged again, "one never can find things when one wants them? I've got it now, though."

She came across to him and put a glossy print into his hand. He looked down at it. It was a very good photograph of Marina Gregg. Her hand was clasped in the hand of a woman standing in front of her. But Marina Gregg was not looking at the woman. Her eyes stared not quite into the camera but slightly sidelong to the left. The interesting thing to Dermot Craddock was that the face expressed nothing whatever.

There was no fear on it, no pain. The woman portrayed there was staring at something, something she saw, and the emotion it aroused in her was so great that she was physically unable to express it by any kind of facial expression. Dermot Craddock had seen such a look once on a man's face, a man who a second later had been shot dead.

"Satisfied?" asked Margot Bence.

Craddock gave a deep sigh. "Yes, thank you. It's hard, you know, to make up one's mind if witnesses are exaggerating, if they are imagining they see things. But that's not so in this case. There was something to see and she saw it." He asked, "Can I keep this picture?"

"Oh, yes, you can have the print. I've got the negative." "You didn't send it to the Press?" Margot Bence shook her head.

"I rather wonder why you didn't. After all, it's rather a dramatic photograph. Some paper might have paid a good price for it."

"I wouldn't care to do that," said Margot Bence. "If you look into somebody's soul by accident you feel a bit embarrassed about cashing in."

"Did you know Marina Gregg at all?"

"No."

"You come from the States, don't you?"

"I was born in England. I was trained in America, though. I came over here, about three years ago."

Dermot Craddock nodded. He had known the answers to his questions. They had been waiting for him among the other lists of information on his office table. The girl seemed straightforward enough. He asked: "Where did you train?"

"Reingarden Studios. I was with Andrew Quill for a time. He taught me a lot."

"Reingarden School and Andrew Quill," Dermot

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Continuing . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

Craddock was suddenly alert. The names struck a chord of remembrance.

"You lived in Seven Springs, didn't you?"

She looked amused. "You seem to know a lot about me. Have you been checking up?"

"You're a very well-known photographer, Miss Bence. There have been articles written about you, you know. Why did you come to England?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I like a change. Besides, as I tell you, I was born in England, although I went to the States as a child."

"Quite a young child, I think."

"Five years old, if you're interested."

"I am interested. I think, Miss Bence, you could tell

FROM THE BIBLE

● **"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."**

—Psalm 34.4.

David, the fugitive, knew fear, but he learned the way of deliverance.

me a little more than you have done."

Her face hardened. She stared at him.

"What do you mean by that?"

Dermot Craddock looked at her and risked it. It wasn't much to go on. Reingarden Studios and Andrew Quill and the name of one town. But he felt rather as if old Miss Marple were at his shoulder egging him on.

"I think you knew Marina Gregg better than you say."

She laughed. "Prove it. You're imagining things."

"Am I? I don't think I am. And it could be proved, you know, with a little time and care. Come now, Miss Bence, hadn't you better admit the truth? Admit that Marina Gregg adopted you as a child and that you lived with her for four years."

She drew her breath in sharply with a hiss.

"All right, all right, it's true enough! Yes, Marina Gregg took me over to America with her. My mother had eight kids. She lived in a slum somewhere. She was one of hundreds of people, I suppose, who write to any film actress that they happen to see or hear about, spilling a hard-luck story, begging her to adopt the child a mother couldn't give advantages to. Oh, it's such a sickening business, all of it."

"There were three of you," said Dermot. "Three children adopted at different times from different places."

"That's right. Me and Rod and Angus. Angus was older than I was, Rod was practically a baby. We had a wonderful life. Oh, a wonderful life! All the advantages! Her voice rose mockingly. "Clothes and cars and a wonderful house to live in and people to look after us, good schooling and teaching, and delicious food. Everything piled on! And she herself, our 'Mom.' 'Mom' in inverted commas, playing her part, crooning over us, being photographed with us! Ah, such a pretty sentimental picture."

from page 52

"But she really wanted children," said Dermot Craddock. "That was real enough, wasn't it? It wasn't just a publicity stunt."

"Oh, perhaps. Yes, I think that was true. She wanted children. But she didn't want us! Not really. It was just a glorious bit of play-acting. 'My family.' 'So lovely to have a family of my own.' And Izzy let her do it. He ought to have known better."

"Izzy was Isidore Wright?"

"Yes, her third husband or her fourth, I forget which. He was a wonderful man, really. He understood her, I think, and he was worried sometimes about us. He was kind to us, but he didn't pretend to be a father. He didn't feel like a father. He only cared really about his own writing. I've read some of his things since. They're sordid and rather cruel, but they're powerful. I think people will call him a great writer one day."

"And this went on until when?"

Margot Bence's smile curved suddenly. "Until she got sick of that particular bit of play-acting. No, that's not quite true . . . She found she was going to have a child of her own."

"And then?"

She laughed with sudden bitterness. "Then we'd had it! We weren't wanted any more. We'd done very well as little stopgaps, but she didn't care a damn about us, really, not a damn. Oh, she pensioned us off very prettily. With a home and a foster-mother and money for our education and a nice little sum to start us off in the world. Nobody can say that she didn't behave correctly and handsomely. But she'd never wanted us — all she wanted was a child of her own."

"You can't blame her for that," said Dermot gently.

"I don't blame her for wanting a child of her own, no! But what about us? She took us away from our own parents, from the places where we belonged. My mother sold me for a mess of pottage, if you like, but she didn't sell me for advantage to herself. She sold me because she was a damn silly woman who thought I'd get 'advantages' and 'education' and have a wonderful life. She thought she was doing the best for me. Best for me? If she only knew."

"You're still very bitter, I see."

"No, I'm not bitter now. I've got over that. I'm bitter because I'm remembering, because I've gone back to those days. We were all pretty bitter."

"All of you?"

"Well, not Rod. Rod never cared about anything. Besides, he was rather small. But Angus felt like I did, only I think he was more revengeful. He said that when he was grown up he would go and kill that baby she was going to have."

"You knew about the baby?"

"Oh, of course I knew. And everyone knows what happened. She went crazy with rapture about having it, and then when it was born it was an idiot! Serve her right. Idiot or no idiot, she didn't want us back again."

"You hate her very much?"

"Why shouldn't I hate her? She did the worst thing to me that anyone can do to anyone else. Let them believe that they're loved and wanted and then show them that it's all a sham."

"What happened to your two?—I'll call them brothers,

for the sake of convenience."

"Oh, we all drifted apart later. Rod's farming somewhere in the Middle West. He's got a happy nature and always had. Angus? I don't know. I lost sight of him."

"Did he continue to feel revengeful?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Margot. "It's not the sort of thing you can go on feeling. The last time I saw him he said he was going on the stage. I don't know whether he did."

"You've remembered, though," said Dermot.

"Yes, I've remembered," said Margot Bence.

"Was Marina Gregg surprised to see you on that day or did she make the arrangements for your photography on purpose to please you?"

"She?" The girl smiled scornfully. "She knew nothing about the arrangements. I was curious to see her, so I did a bit of lobbying to get the job. As I say, I've got some influence with studio people. I wanted to see what she looked like nowadays." She stroked the surface of the table. "She didn't even recognise me. What do you think of that? I was with her for four years. From five years old to nine and she didn't recognise me."

"Children change," said Dermot Craddock, "they change so much that you'd hardly know them. I have a niece I met the other day

● **To prevent rust from forming on a new garbage can, pour melted paraffin in the bottom. Rotate the can until the bottom and about six inches up the sides are coated.**

● **If a sink has become blocked, press some chloride of lime into the vent pipe. Slowly pour in boiling water to dissolve the lime, then fill the sink with 1 in. of water. When the water begins to run away, leave the tap running a few minutes.**

and I assure you I'd have passed her in the street."

"Are you saying that to make me feel better? I don't care, really. But let's be honest. I do care, I did. She had a magic, you know. Marina! A wonderful calamitous magic that took hold of you. You can hate a person and still mind."

"You didn't tell her who you were?"

She shook her head. "No, I didn't tell her. That's the last thing I'd do."

"Did you try and poison her, Miss Bence?"

Her mood changed. She got up and laughed.

"What ridiculous questions you do ask! But I suppose you have to. It's part of your job. No, I can assure you I didn't kill her."

"That isn't what I asked you, Miss Bence."

She looked at him, frowning, puzzled.

"Marina Gregg," he said, "is still alive."

"For how long?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't you think it's likely, Inspector, that someone will try again, and this time—this time, perhaps — they'll succeed?"

"Precautions will be taken."

"Oh, I'm sure they will."

The adoring husband will look after her, won't he, and make sure that no harm comes to her?"

He was listening carefully to the mockery in her voice.

"What did you mean when you said you didn't ask me that?" she said, harking back suddenly.

"I asked you if you tried to kill her. You replied that you didn't kill her. That's true enough, but someone died, someone was killed."

"You mean I tried to kill Marina and instead I killed Mrs. What's-her-name. If you'd like me to make it quite clear, I didn't try to poison Marina and I didn't poison Mrs. Badcock."

"But you know perhaps who did?"

"I don't know anything, Inspector, I assure you."

"But you have some idea?"

"Oh, one always has ideas." She smiled at him, a mocking smile. "Among so many people it might be, mightn't it, the black-haired robot of a secretary, the elegant Hailey Pres-

ton, servants, maids, a masseur, the hairdresser, someone at the studios, so many people—and one of them mightn't be what he or she pretended to be."

Then as he took an unconscious step toward her she shook her head vehemently.

"Relax, Inspector," she said. "I'm only teasing you. Somebody's out for Marina's blood, but who it is I've no idea. Really, I've no idea at all."

At No. 16 Aubrey Close, young Mrs. Baker was talking to her husband. Jim Baker, a big, good-looking blond giant of a man, was intent on assembling a model construction unit.

"Neighbors!" said Cherry. She gave a toss of her black wavy head. "Neighbors!" she said again with venom.

She carefully lifted the frying-pan from the stove, then neatly shot its contents on to two plates, one rather fuller

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ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal THE PRE-COOKED WEANING FOOD

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in an easily digested powder form containing vitamins and minerals essential for

STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING

Baby Rice Cereal provides the tempting variety needed during the weaning period, and is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS TOO!

Toddlers will thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.



ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

F215

than the other. She placed the fuller one before her husband. "Mixed grill," she announced. Jim looked up and sniffed appreciatively. "That's something like it," he said. "What is today? My birthday?" "You have to be well nourished," said Cherry.

She was looking very pretty in a cerise-and-white-striped apron with little frills on it. Jim Baker shifted the component parts of a strato-cruiser to make room for his meal. He grinned at his wife and asked, "Who says so?"

"My Miss Marple for one!" said Cherry. "And if it comes to that," she added, sitting down opposite Jim and pulling her plate toward her, "I should say she could do with a bit more solid nourishment herself. That old cat of a White

Knight of hers gives her nothing but carbohydrates. It's all she can think of! A 'nice custard,' a 'nice bread-and-butter pudding,' a 'nice macaroni cheese.' Squashy puddings with pink sauce. And gas, gas, gas, all day. Talks her head off, she does."

"Oh, well," said Jim vaguely, "it's invalid diet, I suppose."

"Invalid diet!" said Cherry and snorted. "Miss Marple isn't an invalid — she's just old. Always interfering, too."

"Who, Miss Marple?"

"No, That Miss Knight. Telling me how to do things! She even tries

to tell me how to cook! I know a lot more about cooking than she does."

"You're tops for cooking, Cherry," said Jim appreciatively.

"There's something to cooking," said Cherry, "something you can get your teeth into."

Jim laughed. "I'm getting my teeth into this, all right. Why did your Miss Marple say that I needed nourishing? Did she think I looked rundown the other day when I came in to fix that bathroom shelf?"

Cherry laughed. "I'll tell you

what she said to me. She said, 'You've got a handsome husband, my dear. A very handsome husband.' Sounds like one of those period books they read aloud on the telly."

"I hope you agreed with her?" said Jim with a grin.

"I said you were all right."

"All right indeed! That's a nice lukewarm way of talking."

"And then she said, 'You must take care of your husband, my dear. Be sure you feed him properly. Men need plenty of good meat meals, well cooked.'"

"Hear, hear!"

"And she told me to be sure and prepare fresh food for you and not buy ready-made pies and things and slip them in the oven to warm up. Not that I do that often," added Cherry virtuously.

"You can't do it too seldom, Jim," said Jim. "They don't taste a bit the same."

"So long as you notice what you eat," said Cherry, "and aren't taken up with those strato-cruisers and things you're always building. And don't tell me you bought that set as a birthday present for your nephew Michael. You bought it so that you could play with it yourself."

"He's not quite old enough for it yet," said Jim apologetically.

"And I suppose you're going on dithering about with it all the evening. What about some music? Did you get that new record you were talking about?"

"Yes, I did Tchaikovsky 1812."

"That the loud one with the battle, isn't it?" said Cherry. Jim made a face. "Our Mrs. Harwell won't half like that! Neighbors! I've fed up with neighbors. Always grouching and complaining. I don't know which is the worst. The Harwells or the Barnabys. The Harwells start rapping on the wall as early as twenty to eleven sometimes. It's a bit thick! After all, even the telly and the B.B.C. go on later than that. Why shouldn't we have a bit of music if we like? And about asking us to turn it down low."

"You can't turn these things down low," said Jim with authority. "You don't get the tone unless you've got the volume. Everyone knows that. It's absolutely recognized in musical circles. And what about their cat — always coming over into our garden, digging up the bulbs just when I've got it nice."

"I tell you what, Jim. I'm fed up with this place."

"You didn't mind your neighbors in 'Huddersfield,'" remarked Jim.

CHERRY frowned. "It wasn't the same there. I mean you're all independent there. If you're in trouble, somebody's got to give you a hand and you'd give a hand to them. But you don't interfere. There's something about a new estate like this that makes people look sideways at their neighbors. Because we're all new, I suppose. The amount of backbiting and tale-telling and writing to the papers and one thing and another round here beats me! People in real towns are too busy for it."

"You may have something there, my girl."

"D'you like it here, Jim?" "The job's all right. And, after all, this is a brand-new house. I wish there was a bit more room in it so that I could spread myself a bit more. It would be better if I could have a workshop."

"I thought it was lovely at first," said Cherry, "but now I'm not so sure. The house is all right and I love the blue paint and the bathroom's nice, but I don't like the people and the feeling around here. Some of the people are nice enough. Did I tell you that Lily Price and that Harry of hers have broken off? It was a funny business that day in that house they went to look over. You know when she more or less fell out of the window. She said Harry just stood there like a stuck pig."

"I'm glad she's broken off with him. He's a no-good if I ever saw one," said Jim.

"He didn't want to marry her, you know. He's not a very nice fellow. Miss Marple said he was," she added thoughtfully. "She spoke to Lily about him. Lily thought she was crackers."

"Miss Marple? I didn't know she'd ever seen him."

"Oh, yes, she was round here walking the day she fell down and Mrs. Badcock picked her up and took her into her house. Do you think Arthur and Mrs. Bain will make a match of it?"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no resemblance to any living person.

The new revolutionary

one-coat



vinyl-base PATH-MASTA

THE NEW British Paints
vinyl-tough FLOOR AND PAVING PAINT
THAT WITHSTANDS HEAVY FOOT TRAFFIC



ONE COAT: One coat covers any colour or surface... only most porous areas may require a second coat.

RAPID DRY: Touch dry in one hour... walk on in four hours.

AMAZING ADHESION: Holds fast to all surfaces.

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PATHS & STEPS



PATIOS



LAUNDRIES



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DRIVEWAYS



GARAGES

NON-SLIP TEXTURE FINISH
Special "PATH-MASTA" NON-SLIP ADDITIVE is available when maximum safety on smooth, slippery surfaces is desired. Stir Non-Slip Additive into any colour to create a tough, hard-wearing, roughened texture "SURE-GRIP" surface.

NOTE:
Stir continuously during application.

one coat covers any colour!

B752

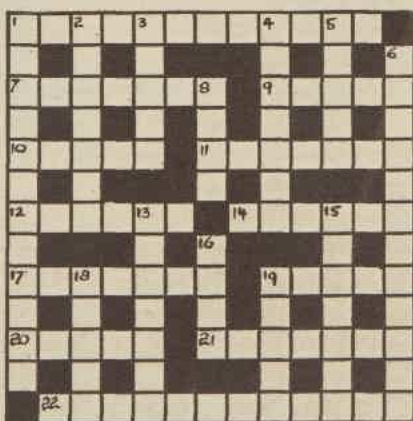
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

CREATURES from space, on a trade mission to Earth, are able to imitate, in shape and sound, anything on Earth. They make themselves invisible and land. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Science of pressure and equilibrium of liquids at rest for shy dictators (12).
 - Piece de resistance (4, 3).
 - Dabble in water with whip (5).
 - Where birds rest (5).
 - Pitches tents (7).
 - Improves sad men (6).
 - Nitrogenous part of flour ending in a broken tune (6).
 - A had actor on a disturbed rest makes a rat-like rodent (7).
 - Township in New South Wales (5).
 - Journeys on horseback or on a cycle (5).
 - Rapacious and brutal soldier takes a Greek divinity which is stern in Scottish manner (7).
 - Does this teach a steel worker to curse? (5, 7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Dear Herb's ash (anagr., 12).
- Determine course of events (7).
- Cavity of the eye or a part of a drill (5).
- Coal pit pertaining to the subject of a discourse (7).
- Enchantment, which ends in injury (5).
- Underneath you could find the smith (8, 4).
- The end of 6 down (4).
- Abhors Ted's set (7).
- A mob lot for a lottery (7).
- Milton invited us to do it on the light fantastic toe (4).
- Her life is nothing but changing clothes and hiding a poem (5).
- Half a score or a singer (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 27, 1963

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6, Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand. Readers should address orders to Box 4348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7215

F7215—Adjustable maternity slip and panties. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 9yds. ½in. lace edging, 1½yds. ½in. ribbon. Price 4/6.

F7602—Two-piece with short or three-quarter-length sleeves and contrasting collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires three-quarter sleeves (A), 3½yds. 36in. material or 2½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves (B), 3½yds. 36in. material; both styles ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F7602

F7805—Graceful shirtmaker has inverted pleats in skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material or 3½yds. 54in. Price 4/6.

F7803

F7803—Figure-flattering dress has contrasting belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material or 3yds. 36in. material, plus ½yd. 36in. contrast for belt. Price 4/6.

F5227—Girl's uniform with gored skirt. Lengths 22, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, and 39in. Requires 1-3rd to 2½yds. 56in. material, plus ½yd. to ½yd. 36in. lining. Price 3/6.

F7803

F7803

F7288

F7288

F7288—Girl's uniform has tucked bodice and pleats in skirt. Lengths 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, and 42in. Requires 3 to 4½yds. 36in. material, plus ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F7288

F771

F771

F772

F772

F772

F773

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 771—COVERALL PEG APRON

Apron with bodice and pockets for pegs, cut out to make in red, blue, grey, or green poplin, and clearly traced to embroider. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18½; 36 and 38in. bust, 19½. Postage 2/6 extra on all sizes.

No. 772—BARBECUE CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Barbecue cloth cut out and traced to embroider on headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, or green. Serviettes are in matching checkingham. Price 19/9 for set, plus 3/- postage.

No. 773—POPLIN FROCK

Slim dress cut out to make in fine check poplin in deep green, beige, or honey, all with white checks. Sizes 34 and 36in. bust, 21½; 38 and 40in. bust, 23½. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

771

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Jim frowned as he picked up a bit of stratoscruiser and consulted the instructional diagram.

"I do wish you'd listen when I'm talking," said Cherry.

"What did you say?"

"Arthur Badcock and Mary Bain."

"For heaven's sake, Cherry, his wife's only just dead! You women! I've heard he's in a terrible state of nerves still — jumps if you speak to him."

"I wonder why . . . I shouldn't have thought he'd take it that way, would you?"

"Can you clear off this end of the table a bit?" said Jim relinquishing even a passing interest in the affairs of his neighbors. "Just so that I can spread some of these pieces out a bit."

Cherry heaved an exasperated sigh.

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 54

"To get any attention round here you have to be a super jet or a turbo prop," she said bitterly. "You and your constructional models!"

She piled the tray with the remains of supper and carried it over to the sink. She decided not to wash up, a necessity of daily life she always put off as long as possible. Instead, she piled everything into the sink, haphazard, slipped on a corduroy jacket, and went out of the house, pausing to call over her shoulder. "I'm just going to slip along to see Gladys Dixon. I want to borrow one of her dress patterns."

"All right, old girl." Jim bent over his model.

Casting a venomous look at her next-door neighbor's front door as she passed, Cherry went round the corner into Blenheim Close and stopped at No. 16. The door was open and Cherry tapped on it and went into the hall calling out: "Is Gladys about?"

"Is that you, Cherry?" Mrs. Dixon looked out of the kitchen. "She's upstairs in her room dressmaking."

"Right. I'll go up."

Cherry went upstairs to a small bedroom in which Gladys, a plump girl with a plain face, was kneeling on the floor, her cheeks flushed, and several pins in her mouth, tacking up a paper pattern.

"Hallo, Cherry. Look, I got a lovely bit of stuff at Harper's sale in Much Benham. I'm going to do that crossover with frills again."

"That'll be nice," said Cherry. Gladys rose to her feet, panting a little.

"Got indigestion now," she said. "You oughtn't to do dressmaking right after supper," said Cherry, "bending over like that."

"I suppose I ought to do a bit," said Gladys. She sat down on the bed.

"Any news from the studios?" asked Cherry, always avid for the news.

"Nothing much. There's a lot of talk still. Marina Gregg came back on the set yesterday — and she created something frightful."

"What about?"

"She didn't like the taste of her coffee. You know, they have coffee in the middle of the morning. She took one sip and said there was something wrong with it. What was nonsense, of course. There couldn't have been. It comes in a jug straight from the canteen. Of course, I always put hers in a special china cup, rather josh — different from the others — but it's the same coffee. So there couldn't have been anything wrong with it, could there?"

"Nerves, I suppose," said Cherry. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing. Mr. Rudd got calmed everyone down. He's wonderful that way. He took the coffee from her and poured it down the sink."

"That seems to be rather stupid," said Cherry slowly.

"Why — what do you mean?"

"Well, if there was anything wrong with it — now nobody would ever know."

"Do you think there really might have been?" asked Gladys, looking alarmed.

"Well, — Cherry shrugged her shoulders — "there was something"

THAT HAT

*I turn again and
scrutinise,
A good, long, look I
take,
This tempting morsel
stirs my heart,
All others I'll forsake.*

*That's just the very one
I need,
When ladies meet and
chat,
My willpower weakens
and takes a dive,
I'll go and buy the
HAT.*

— Marie L. Morley.

wrong with her cocktail the day of the fete, wasn't there, so why not the coffee? If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Gladys shivered.

"I don't like it a bit, Cherry," she said. "Somebody's got it in for her, all right. She's had more letters, you know, threatening letters, and there was that bust business the other day."

"What bust business?"

"A marble bust. On the set. In a corner of a room in some Australian palace or other. Funny name. Like Shothrown. Pictures and china and marble busts. This one was up on a bracket — suppose it hadn't been pushed back enough. Anyway, a heavy lorry went past out in the road and jarred it off — right on to the chair where Marina was sitting her big scene with Count Sennobly-or-other. Smashed it to smithereens! Lucky they weren't shooting at the time."

"Mr. Rudd, he said not to say a word about it to her, and he put another chair there, and when she came yesterday and asked why the chair had been changed he said the other chair was the wrong period and this gave a better angle for the camera. But he didn't like it. I can tell you that!"

The two girls looked at each other.

"It's exciting in a way," said Cherry slowly. "And yet — it isn't."

"I think I'm going to give up working in the canteen at the studios," said Gladys.

"Why? Nobody wants to push you or drop marble busts on your head!"

"No. But it's not always the person who's meant to get done who gets done in. Gladys shivered again."

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The star... is you!



NATALIE WOOD stars in
Ella Kazan's production of
"SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS"
for Warner Bros.

*Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10
Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that
keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!*

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as you face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. And you . . .



In four pastel shades and white

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 56

for the moron in our midst. All right, I grant you Possibility One. The moron saw it, the moron didn't grasp what the action meant. And the second possibility?"

"This one's very far-fetched, but I do think it is just a possibility. It might have been a person whose action in putting something in a glass was natural."

"Wait, wait, explain that a little more clearly."

"It seems to me nowadays," said Miss Marple, "that people are always adding things to what they eat and drink. In my young days it was considered to be very bad man-

ners to take medicines with one's meals. It was on a par with blowing your nose at the dinner table. It just wasn't done. If you had to take pills or capsules, or a spoonful of something, you went out of the room to do so.

"That's not the case now. They keep aspirins and such things in their handbags and take them the whole time — with cups of tea or with their after-dinner coffee. You understand what I mean?"

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Haydock,

"I've got your meaning now and it's interesting."

"It would be a gamble, a risk — but it could happen. And then," she went on, "there's the third possibility."

"Possibility One, a moron," said the doctor. "Possibility Two, a gambler — what's Possibility Three?"

"Somebody saw what happened and has held their tongue deliberately."

Haydock frowned. "For what reason?" he asked. "Are you suggesting blackmail? If so —"

"If so," said Miss Marple, "it's a very dangerous thing to do."

"Yes, indeed." He looked sharply at the placid old lady with the white fleecy garment on her lap. "Is the third possibility the one you consider the most probable one?"

"No," said Miss Marple. "I wouldn't go so far as that. I have, at the moment, insufficient grounds. Unless," she added carefully, "somebody else gets killed."

Ella put down the telephone receiver, smiled to herself and came out of the public telephone box.

She pictured to herself with a good deal of pleasure the reactions recently suffered by the person at the other end of the line. That faint menacing whisper coming through the receiver. "I saw you

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Bake them an exotic welcome

HAWAIIAN WONDER CAKE

. . . with the
full-cream richness
Sunshine gives to
all your cooking!



Dairy-fresh milk in seconds
Add Sunshine to equal
parts of boiling water and
cold water in a wide bowl;
whisk — and you have
dairy-fresh milk in seconds.

Conjure this magic of Sunshine-fine buttercake, toasty coconut meringue and passionfruit filling made deliciously creamy with Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk.

Cream 6 oz. of soft butter with 6 oz. sugar. Add 4 well beaten egg yolks and 1 teaspoon (all spoon measures are level) grated orange rind. Sift 8 oz. self-raising flour with 4 tablespoons SUNSHINE (for rich quality) and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and add alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice. Divide mixture between one greased and floured 8" sandwich tin and one 8" spring form tin.

For the MERINGUE: Beat 3 egg whites with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until stiff. Gradually beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Spoon onto mixture in spring form; sprinkle with 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes for plain layer and 10-15 minutes longer for spring form layer. Cool slightly in tin.

FILLING: Mix together 2 tablespoons corn-flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 8 tablespoons SUNSHINE (that's the secret of the creamy delicacy). Add gradually $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water, and cook, stirring until mixture thickens and boils. Remove from heat, add 1 small tin or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup passionfruit pulp and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind. Cool slightly, fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Spread between layers. Congratulate yourself . . . and Sunshine!



NESTLE/WW/63

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"It may be someone else. Like Heather Badcock that day." Like "True enough," said Cherry. "You know," said Gladys, "I've been thinking. I was up at the Hall that day helping. I was quite close to them at the time." "When Heather died?" "No, when she spilt the cocktail, all down her dress. A lovely dress it was, too, blue-nylon taffeta. She'd got it quite new for the occasion. It was funny." "What was funny?" "I didn't think anything of it at the time. But it does seem funny now I think it over." "Cherry looked at her expectantly. She accepted the adjective 'funny' as the sense that it was meant. It was not intended humorously. 'For goodness' sake, what was it?' she demanded. 'I'm almost sure she did it on purpose.' 'Spilt the cocktail on purpose?' 'Yes. And I do think that was funny, don't you?' 'On a brand-new dress? I don't like it.' 'I wonder now," said Gladys, "what Arthur Badcock will do with all Heather's clothes. That dress would clean all right. Or I could take out half a breadth, it's a lovely ball skirt. Do you think Arthur Badcock would think it very awful if I wanted to buy it off him? I would need hardly any alteration — and it's lovely stuff." "You wouldn't?" — Cherry hesitated — "mind?" "Mind what?" "Well — having a dress that a woman had died in — I mean died that way."

GLADYS stared at her. "I hadn't thought of that," she admitted. She considered for a moment or two. Then she cheered up. "I can't see that it really matters," she said. "After all, every time you buy something secondhand somebody's usually worn it who has died, haven't they?" "Yes. But it's not quite the same." "I think you're being fanciful," said Gladys. "It's a lovely shade of blue and really expensive stuff. About that funny business," she continued thoughtfully, "I think I'll go up to the Hall tomorrow morning in my way to work and have a word with Mr. Giuseppe about it." "Is he the Italian butler?" "Yes. He's awfully handsome. Flashing eyes." "I think," said Cherry, "that you just want an excuse to go and talk to Mr. Giuseppe — and you'd better be careful, my girl."

"Ah," said Dr. Haydock; "unravelling, I see." He looked from Miss Marple to a pile of fluffy white fleecy wool. "You advised me to try unravelling if I couldn't knit," said Miss Marple. "How are you getting on with unravelling the murder?" he asked. "I'm afraid my faculties aren't quite what they were," said Miss Marple, shaking her head with a sigh. But there were, I have found by inquiry and adding up the persons at least eighteen to twenty people on the spot. It seems to me that amongst twenty people somebody must have seen that action of poison being added to the drink." "What have you got in mind exactly?" "Well, there are three possibilities. I'm assuming that at least one person would have seen something. One out of twenty. I think it's only reasonable to assume that."

"Let's have the three possibilities." "Possibility One," said Miss Marple, her cheeks going pink with animation. "The person who saw it didn't realise what they had seen. That would mean, of course, that it would have to be rather a stupid person. Someone, let us say, who can't see their eyes but not their brain. The sort of person who, if you asked them, 'Did you see anything in Marina Gregg's glass?' would answer, 'Oh, no,' but if you said, 'Did you see anyone put their hand over the top of Marina Gregg's glass?' would say, 'Oh, yes, of course I did!'" Haydock laughed. "I admit," he said, "that one never quite allows

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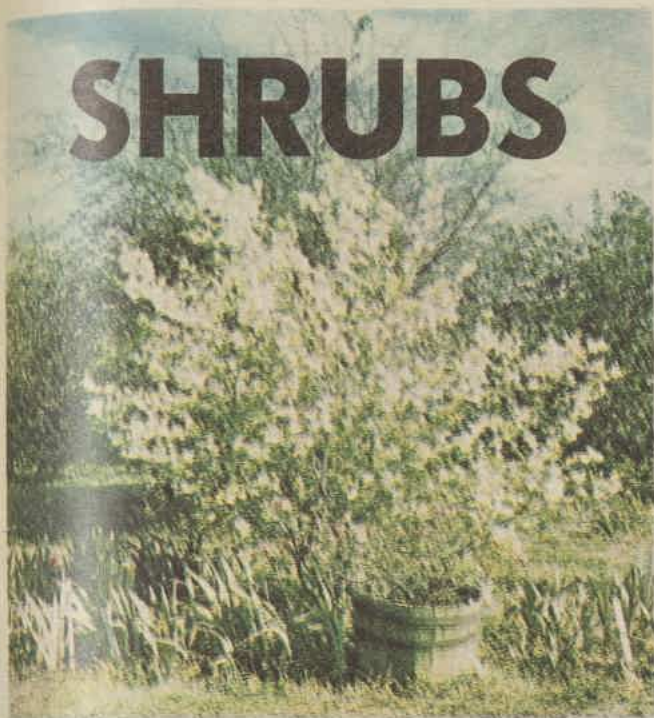
MINTED APRICOT FREEZE

INGREDIENTS: 1 large can evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons cornflour, strip lemon peel, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 can apricots, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, mint sprigs to decorate.

METHOD: Combine evaporated milk, sugar, egg-yolks and cornflour, drop in strip of lemon peel. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, cover and cool. Remove lemon peel and stir in vanilla. Drain apricots and reduce them to pulp. Fold into the custard mixture, pour into trays and partially freeze. Remove from trays, beat well and then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to trays, cover with aluminium foil and refreeze.



SHRUBS



EXOCHORDA

EXOCHORDAS are Chinese members of the rose family. Above is the variety *E. grandiflora*, known as pearl bush; it bears snow-white flower clusters up to 18in. long. Plant

exochordas in rich soil in early winter. They like full sun, grow to 10ft. if not pruned, and flower in spring. (Picture from Mr. Owen Fletcher's garden, Bowral, N.S.W.)

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● If trees are the backbone of the garden and provide its basic line, shrubs are the flesh and substance, providing year-round bulk and color.

AN important thing to remember is that shrubs have a long lifespan. They take time to reach their most spectacular size, and when they do you'll be reluctant to do away with them. So when selecting varieties take heed of the space they'll occupy, and don't plant too closely.

The captions of our photographs give the average maximum height of each shrub, but you could add half again for very good soil and subtract half for poor soil.

Tropical shrubs tend to grow faster than cold-climate ones because they have no resting season—but often they don't last as long.

Generally speaking, deciduous shrubs are planted in winter, when they're dormant; evergreen varieties in autumn or early spring.

Planting rules are similar for all. First dig a hole at least a foot wider than the roots and considerably deeper. Break up the soil you've removed and mix some of it with humus and plant food, replacing this in the hole.

This should leave just sufficient space for the new plant to keep the same relationship with the surface of the bed as it does in the container.

Remove the shrub from its container (having watered it first), preserving as much of the container soil

as possible. Place in the prepared hole and fill in the left-over soil, stamping it firmly in place.

Build a little excess soil into a small wall a foot or so out from the trunk, to help retain water in the early stages. Water thoroughly.

If roots are inadvertently lost in transplanting, prune away an equivalent amount of the shrub's foliage to help it survive the shock.

Though many shrubs are grown for their leaves, their berries, or even the color or shape of their twigs, all those in this section have been selected from the viewpoint of flowers. Others you should investigate include:

PURPLE AND BLUE FLOWERING: *Allamanda violacea*, *buddleia*, *ceanothus*, *heliotrope*, *hydrangea*, *lasiandra*, *lavender*, *lilac*, *plumbago*, *veronica*.

YELLOW OR ORANGE FLOWERING: *Berberis*, *cassia*, *forsythia*, *hamamelis*, *hypericum*, *kerria*, *linum*, *potentilla*, *Spanish broom*, *thevetia*.

WHITE FLOWERING: *Ervatamia*, *frangipani*, *gardenia*, *gordonia*, *honeysuckle*, *mock orange*, *muraya*, *osmanthus*, *spiraea*, *viburnum*.

RED FLOWERING: *Abutilon*, *azalea*, *bougardia*, *calliandra*, *cestrum*, *fuchsia*, *grevillea*, *hawthorn*, *hibiscus*, *rhododendron*.

PINK FLOWERING: *Bauhinia*, *deutzia*, *diosma*, *flowering currant*, *japonica*, *kalmia*, *lagerstroemia*, *tamarix*, *weigela*.

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THREE OF A KIND



MUSSAENDA

THESE are a tropical family with minute flowers and one brilliantly enlarged sepal. Most spectacular is *M. erythrophylla* (above left); it grows to about 6ft. and may be raised outdoors everywhere except perhaps Tasmania. *M. frondosa* (above right), grown mainly in Queensland, is the common variety; reaches 4ft. *M. luteola* (lower right) reaches 7½ft. Raise from spring cuttings. They bloom in spring, summer, autumn.



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POINSETTIA

A BRILLIANT winter-flowerer, *Euphorbia pulcherrima*, is commonly known as poinsettia. Grow from spring cuttings and prune to shape, or let them reach the full

height of 10ft. Poinsettias have uninteresting flowers and are grown for the colorful bracts (or top leaves), which may be red, white, or pink. This variety is Henrietta Eek.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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She laughed silently, the corners of her mouth curving up in a feline cruel line. A student of psychology might have watched her with some interest. Never until the last few days had she had this feeling of power. She was hardly aware herself of how much the heady intoxication of it affected her.

She passed the East Lodge and Mrs. Bantry, busy as usual in the garden, waved a hand to her.

"Damn that old woman," thought Ella. She could feel Mrs. Bantry's eyes following her as she walked up the drive.

A phrase came into her head for no particular reason.

"The pitcher goes to the well once too often."

Nonsense. Nobody could suspect that it was she who had whispered those menacing words.

She sneezed.

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 57

"Damn this hay-fever," said Ella Zielinsky.

When she came into her office, Jason Rudd was standing by the window.

He wheeled round.

"I couldn't think where you were."

"I had to go and speak to the gardener. There were—" she broke off as she caught sight of his face.

She asked sharply: "What is it?"

His eyes seemed set deeper in his face than ever. All the gaiety of the clown was gone. This was a man under strain. She had seen

him under strain before, but never looking like this.

She said again, "What is it?" He held a sheet of paper out to her. "It's the analysis of that coffee. The coffee that Marina complained about and wouldn't drink."

"You sent it to be analysed?" She was startled. "But you poured it away down the sink. I saw you."

His wide mouth curled up in a smile. "I'm pretty good at sleight of hand, Ella," he said. "You didn't know that, did you? Yes, I poured most of it away, but I kept

a little and I took it along to be analysed."

She looked down at the paper in her hand.

"Arsenic." She sounded incredulous.

"Yes, arsenic."

"So Marina was right about it tasting bitter?"

"She wasn't right about that. Arsenic has no taste. But her instinct was quite right."

"And we thought she was just being hysterical!"

"She is hysterical! Who wouldn't be? She has a woman drop dead at her feet practically. She gets

threatening notes — one after another — there's not been anything today, has there?"

Ella shook her head.

"Who plants the damned things? Oh, well, I suppose it's easy enough — all these open windows. Anyone could slip in."

"You mean we ought to keep the house barred and locked? But it's such hot weather. There's a man posted in the grounds, after all."

"Yes, and I don't want to frighten her more than she's frightened already. Threatening notes don't matter two hoots. But arsenic, Ella, arsenic's different."

"Nobody could tamper with food here in the house."

"Couldn't they, Ella? Couldn't they?"

"Not without being seen. No unauthorised person."

He interrupted.

"People will do things for money, Ella."

"Hardly murder!"

"Even that. And they might realise it was murder. . . . The servants . . ."

"I'm sure the servants are all right."

"Giuseppe, now. I don't if I trust Giuseppe very far if it came to the question of money. . . . He's been with us some time, of course, but . . ."

"Must you torture yourself like this, Jason?"

HE flung himself down in the chair. He leaned forward, his long arms hanging down between his knees. Ella sat there watching him.

"She was happy here," said Jason. He was speaking more to himself than to Ella. He stared down between his knees at the carpet. If he had looked up, the expression on her face might perhaps have surprised him.

"She was happy," he said again. "And now — this had to happen to her."

Ella moved restlessly. "Things have to happen to all of us," she said brusquely. "That's the way life is. You just have to take it. Some of us can, some of us can't. She's the kind that can't."

She sneezed. "Your hay-fever had again?"

"Yes. By the way, Giuseppe has gone to London."

Jason looked faintly surprised. "To London? Why?"

"Some kind of family trouble. He's got relations in Soho, and one of them's desperately ill. He went to Marina about it and she said it was all right, so I gave him the day off. He'll be back some time tonight. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," said Jason. "I don't mind."

He got up and walked up and down.

"If I could take her away . . . now . . . at once."

"Scrap the picture? But just think—"

His voice rose. "I can't think of anything but Marina. Don't you understand? She's in danger. That's all I can think about."

She gave another muffled sneeze and rose. "I'd better get my atomiser."

She left the room and went to her bedroom, a word echoing in her mind.

Marina . . . Marina . . .

Marina . . . Always Marina. Fury rose up in her. She missed it. She went into the bathroom and picked up the spray she used.

She inserted the nozzle into one nostril and squeezed.

The warning came a second too late . . . Her brain recognised the unfamiliar odor of bitter almonds . . . but not in time to paralyse the squeezing fingers.

Frank Cornish replaced the receiver. "Miss Brewster is out of London for the day," he announced.

"Is she now?" said Craddock.

"Do you think she—"

"I don't know. I shouldn't think so, but I don't know. Arkwick Fenn?"

"Out. I left word for him to find you. And Margot Bence, Personality Photographer, has got an assignment somewhere in the country. Her partner didn't know where — or said he didn't. And the butler's hooked it to London."

To page 62

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SHRUBS continued

LOROPETALUM

THE Chinese witch-hazel, *Loropetalum chinensis* (at right), grows slowly and may ultimately reach 3ft. Evergreen, it bears fragrant creamy-white flowers in spring. A mountain plant, loropetalum demands acid, peaty soil and a half-shaded position, as the leaves scorch easily. It is quite easy to grow from cuttings.



IXORA

EAST INDIAN *Ixora coccinea* (left) is a real standby in tropical gardens, but should grow well at least as far south as Sydney. A compact, spreading bush less than 4ft. high, it bears a profusion of orange-red flowers throughout the warm weather. "Prince of Orange" is a good variety to order.

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CAESALPINIA

BARBADOS PRIDE (*Caesalpinia pulcherrima*) is a tropical beauty that should be in every warm-climate garden yet is rarely seen south of Brisbane. Related to the colorful poinciana, the Barbados Pride grows only to about 8ft. and flowers during spring and summer. Heavy soil and a warm, sheltered position are essential.



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ANDROMEDA

THIS magnificent acid-loving evergreen (right) has fragrant sprays of flowers like lilies of the valley. Rarely growing more than 4ft. except in mountain conditions, andromeda prefers half-shade and is easily propagated from layers. Plant in winter for spring flowers. Botanical name: *Pieris japonica*; also called Japanese pearl bush.



DENDROMECON

ALSO called the Californian poppy bush, dendromecon (left) is spectacular and worth seeking. Propagated by cuttings taken in autumn, it does best in full sun and sandy, well-drained soil. Ultimately growing to about 10ft. high by 8ft. wide, dendromecon's striking silvery appearance is relieved by shiny orange-yellow flowers in spring.

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CONTINUED OVERLEAF

STAR MAGNOLIA

CHARMING star magnolia (*Magnolia stellata*) is a many-branched deciduous variety of a famous family, with pink buds opening to white scented flowers. Planted in winter

for spring blooming, it is particularly attractive in association with spring bulbs. Magnolias like cool acid soil and need protection from morning sun and harsh winds.



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"I wonder," said Craddock thoughtfully, "if the butler has hooked it for good. I always suspect dying relatives. Why was he suddenly anxious to go to London today?"

"He could have put the cyanide in the atomiser easily enough before he left."

"Anybody could."

"But I think he's indicated. It could hardly be someone from outside."

"Oh, yes, it could. You'd have to judge your moment. You could leave a car in one of the side drives, wait until everyone is in the dining-room, say, and slip in through a window and upstairs. The shrubberies come close up to the house."

"Damn risky."

The telephone rang. Cornish took the call.

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 60

"It's the Dorchester. Mr. Ardwyck Fenn is on the line."

He proffered the receiver to Craddock, who took it.

"Mr. Fenn? This is Craddock here. I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Fenn, that Miss Zielinsky died this morning — of cyanide poisoning."

"Indeed? I am shocked to hear it. An accident?"

"Not an accident. Prussic acid had been put in an atomiser she was in the habit of using."

"I see. Yes, I see . . ."

There was a short pause. "And why, may I ask, should you ring

me about this distressing occurrence?"

"You knew Miss Zielinsky, Mr. Fenn. We hoped that you could, perhaps, assist us?"

"In what way?"

"We wondered if you could suggest any motive for her death. She is a stranger in this country. We know very little about her friends and associates and the circumstances of her life."

"I would suggest that Jason Rudd is the person to question about that."

"Naturally. We have done so. But there might be an off-chance that you might know something about her that he does not."

"I'm afraid that is not so. I know next to nothing about Ella Zielinsky except that she was a most capable young woman and first-class at her job. About her private life I know nothing at all."

"So you have no suggestions to make?"

"Perhaps I should tell you something that may be of assistance to you. When you hear what it is you will realise that I have every reason to keep it to myself. But

I judge that in the end that may be unwise. The facts are these: A couple of days ago I received a telephone call. A voice spoke to me in a whisper. It said — I am quoting now — 'I saw you — I saw you put the tablets in the glass . . . You didn't know there had been an eyewitness, did you? That's all for now — very soon you will be told what you have to do.'"

Craddock uttered an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Surprising, was it not, Mr. Craddock? I will assure you categorically that the accusation was entirely unfounded. I did not put tablets in anybody's glass. I did not anyone to prove that I did. The suggestion is utterly absurd. But it would seem, would it not, that Miss Zielinsky was embarking on blackmail?"

"You recognised her voice?"

"You cannot recognise a whisper, but it was Ella Zielinsky's."

"How do you know?"

"The whisperer sneezed heavily before ringing off. I knew that Miss Zielinsky suffered from hay fever."

"And you think — what?"

"I think that Miss Zielinsky held of the wrong person at her first attempt. It seems to me possible that she was more successful later. Blackmail can be a generous game."

Craddock pulled himself together.

"I must thank you very much for your statement, Mr. Fenn. As a matter of fact I shall have to check upon your movements tonight."

"Naturally. My chauffeur will be able to give you precise information."

CRADDOCK rang off and repeated what Fenn had said. Cornish whistled.

"Either that lets him out completely. Or else —"

"Or else it's a magnificent piece of bluff. It could be. He's the kind of man who has the nerve for it. If there's the least chance that Ella Zielinsky left a record of her raptures, then this taking of the bull by the horns is a magnificent bluff."

"And his alibi?"

"We've come across some very good faked alibis in our time," said Craddock. "He could afford to pay a good sum for one."

It was past midnight when Giuseppe returned to Gosington. He took a taxi from Muth's house, as the last train on the branch line to St. Mary Mead had gone.

He was in very good spirits. He paid off the taxi at the gate and took a short-cut through the shrubbery. He opened the back door with his key. The house was dark and silent. Giuseppe shut and bolted the door. As he turned to the passage which led up to his own comfortable suite of bed and bath he noticed that there was a draught. A window open somewhere, perhaps. He decided not to bother.

He went upstairs smiling and fitted a key into his door.

He always kept his suite locked. As he turned the key and pushed the door open he felt the pressure of a hard round ring in his back. A voice said, "Put your hands up and don't scream."

Giuseppe threw his hands up quickly. He was taking no chances. Actually, there was no chance to take.

The trigger was pressed — once — twice.

Giuseppe fell forward.

To be continued

(c) Agatha Christie Ltd. 1962. The book "The Mirror Crack'd From Side To Side" is to be published by William Collins, February, 1963.

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JATROPHA

THE 6ft. coral plant, *Jatropha multifida* (right), is a feature plant for warm-climate gardens only. The great blue-green leaves (rather like a monstera) are crowned with coral-like flower spikes of bright red and later yellow triangular fruits. Grow under glass from seed or cuttings which have been slightly dried out. Flowers in summer.



CROTALARIA

BIRD FLOWER, or *Crotalaria semperflorens*, is useful in the shrub garden, as it flowers almost continuously, even in winter. Propagated from root cuttings and planted out in cool weather, it grows to about 8ft. Prune hard to prevent woody growth and protect from wind, as it can easily become uprooted.

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MAHONIA

BEAUTIFUL mahonias have holly-like leaves, long sprays of yellow flowers in spring, followed by blue berries in autumn. Cool-climate shrubs, they like moist heavy soil and

protection from sun and wind. Mahonias are easily propagated from layers or cuttings and grow to about 5ft. Plant in winter.

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GARRYA

ALSO called curtain bush, *Garrya elliptica* is an unusual winter-flowering shrub from California. It grows anywhere when established and needs no pruning except to keep it

neat. The greenish-white catkins may reach 15in. and the shrub can grow into a small tree if you don't keep it shapely.

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CALOTHAMNUS

FROM Western Australia, *Calothamnus quadrifolius* does well in poor conditions. Known as net bush or one-sided bottlebrush, it bears flower-tufts down one side of the stem when it blooms in spring. It likes well-drained soil and may be pruned to a compact 3ft.



GREYIA

A SOUTH AFRICAN contribution to the shrub family, *Greyia sutherlandii* (left) grows only a few feet. Deciduous, it likes a sheltered position in full sun and not too much water when dormant. Grows from cuttings and bears 6in. spikes of scarlet flowers with purple stamens.

Gardening Book — page 115



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Cardigans . . . Casual style

Match-mates in Stocking-stitch

Chunky sweaters in beat-the-cold colors are knitted in stocking-stitch with versatile V- and crew-necks. Directions on page 4.

Currently high style, the long-line V-neck cardigan is a basic standby for winter picnics, barbecues, and gardening. Directions for him and her are given overleaf.



Matchmates in Stocking- stitch

(See color picture
page 3.)



CREW NECK STYLE

Materials: 24 (28, 32, 36, 39) balls Woolworths Flash main color (m.c.); 1 (1, 1, 1, 1) ball contrast color (c.c.); 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 8 needles; 1 set No. 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 23in. for her, 27in. for him; sleeve, 18in. for her, 20in. for him. **Tension:** 7 sts. to 2in.

BACK

*Using c.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 70 (74, 78, 82, 86) sts. Change to m.c. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. and work until back measures 15in. for her, 17in. for him, ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every knit row until 50 (52, 56, 58, 60) sts. rem. * Cont. until work measures 21in. for her, 25in. for him, ending on a purl row. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then 4 (4, 5, 6, 7) sts. twice. Cast off loosely rem. sts.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *. When front measures 18in. for her, 22in. for him, shape neck.

Next Row: K 21 (21, 22, 23, 24) sts., cast off centre 8 (10, 12, 12, 12) sts., k 21 (21, 22, 23, 24) sts.

Work on last 21 (21, 22, 23, 24) sts. and dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, at the same time when work measures same as back, ending at side edge, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows 4 (4, 5, 6, 7) sts. once. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using c.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 36 (36, 38, 40, 42) sts. Change to m.c. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in., inc. 8 sts. evenly on last row.

Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th and foll. 8th row thereafter until 58 (58, 62, 64, 66) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 18in. for her, 20in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 1 st. each end of next and every row 5 times, then every knit row until 14 sts. for her, 16 sts. for him rem. Cont. on these 14 sts. for 4in. for her, 16 sts. for him. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew in sleeves and shoulder extension to front and back.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and m.c. and set of No. 8 needles, knit up evenly 78 (78, 80, 84, 88) sts. round neck edge and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2in. Change to c.c.

and work 2 rows. Change to m.c. and cont. in rib until work measures 2 1/2in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Fold neckband in half to inside and sew down. Using flat-stitch for ribbing and small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

V-NECK STYLE

Materials: 23 (25, 28, 30, 32) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pr. each Nos. 3 and 8 needles; 1 set No. 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length 23in. for her, 27in. for him; sleeve 17in. for her, 20in. for him.
Tension: 7 sts. to 2in.

BACK

* Using No. 8 needles, cast on 71 (75, 79, 83, 87) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 15in. for her, 17in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row *.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every knit row until 53 (57, 59, 61, 63) sts. rem. When work measures 21in. for her, 25in. for him, ending on a purl row, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, 4 (5, 5, 6, 7) sts. twice. Cast off loosely rem. sts.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *.

To Shape V-Neck and Armholes: Cast off 2 sts., knit until 31 (33, 35, 37, 39) sts. on needle, k 2 tog., turn.

Work this side first, shaping armhole as for back. Dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 5 times, then every 3rd row until 16 (17, 17, 18, 19) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at side edge. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 3 rows, 4 (5, 5, 6, 7) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., slip centre stitch on to holder, join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

RIGHT SLEEVE

* Using No. 8 needles, cast on 35 (36, 38, 40, 42) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in., inc. 8 sts. evenly on the last row. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th and foll. 8th row until 58 (58, 62, 64, 66) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. for her, 20in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every row 5 times, then every knit row, until 14 sts. for her, 16 sts. for him rem. Cont. on these 14 sts. for 4in. for her, 16 sts. for him. Cont. on these 14 sts. for 4in. for her, 16 sts. for him. Cast off.

Cast off on next and alt. rows 8 (10) sts. once, 2 sts. 3 times.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as right sleeve from * to *, ending on a knit row. Shape in reverse to correspond with right sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a fine back-stitch, sew in sleeves and shoulder extension to front and back.

NECKBAND

Using a set of No. 8 needles, pick up 40 sts. for her, 46 sts. for him, each side of V and 1 centre st., 14 (16) sts. on shoulders, and 21 (23, 25, 25, 25) sts. across back neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 and dec. 1 st. each side of centre one st. on every row for 1 1/2in., then inc. 1 st. each side of centre 1 st. on every row for 1 1/2in. Cast off loosely ribwise. **To Finish Off:** Fold neckband in half to inside and slip-stitch down.

Back-stitch side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

Cardigan classics

(See color picture
page 3)



Materials: 22 (23, 24, 25, 27, 31) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 8 needles; 6 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 43) in. chest; length, 20 1/2 (21, 21 1/2, 25 1/2, 26) in.; sleeve, 17in. for her, 19in. for him. **Tension:** 7 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 66 (70, 74, 78, 82, 86) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2in. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14in. for her, 16in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 1 (2, 2, 2, 3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 1 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last stitch, k 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 18 (20, 20, 22, 24) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row—33 (35, 37, 39, 41, 43) sts. Change to No. 3 needles.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14in. for her, 16in. for him, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 1 (2, 2, 2, 3, 3) sts., knit to end.

Next Row: Purl to last st., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 2 sts., k 1 tog., k 1.

Cont. raglan shaping and dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row 8 (9, 9, 10, 10, 11) times more, at the same time cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. and faster off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 1/2in. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row—33 (35, 37, 39, 41, 43) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and finish to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 7th and foll. 6th rows until 52 (54, 58, 60, 64, 66) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. for her, 19in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan exactly as back until 4 sts. rem. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

Press work on the wrong side. Using a flat seam, sew up raglan seams. Using a small bk-st. sew up side and sleeve seams, but flat seam the ribbed edges. Press seams.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 9 sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.
3rd Row: K 2, p 1, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 2.
4th Row: Rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.
Cont. in rib, making buttonholes as before on every 17th and 18th rows 5 times altog. Cont. in rib until band is round front edges slightly stretched. Cast off ribwise.
To Finish Off: Using a small bk-st., sew band in position, buttonhole side on right for her, left for him. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press band.

Easy-fit Shirt

See color picture
front cover. Com-
fortable shirt to
wear at weekends.



Materials: 13 (14, 16) balls Woolworths Super Crochet Wool; 1 pair No. 12 needles, 1 No. 12 cable needle; 1 stitch-holder; 1 crochet hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; sleeve seam 16 (17, 17) in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.
Abbreviations: Dec. 1A—Decrease 1 st. at armhole at beg. of row: k 2, slip next 2 sts. on cable needle and leave back of work, k next st., k 2 sts. tog. t.b.l. from cable needle. At end of row: K to last 5 sts., leave 1 st. on cable needle in front of work, k next 2 sts. tog., k st. from cable needle, k 2. Dec. 2A—Decrease 2 sts. at armhole at beg. of row: k 2, slip next 2 sts. on cable needle and leave back of work, k 1, k sts. from cable needle tog. t.b.l., k 2 tog. At end of row: K to last 7 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., slip next st. on cable needle and leave on front of work, k next 2 sts. tog., k st. from cable needle, k 2.

BACK

Cast on 138 (146, 154) sts. Work st-st. for 2 in., ending on k row.

Next Row: Knit (hemline row).
Next Row: Knit.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14 (15, 15) in. or length required from hemline, ending on p row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, Dec. 1A at each end of next, then every foll. 4th row 7 times and Dec. 2A 20 (21, 22) times. Cast off rem. 38 (40, 42) sts.

FRONT

Pocket Lining: Cast on 32 sts., work st-st. for 2 in., ending on p row. Leave on spare needle.

Work front as for back until 7 in. from hemline, ending on p row.

Next Row: K 61 (65, 69) sts., cast on 31 sts., turn, leaving rem. 77 (81, 85) sts. on st-holder.

Next Row: Purl.
Next Row: K to last 32 sts., p 1, k 15, sl. 1, k 15.

Next Row: P 31 sts., k 1, p to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures the same as back to underarm.

To Shape Raglan Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next row, Dec. 1A at beg. of next alt. row and then next foll. 4th row twice. Work 3 rows st-st.

Next Row: Dec. 1A, k 10 (11, 12) sts., k sts. from pocket lining, turn, leaving rem. 72 (74, 76) sts. on spare needle. Work on those 46 (47, 48) sts. 16 rows st-st., Dec. 1A every 4th row 4 times. Break wool, return to sts. on spare needle and work 16 rows st-st., casting off 4 sts. at beg. of 1st and next 7 alt. rows for pocket top. K rem. sts. to end of row.

Next Row: P over rem. 40 (42, 44) sts., then p over 42 (43, 44) sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 82 (85, 88) sts., Dec. 2A on 3rd and then every foll. 4th row until 56 (57, 58) sts. Work 2 more rows.

To Shape Neck (wrong side facing): Cast off 31 sts. at beg. of next and 2 (3, 4) sts. of next alt. row, then dec. 1 st. on next 9 alt. rows, still shaping armhole until 4 sts. rem. Cast off. Place 5 markers in border for buttons equal distances apart, 1st 1 in. from lower edge and last 1 in. below cast-off neck edge.

RIGHT SIDE FRONT

Join wool at centre front to sts. on holder and pick up and k t.b.l. the loop between sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P to end of row. Cast on 14 sts.

Next Row: K 15 sts., sl. 1, k 15, p 1, k to end of row.

Next Row: P to last 32 sts., k 1, p to end of row. Cont. right front as for left front, working 5 buttonholes to match marker and working all shapings as for left front in reverse, omitting pocket.

To Make Buttonholes (right side facing): K 6, cast off 3 sts., k 6, sl. 1, k 6, cast off 3 sts., work to end.

Next Row: Work row, casting on 3 sts. in place of those cast off in previous row.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 74 sts. Place markers in 42nd and 50th sts. Work 2 rows st-st., inc. 16 sts. evenly along 3rd row. Cont. st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 8th and every foll. 8th row until 112 (116, 120) sts. Work without shaping until sleeve seam measures 15 (15, 15) in.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Work as for back until 12 sts. rem. Cast off firmly 4 sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows.

LEFT SLEEVE

As for right sleeve, placing markers in 24th and 32nd sts. and shape raglan armhole as for right sleeve until 12 sts. rem. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next and next 2 alt. rows.

RIGHT CUFF

Cast on 76 sts., place markers in 8th and 68th sts. Work st-st. for 1 in., ending in p row. Work 2 more rows.

1st Row: K 7, cast off 3 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P to last 7 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 7 sts. Cont. st-st. for 2 in. Rep. 1st and 2nd row once. Work 1 in. and 2 rows more. Cast off.

LEFT CUFF

Work as right cuff, with buttonholes on opposite ends.

POCKET FLAP

Cast on 41 sts. (thumb method).

1st Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k to end of row. Rep. this row 3 times.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k 18, cast off 3 sts., k 19.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k 18, cast on 3 sts., k 19.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k to end of row.

Next Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, k 2, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 2 in. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 116 (120, 124) sts. and work as for pocket flap, omitting buttonhole, until 3 in., ending on p row. Cast off loosely 15 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 9 (10, 11) sts. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 38 (40, 42) sts.

TO MAKE UP

Steam-press lightly. Sew raglan sleeve seams to back and front. Seam side and sleeve seams. Turn up 2 in. for hem at lower edge and slip-stitch in position. Fold back front border facings and join ends, turn inside and slip-stitch in position. Sew around double buttonholes. Sew on collar 1 in. from front edges. Stitch front placket lower ends in position. Sew on cuffs, markers matching. Slip-stitch cast-off edge in position, joining ends. Sew on pocket flap 1 in. above pocket opening, fold down. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Sew around double buttonholes.

Man's Cover Sweater

(Continued from page 2)

14th Row: K 10, sl. 1 back, k 2, k sl-st., k 2, sl. 1 back, k 2, k sl-st., k 8, k into back of 3rd st., k 2, sl. loop off, k 8, sl. 1 back, k 2, k sl-st., k 2, sl. 1 back, k 2, k sl-st., k 8, sl. 1 back, k 2, k sl-st., k 2, sl. 1 back, k 2, k sl-st., k 8, k into back of 3rd st., k 2, sl. loop off, k 2, k into back of 3rd st., k 2, sl. loop off, k 10.

15th Row: Purl.
These 10 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt. When armholes measure 9 (9) in., shape shoulders by casting off 12 (12) sts. tightly at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 4 (5) in., shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 45 (45) sts. in patt., leave on a spare needle, cast off 18 (18) sts., work 45 (45) sts. in patt.

Cont. on these 45 (45) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of the next 6 (6) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3) times. When armhole measures 9 (9) in., shape shoulder by casting off 12 (12) sts. tightly at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 12 (12) sts. tightly at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (54) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2 in. Change to No. 7 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 5th row until inc. to 83 (84) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 (18) in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 (60) sts., then every row until dec. to 30 (30) sts. Cast off tightly.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 122 (124) sts. around neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Cast off in ribbing.

To Make Up: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams.



TOWN AND COUNTRY LOOK

● Moss-stitch cardigan with honeycomb panels on fronts and sleeves is a comfortable, relaxing design with roll collar. Directions for making, page 10.

● Flattering style with smooth lines has an attractive tie collar and three-quarter sleeves. Directions for knitting, page 7.

● Shirt-style jumper with button-up neck is perfect to wear with a tweedy skirt or suit. Directions are on page 8.

● Man's sweater with crew-neck and raglan sleeves is a necessity for winter weekends. Directions to knit are given on page 8.





Mauve Tie-collar Sweater

Materials: 17 (18, 19, 20) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports, 17 (18, 19, 20) balls Woolworths Fantasia; 2 pairs needles Nos. 7 and 10.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust — actual measurement will be 2 in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 22½ (22½, 22½, 23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 10 (10, 10, 10) in.
Tension: 5 sts. lin., 6 rows lin.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 87 (92, 97, 102) sts. Work in st-st. for 3 in. Make a hem as follows: Using a spare needle, pick up the cast-on sts., then, holding both needles together, knit together 1 st. from each needle to end of row. Change to No. 7 needles. P 1 row and cont. in st-st. When work measures 15 (15, 15, 15) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (4, 5, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (3, 3, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 3, 3) times. Continue in st-st. When armholes measure 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 (7, 6, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 2½ (3, 3½, 3½) in.

Next Row: K 28 (30, 31, 33) sts., leave on a spare needle. Cast off 13 (12, 13, 12) sts., k 28 (30, 31, 33) sts. Cont. on these 28 (30, 31, 33) sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 (6, 6, 6) rows, then every 2nd row 5 (5, 5, 6) times. When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 6, 7) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (54, 56, 58) sts. Work in st-st. for 2 in. Make a hem same as for back. Change to No. 7 needles. P 1 row and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 5th row until inc. to 70 (72, 74, 76) sts. When sleeve seam measures 10 (10, 10, 10) in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 (60, 60, 60) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24, 24, 24) sts. Cast off.

TIE

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 18 sts. Work as follows:

1st Row: Knit twice into 1st st., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 40 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch tie neatly around neck on wrong side to within 1 in. each side of centre front. Make a narrow hem around edge of tie and allow to roll around neck. Stitch to keep in position and loop in front as illustrated.



CASUAL SHIRT

(See color picture
Page 7)



Materials: 21 (22, 23, 24, 25) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Fantasia; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 3 buttons. **Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 23½ (24, 24, 24, 24) in.; sleeve, 17in. (all sizes). **Tension:** 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 92 (98, 104, 110, 116) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 15½in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (4, 4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until 72 (78, 80, 84, 88) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7½ (8, 8, 8, 8) in. on the straight, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 8 (8, 8, 9, 9) sts. 4 times, 7 (8, 9, 9, 10) sts. twice, 26 (28, 30, 30, 32) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as back until work measures 13½ in., ending on a purl row.

To Divide Work for Front Opening: Knit until 42 (45, 48, 51, 54) sts. on needle, cast on 18 (19, 20, 21, 22) sts. for facing. Leave rem. 50 (53, 56, 59, 62) sts. on holder for right side. Cont. on left front until work measures same as back to armhole, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (4, 4, 5, 5) sts. once, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. 2 (3, 4, 4, 5) times. At the same time inc. 1 st. on facing edge on every 6th row 9 times until 59 (62, 65, 68, 71) sts. Cont. until armhole measures 5 (5½, 5½, 5½, 5½) in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape for Neck: Next Row: Knit 47 (50, 53, 56, 59) sts., turn. (Leave rem. 12 sts. on holder.)

Cont. on these sts., shape neck edge on next row by casting off 16 sts. once (all sizes), 1 st. every 2nd row until 23 (24, 25, 27, 28) sts. rem., at the same time when armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8, 8) in., ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 8 (8, 8, 9, 9) sts. twice, 7 (8, 9, 9, 10) sts. once. Return to 12 facing sts. on holder, join in yarn and knit 1 row.

Next Row: Purl to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Rep. these 2 rows until 2 sts. (all sizes) rem. Work 2 tog., fasten off.

Mark 3 Buttonholes: the 1st one being ½in. below neck edge, the 3rd 1½in. from opening, and 2nd evenly spaced between.

Right Side Front: Using No. 10 needles, cast on 10 (11, 12, 13, 14) sts. and knit; then knit the sts. from holder for right side. Cont. as for left side in reverse, making buttonholes where marked off.

To Make Buttonhole (from facing end), 1st Row: K 5 (6, 7, 8, 9) sts., cast off 2 sts., k 6 sts., cast off 2 sts., knit to end.

2nd Row: Purl and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts., k 6, cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (52, 54, 56, 58) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 9th and every 8th row thereafter until 70 (72, 74, 76, 78) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required). Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 (4, 4, 5, 5) sts. twice, dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until 36 (38, 40, 42, 42) sts. rem., then at beg. of every row 3 sts. 6 times, 18 (20, 22, 24, 24) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Flat-sew all ribbing. Set in sleeves smoothly, using a small back-stitch. Sew front facing tog. ½in. in from edge, and slip-stitch facings and underlap down to wrong side. Sew round double buttonholes neatly.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 157 (161, 165, 169, 173) sts. **1st Row:** (Right side facing): (K 1, p 1), rep. to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1), rep. to last st., p 1. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib until 8 sts. rem., p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) twice.

Rep. 2nd to 7th rows 5 times, cont. in rib until collar measures 5½in. Cast off ribwise.

To Finish Off: Press collar. Attach collar ½in. in from front edge. Sew on buttons.

BASIC RAGLAN

Directions below for
crew or V-neck. (See
color picture page 7)



Materials: Crew-neck style — 30 (32, 35) balls; V-neck style — 29 (31, 34) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42) in. chest; length, 28in. (all sizes); sleeve, 19in. (all sizes). **Tension:** 9 sts. to 2in.

BACK

** Using No. 7 needles, cast on 101 (105, 109) sts. and work firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in.

Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 17½in. (or length required), ending on p row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 3 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows twice more **.

* **Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl *. Rep. from * to * until 33 (35, 37) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Crew-neck Style: Work as back from ** to **, then from * to * until 47 (49, 51) sts. rem., ending on p row.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, cast off centre 13 (15, 17) sts., k 14, k 2 tog., k 1.

Cont. on last 16 sts., shaping raglan as before on every 2nd row, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 7 times, and 3 sts. rem. Work 3 sts. tog., fasten off.

Return to rem. 16 sts. Join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

V-neck Style: Work as back from ** to ** and sl. 1, 89) sts. rem., ending on a purl row.

Divide for V-Neck: Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, p.s.s.o., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn.

Cont. on last 38 (40, 42) sts., shaping raglan as before every 2nd row, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 5 (6, 5) times, then every 4th row 5 (6, 5) times and 2 sts. rem. Work 2 sts. tog., fasten off.

Return to rem. 41 (43, 45) sts., slip centre st. on to holder, join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse. K 1, k 2 tog. on neck shaping.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 48 (50, 50) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row until 78 (80, 82) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 19in. (all sizes) or length required, ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as back until **, then from * to * until 10 sts. (all sizes) rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up the front and 1 back raglan seams.

CREW-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle, pick up 9 sts. on each sleeve top, 13 sts. each side of neck, 15 (17, 19) sts. across centre front neck, 13 (33, 35) sts. across back neck. Using No. 7 needles and with right side of work facing, knit 1 row. Cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

V-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle, pick up 9 sts. on each sleeve top, 13 (17, 19) sts. down left side of V-neck, 1 centre front st., 45 (47, 49) sts. up right side of V-neck, and 31 (33, 35) sts. across back neck — 140 (146, 152) sts. Using No. 7 needles, work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. 1 st. each side of centre 1 st. on every row for 1½in. Work 1 row without shaping, then inc. 1 st. each side of centre 1 st. for 1½in. Cast off loosely on the next row.

To Finish Off: Sew up rem. raglan seam and neckband ends. Fold neckband in half to inside and st-st. down. Using a small bk-st, sew up side and sleeve seams. Flat-sew the cuff seams. Press seams.

Pouchy Gold Bag

Materials: 10 balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 1 and 2 needles; 1 large crochet hook; 1 pair handles as illustrated; silk and stiffened interlining for lining.
Size: 9½in. x 14in.
Tension: 3 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side of work): * Sl. 1 puriwise, yarn round needle. Rep. from * to last st., p. 1.
2nd Row: Sl. 1 knitwise, * k 2 tog. through back of loops, rep. from * to end. Rep 1st and 2nd rows inclusive.

MAIN PIECE

Using No. 2 needles, cast on 51 sts. and knit into the back of every st. on the 1st row, then work the 2 rows of patt. inclusive, being careful to work the end sts. as directed. Cont. until 2½in.

Change to No. 1 needles and cont. until work measures 2½in., ending on the 2nd row of patt.

Change to No. 2 needles and cont. until work measures 2½in., ending on the 2nd row of patt. Purl and cast off on the next row.

SIDE PIECE (MAKE 2)

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 17 sts. and knit into the back of every st. on the 1st row. Cont. in patt. inclusive until work measures 9in., ending on the 2nd row of patt. Purl and cast off on the next row.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Cut silk and stiffened interlining slightly bigger than knitted pieces. Right sides facing, pin bag side pieces 3in. down from cast-off and cast-on edges of main piece. Seam edges tog. with 1 row d.c. Fold 3in. at bag top in halves to inside and sew down. Make lining. Put piece of stiff cardboard inside bag base. Sew lining inside bag. Attach handles.

Fisher Rib Style

Materials: 11 balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair No. 3 needles; 1 pair handles as illustrated; silk for lining.
Size: 14in. x 10½in.
Tension: 3 sts. to 1in.

MAIN PART

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 55 sts.
1st Row (right side of work): K 1, * p 1, k 1. Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, * k 1 into the st. below, p 1. Rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, * p 1, k 1 into the st. below. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows for patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 23in., ending on the 2nd row of patt. Cast off loosely in patt.

SIDE INSETS (MAKE 2)

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 17 sts. and work exactly as main part until work measures 8in., ending on the 2nd row of patt. Cast off loosely in patt.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side without stretching the rib patt. Sew in the side insets 2in. down from the cast-on and cast-off edges of main part. Fold each end of main part over handles and firmly sew down on the inside. Make lining for bag and insert.

TWO SMART HANDBAGS

● **Roomy bag (right)** in pouchy style is in easy-to-knit pattern. Lined in silk, it is finished with cane handles.

● **Attractive bag (below)** features fishermen's rib stitch. Directions for making both bags are at left.



ROLL COLLAR JACKET



Comfortable cardigan features honeycomb panels. (See color picture, page 6.)

Materials: 26 (27, 28, 29) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 2 pairs each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42, 44) in. chest. Garment will be 2 in. larger to allow for a comfortable fit. Length of sleeve seam, 18 (18, 18, 18) in.; length from top of shoulder, 25 (25, 25, 25) in. Tension: 5 sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: Moss-st. With an even number of sts. work as follows:

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows.

With an uneven number of sts. work as follows —

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. this row.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 102 (108, 112, 118) sts. Work as follows:

1st Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (p 1, k 2) twice, k 1, (p 1, k 1) 4 times, k 1, (k 2, p 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

2nd Row: Moss-st. 17 (21, 21, 24) sts., * (k 1, p 2) twice, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 1, p st. from spare needle (p 1, k 1) 3 times, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare

needle, (p 2, k 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

3rd Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, (p 1, k 1) twice, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 1, p st. from spare needle, p 1, (k 2, p 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

4th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (k 1, p 2) twice, k 2, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 1, p st. from spare needle, p 1, k 1, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, k 2 (p 2, k 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

5th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (p 1, k 1) into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k the 1st st. and sl. both sts. off tog.) twice, p 3, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 1, p st. from spare needle, p 3, (k into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k the 1st st. and sl. both sts. off tog., p 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

6th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (k 1, p 2) twice, k 4, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, p 1, p st. from spare needle, k 4, (p 2, k 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

7th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (p 1, k 2) twice, p 3, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 1, k st. from spare needle, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, p 3, (k 2, p 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

8th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (k 1, p 2) twice, k 2, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, p 1, k 1, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, p 1, p st. from spare needle, k 2 (p 2, k 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

9th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (p 1, k 2) twice, p 1, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 1, k st. from spare needle, (p 1, k 1) twice, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, p 1, (k 2, p 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

10th Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., * (k 1, p 1) into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then p the 1st st. and sl. both sts. off tog.) twice, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, sl. next st. on to spare needle and leave at back, p 1, p st. from spare needle, (p the 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then p the 1st st. and sl. both sts. off tog., k 1) twice, * moss-st. 24 (24, 26, 26) sts., rep. from * to *, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

Rep. these 10 rows, and when work measures 16 (16, 16) in., or required length, shape armholes by casting off 4 (4, 5, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 4 (4, 4, 5) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (4, 4, 4) times. When armholes measure 9 (9, 9, 9) in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 (10, 10, 8) sts. at the beg. of the next 8 (6, 6, 8) rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 60 (63, 65, 68) sts.

1st Row: Moss-st. 21 (21, 22, 22) sts., rep. from * to * of patt. as for back, moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts.

2nd Row: Moss-st. 17 (20, 21, 24) sts., rep. from * to * of patt. as for back, moss-st. 21 (21, 22, 22) sts.

Cont. in this way, keeping the 22 sts. in patt. and the sts. each end in moss-st. until work measures 16 (16, 16) in., or required length to armhole. Cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of the next 4 (4, 4, 5) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (4, 4, 4) times. Inc. for roll collar as follows:

Next Row (right side): Moss-st. 20 (20, 21, 21) sts. work twice into next st., rep. from * to * of patt. moss-st. to end.

Cont. to inc. 1 st. inside the moss-st. border every 6th row until inc. to 27 (27, 28, 28) sts. instead of 21 (21, 22, 22) sts. When armhole measures 9 (9, 9, 9) in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 (10, 10, 8) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 (3, 3, 4) times. Work remaining 27 (27, 28, 28) sts. in moss-st. for 2 (2, 2, 2) in. Commencing at outer edge, moss-st. 5, turn, moss-st. 5, turn, moss-st. 10, turn, moss-st. 10, turn, moss-st. 15, turn, moss-st. 15, turn, moss-st. to end of row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, making buttonholes as follows (1st one being 4 in. from lower edge and 4 more evenly spaced about 4 in. apart):

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row (wrong side): Moss-st. 4, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. 2nd Row: Work in patt. to last 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., moss-st. 4.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (54, 56, 58) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for lin. Change to No. 7 needles.

1st Row: Moss-st. 15 (16, 17, 18) sts., rep. from * to * of patt., moss-st. 15 (16, 17, 18) sts.

Cont. in patt., keeping the 22 centre sts. in patt. and inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 80 (82, 84, 86) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 (18, 18, 18) in., or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 52 (52, 52, 52) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24, 24, 24) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Join collar and stitch across back of neck. Sew on buttons.

BABY'S COSY COAT

Materials: 2 balls Woolworths Nylonised Baby wool; a pair No. 10 knitting needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: Underarm 18 (B 20) in.; Length 24 (B 24) in.; sleeve seam 51 (B 51) in.

Tension: 6 sts. to lin.

Note: Jacket is worked in one piece to underarm. Cast on 172 (B 192) sts. Work 8 rows in garter-st. (but every row). Work as follows:

1st Row: K 6, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

2nd Row: As 1st row.

3rd Row: K 6, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

4th Row: As 3rd row.

These 4 rows form patt. Rep. them 3 times.

Proceed as follows:

1st Dec. Row: K 6, patt. 36 (B 41), k 2 tog., p 2 k 1 tog., patt. 76 (B 86), p 2 tog., k 2, p 2 tog., patt. 36 (B 41), k 6.

Next Row: K 6, patt. 36 (B 41), k 1, p 2, k 1, patt. 76 (B 86), p 1, k 2, p 1, patt. 36 (B 41), k 6.
 Keeping to patt., work 4 rows even.
 2nd Dec Row: K 6, patt. 34 (B 39), k 1, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1, patt. 72 (B 82), p 1, p 2 tog., p 2, p 2 tog., p 1, patt. 34 (B 39), k 6.
 Next Row: Same as 3rd row of patt.
 Work 4 rows even.
 Cont. to dec. every 6th row 4 (B 5) times altogether, keeping to patt. at sides as dec. will allow—156 (B 172) sts.
 Work 3 rows even.
 To Divide for Armholes: K 6, patt. 32 (B 36), cast off 4 sts, patt. 68 (B 76), cast off 6 sts., patt. 32 (B 36), k 6.

LEFT FRONT

Cont. in patt. on last 38 (B 42) sts. as follows:
 1st Row: K 6, patt. to last st., k 1.
 2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., work to end of row.
 Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 15 (B 18) times—22 (B 23) sts.
 To Shape Neck: K 6, slip these sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave.
 Cast off 4 (B 5) sts. Work to last st., k 1.
 Dec. once at armhole edge as before in next row and every alt. row 3 times, at the same time dec. once at neck edge every row 6 times (2 sts. rem.).
 Work 1 row, k 2 tog. Fasten off.



BABY'S coat is knitted in one piece to the armholes in double moss-stitch.

BACK

Join wool to next 68 (B 76) sts. Proceed as follows:
 1st Row: K 1, work to last st., k 1.
 2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.
 Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 20 (B 23) times, then 1st row once—26 (B 28) sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Join wool to rem. 38 (B 42) sts. and proceed as follows:
 1st Row: K 1, work to last st., k 6.
 2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.
 Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 (B 4) times, then 1st row once.

Work Buttonhole thus:
 Next Row: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.
 Cont. dec. once at armhole edge as before every alt. row until 23 (B 24) sts. rem. at the same time working a buttonhole in 12th (B 14th) row. Work 1 row even.
 To Shape Neck, Next Row: K 6, slip these sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave, cast off 4 (B 5) sts., work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.
 Dec. once at armhole edge every alt. row 4 times, at the same time dec. once at neck edge every row 6 times (2 sts.).

Work 1 row, k 2 tog. Fasten off.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

Cast on 36 (B 40) sts., work k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to double m-st. and inc. once each end of the 3rd and every following 6th row to 54 (B 60) sts.
 Work even until sleeve measures 5½ (B 6½) in. or length required. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.
 Shape raglan as for back 20 (B 23) times. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Using a flat seam, sew sleeves to back and fronts. Join sleeve seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing, slip sts. from right-hand holder on to needle. Using same needle, knit up 58 (B 64) sts. evenly round neck, then knit across sts. from left front. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 5 rows, making a buttonhole as before in 2nd row.

Cast off in rib. Sew on buttons. Press garment very slightly.

BOOTEES WITH CUFFS

Materials: 1 ball Woolworths Nylonised Baby wool; 1 pair No. 13 needles; length of ribbon.

Measurements: Length of leg with top turned down, 2in.; length of foot, 4in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 10 sts. to the inch in width measured over plain smooth fabric.

TO MAKE

Cast on 55 sts.
 1st and Alt. Rows: Knit.
 2nd Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 26, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 26, w.fwd., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 28, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 28, w.fwd., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 30, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 30, w.fwd., k 1. Cont. in this manner until 5 inc. rows have been worked from commencement, then cont. inc. at toe

only, until 10 inc. rows have been worked from commencement. Work 4 rows in garter-stitch.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 50, turn.

2nd Row: K 13, k 2 tog., turn.

Rep. 2nd row 32 times.

35th Row: Knit to end of row.

36th Row: Knit (52 sts.).

37th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 37th row once.

39th Row: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., * p 1, k 1, w.fwd.,

k 2 tog., rep from * to end of row.

Rep. 37th row 19 times.

Work 5 rows in garter-stitch.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2,

k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, * k 1, p 2 tog., p 1, w.r.n., p 3, w.r.n.,

p 1, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog.,

p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 8th row once, then 7th row once.

12th Row: K 2, * p 9, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows three times.

Work 5 rows in garter-stitch. Cast off.

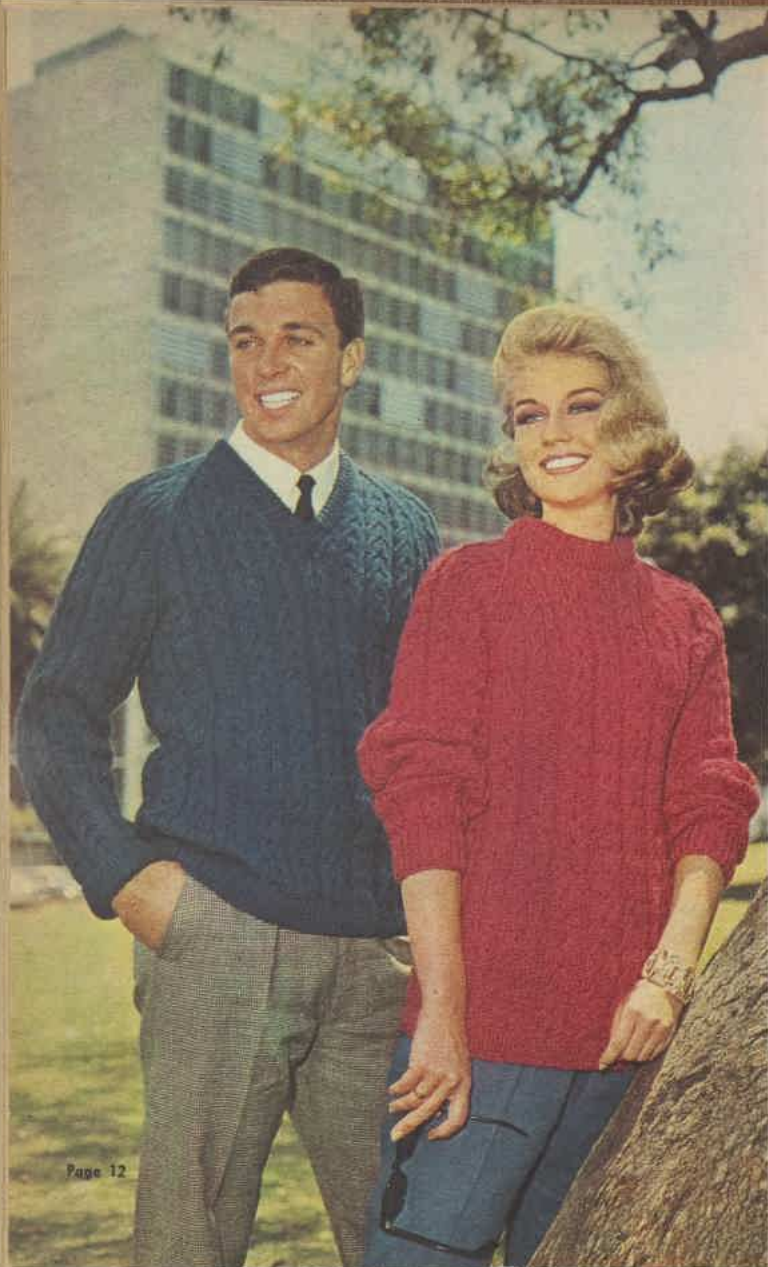
Work another bootie in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam, sew up foot and leg seams. Thread ribbon through holes at ankle.



PRETTY booties have patterned, turn-down cuffs.



Page 12

DASHING KNITS FOR TEENAGERS

● Bulkyknit sweaters for steadies are in same stitch, "Hers" with crew and "His" with V neck. Sleeves are raglan and sweaters are chunky enough for the coldest winter days and nights.

● Tunic-style dress is smart for students or for weekend wear. Easy-to-knit in stocking-stitch, it is casually belted at the waist with a self tie.

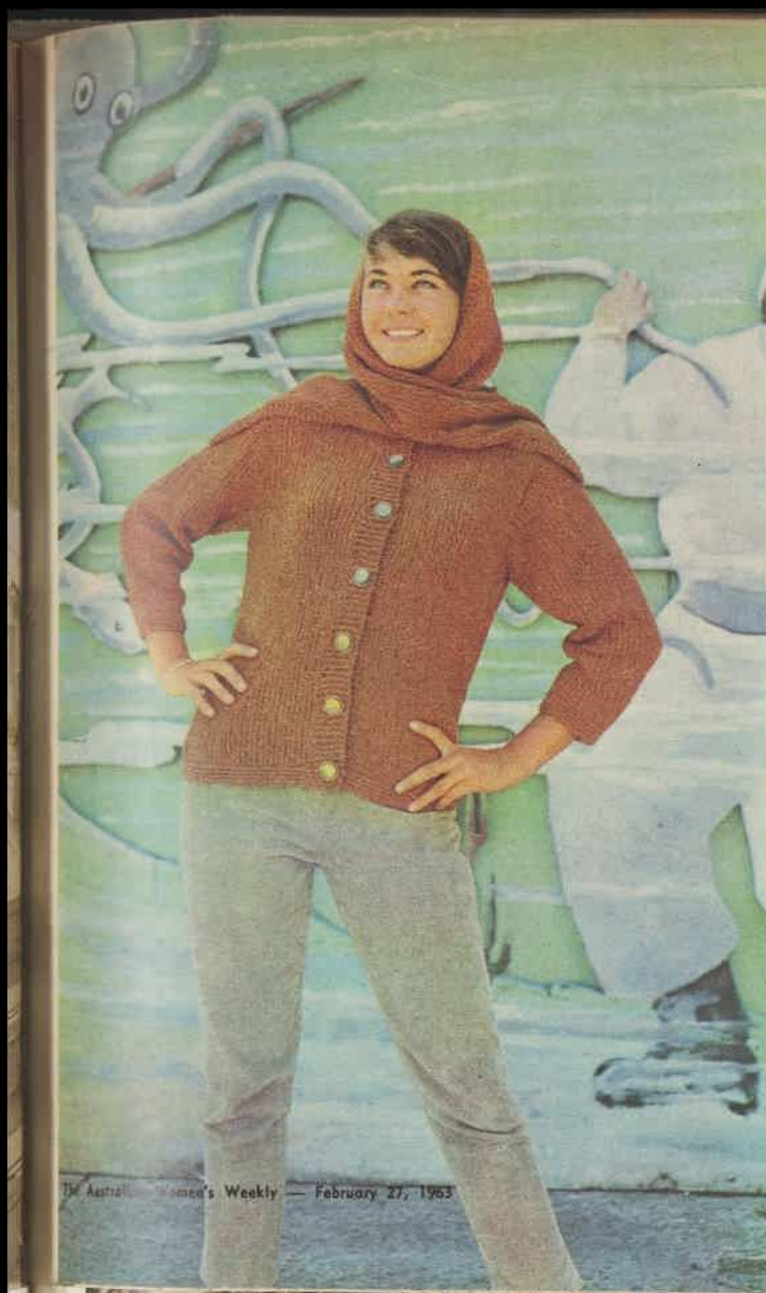
● Astrakhan cardigan with matching hood-scarf will appeal to every girl. Delightfully casual, it is perfect for any sporting event or outdoor activity.

● Identical "His" and "Hers" cardigans with V necks are buttoned through. Easy to wear and knitted in stocking-stitch, they are a must for every well-dressed teen's wardrobe.

Directions for all the designs on these two pages are on pages 14 and 15.



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SWEATERS FOR STEADIES

Matching V or crew
sweaters in 4 sizes. (See
color picture, page 12.)

Materials: 32 (34, 39, 41) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 7 needles; 1 cable needle (c.n.).
Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 25 (26, 27, 27½) in.; sleeve, 17 in. for her, 19½ in. for him.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in. over pattern.
Abbreviations: Y.b., yarn back; y.f., yarn forward; c.3.f., cable 3 front; Place next st. (the slipped st.) on to c.n., leave at front of work, k 2, then knit the st. from c.n.; c.3.b., cable 3 back; Place next 2 sts. on to c.n. and leave at back of work, k 1 (the slipped st.), then knit the 2 sts. from c.n.

PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): * P 3, y.b., sl. 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, sl. 1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 3.
2nd Row: * K 3, y.f., sl. 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, sl. 1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.
3rd Row: * P 3, c.3.f., p 1, c.3.b., rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 3.
4th Row: * K 3, p 3, k 1, p 3, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.
5th Row: * P 3, k 3, p 1, k 3, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 3.
6th Row: As 4th row. These 6 rows form the pattern inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 93 (103, 113, 123) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Change to No. 4 needles and pattern inclusive. Cont. until back measures 15 in. for her, 17 in. for him, ending on wrong side row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.
* Next Row: P 1, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 1, p 1.

Next Row: K 1, patt. to last st., k 1.*
Rep. last 2 rows until 45 (51, 57, 61) sts. rem.
* Next Row: P 1, k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., patt. to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 1, p 1.
Next Row: K 1, patt. to last st., k 1.*
Rep. last 2 rows until 25 (27, 29, 29) sts. rem.
Change to No. 7 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

FRONT

Work as for back until 41 (43, 45, 45) sts. rem., ending on right side of work.

To Shape for Crew-neck: Next Row: Patt. 14, cast off centre 13 (15, 17, 17) sts., patt. to end.
Cont. raglan shaping as from * to * and dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next 2 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times and 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.
Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

V-neck Style: Work as for back until 81 (87, 93, 97) sts. rem., ending on wrong side of work.

Next Row: P 1, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. 36 (39, 42, 44) sts., turn, leave rem. sts. on holder.
Dec. 1 st. on neck edge every foll. 4th row 12 (13, 14, 14) times, at the same time cont. raglan shaping as from * to * 17 times more, then as from * to * until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., slip centre 1 st. on to holder, join in yarn at neck edge, and shape neck on every 4th row thereafter, and work to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 44 (46, 48, 48) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in., evenly inc. 9 (7, 5, 15) sts. on last row—53 (53, 53, 63) sts.

Change to No. 4 needles and pattern inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 6th (4th, 6th, 6th) row thereafter until 77 (85, 89, 93) sts., then every 4th row on last 2 sizes only until 77 (85, 93, 103) sts., working all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. for her, 19½ in. for him (or length required).

Shape raglan as for back until 29 (33, 37, 41) sts. rem., then as from * to * until 9 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Flat-sew 2 front raglan seams. **Neckband for Crew-neck:** With right side of work facing using No. 7 needles, pick up and knit round neck edge from left sleeve top, 54 (56, 58, 58) sts. to right sleeve top. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Neckband for V-neck: With right side of work facing and using No. 7 needles, pick up and knit from left sleeve top 47 (49, 51, 53) sts. to centre front, 1 centre st., 47 (49, 51, 53) sts. to right sleeve top.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 23 (24, 25, 26) times, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 23 (24, 25, 26) times.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 22 (23, 24, 25) times, p 1 k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 22 (23, 24, 25) times, p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows for 1½ in., working the items in brackets once less on each successive repeat. Work 1 row without shaping. On next and every row inc. 1 st. each side of centre 1 st. for 1 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Flat-sew 2 back raglan and neckband ends tog. Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down. Flat-sew ribbing and using a small bk-st. sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

TUNIC DRESS

To wear over skivvies, or
on its own. (For color
picture, see page 12.)

Materials: 36oz.; B, 38oz.; C, 40oz. Woolworths Astrakhan; 1 pair No. 5 needles; 1 medium crochet hook; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 40½ in. Tension: 4 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Cast on 74 (B 78, C 82) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4 rows. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 34 (B 33½, C 33½) in. or length required to armhole.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next 3 alt. rows. Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 5½ (B 5, C 5) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 16 (B 17, C 18) sts., cast off 24 (B 26, C 28) sts., k 16 (B 17, C 18).

Next Row: Purl to within 2 sts. of neck; p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows.

To Shape Shoulder—Next Row (wrong side facing): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 4 (B 4, C 5) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Cast off 4 (B 5, C 5) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armhole measures 4½ (B 4, C 5) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 16 (B 17, C 18) sts., cast off 24 (B 26, C 28) sts., k 16 (B 17, C 18).

Next Row: P 14 (B 15, C 16), p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row to 12 (B 13, C 14) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 6½ (B 7, C 7) in. on the straight. Shape shoulder same as for back.

Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

BELT

Cast on 4 sts. and work in g-st. for 7½ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam shoulders and sides. Tape seams at sides if desired. Press shoulder and side seams.

Work 1 row d.c. around neck and armholes.

JACKET & SCARF

Warm set in astrakhan wool. (Color picture, page 13.)



Materials: 30 (B 32, C 34) oz. Woolworths Astrakhan—cardigan, 22 (B 24, C 26) oz.; scarf, 8oz.; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 5 needles; 7 medium-size buttons; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: 34 (B 36, C 38) in. bust; length from shoulder, 23 (B 23½, C 24) in.; length of sleeve, 13½ (B 13½, C 14) in. Tension: 4 sts. to 1 in. over st-st.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 70 (B 74, C 78) sts. and knit 8 rows. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 15 (B 15½, C 15½) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes (right side facing): Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 alt. rows.

Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 8 (B 8, C 8) in. on the straight.
To Shape Shoulder (right side facing): Cast off 6 (B 6, C 7) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 5 (B 5, C 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts. for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles cast on 38 (B 40, C 42) sts. and knit 3 rows. Change to No. 5 needles.

Next Row: Knit.
Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 15 (B 15½, C 15½) in. or length required to armhole.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 3 sts., k to end. Cont. as before, keeping 6 sts. for front border and dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 3 rows and next 2 alt. rows. Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 5½ (B 5½, C 6) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck (wrong side facing): Knit 6 sts. and leave on stitch-holder, cast off 2 sts. and purl to end of row. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows and next 2 alt. rows. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 6 (B 6, C 8) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (right side facing): Cast off 6 (B 6, C 7) sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Cast off 5 (B 7, C 7) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Place 6 markers in band, first one 1 in. from lower edge and allowing for 7½ one 1 in. higher in neckband.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

To Make a Buttonhole (right side facing): Work 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work until 3 sts. rem., cast on 2 sts., work to end of row.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 38 (B 38, C 40) sts. and k 3 rows.

Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every foll. 6th row to 58 (B 60, C 64) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 13½ (B 13½, C 14) in. or length of sleeve seam required.

To Shape Top of Sleeve (right side facing): Cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 18 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. Using No. 5 needles (right side facing), st. 6 front band sts. of right front on to needle, join in half of wool. Pick up and knit 14 sts. up right side of neck, 20 sts. across back of neck, and 14 sts. down left side neck, k across 6 left front band sts. Knit 1 row.

Next Row: K 3, cast off 2, k to end.

Next Row: K to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 3.

Change to No. 7 needles, k 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Seam sides, seam sleeves, and seam into armholes. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

SCARF

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 36 sts. and k 4 rows.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 3, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 5½ in., ending with a k row. K 4 rows. Cast off.

Press lightly, if required, fold in half, wrong side out, and seam 6 in. from fold on one side to form cap.

FOR HIM. FOR HER

Identical V-neck cardigans — latest teen craze. (Color picture page 13.)



Materials: 20 (21, 22, 26, 27, 28) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Woolworths Fantasia; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 23 (24, 25, 27, 27½, 29) in.; sleeves, 17 in. for Her, 19 in. for Him. Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 90 (96, 102, 108, 114, 120) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14 in. for Her, 16 in. for Him (or length required), end. on p. row.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 26 (28, 30, 30, 32, 34) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 (48, 50, 54, 56, 60) sts. Work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 1½ in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row on first, third, and fifth sizes, 45 (48, 51, 54, 57, 60) sts. Change to No. 7 needles. 1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: Purl. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14 in. for Her, 16 in. for Him, ending on a purl row.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 5) sts., knit to end.

Next Row: Purl to last st., k 1. Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Cont. raglan shaping and dec. 1 st. at neck edge, every 4th row 12 (13, 14, 14, 15, 16) times more. Cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 (48, 50, 54, 56, 60) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row on first, third, and fifth sizes, 45 (48, 51, 54, 57, 60) sts. Change to No. 7 needles and finish to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 46 (48, 50, 52, 54, 56) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in., evenly inc. 4 sts. on last row. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 6th row thereafter until 74 (78, 82, 88, 92, 98) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. for Her, 19 in. for Him (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglans exactly as back until 4 sts. rem. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using a flat seam sew up raglan seams. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams, but flat-seam the ribbed edges. Press seams. **Front Band:** Using No. 9 needles, cast on 11 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.
5th Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, p 1, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 2.
6th Row: Rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.
Cont. in rib, making buttonholes as before on every 20th and 21st rows 5 times altogether. Cont. rib until band fits round edges slightly stretched. Cast off ribwise.
To Finish Off: Using a small bk-st. sew band in position. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Press band.

Bootees for Baby



Materials: 1 ball Woolworths Nylonised Baby wool, 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 yd. narrow ribbon. **Measurements:** Length of foot 3½ in. Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 43 sts.

1st Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 18, k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into next st., k 18, k twice into next st., k 1. 2nd and Alternate Rows: Knit. 3rd Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 20, k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into next st., k 20, k twice into next st., k 1. 5th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 22, k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into next st., k 22, k twice into next st., k 1. 7th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 24, k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into next st., k 24, k twice into next st., k 1. 9th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 26, k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into next st., k 26, k twice into next st., k 1. 10th Row: Knit. Knit 12 rows. Shape as follows: K 37, k 2 tog., turn, * k 12, k 2 tog., turn, rep. from * until dec. to 41 sts., turn, k to end. K 2 rows. Next Row: Work ribbon-holes—k 1, * w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

K 3 rows, working w.r.n. twice as 1 st. Cont. as follows: 1st Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to end. 2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: K 2 * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2. 4th Row: Purl. Rep. these 4 rows twice more. Work in m-st. for 8 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up leg and foot seam. Thread ribbon through holes.



DESIGNED FOR THE YOUNG

● Three different styles for sub-teens. Directions for striped jumper are below, for green V-neck sweater and yellow crew-neck cardigan, page 17.

● Directions for red crew-neck cardigan and yellow jacket with collar, page 21.



Girl's Striped Jumper

Materials: 10 (11, 12) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or 10 (11, 12) balls Woolworths Fantasia for main color (m); 2 (2 3) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Fantasia for contrast (c); 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 4 (5, 5) in. zip-fastener; crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 15 (16½, 17½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 13 (14, 15) in.

Tension: 4 sts. to lin.; 9 rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and m, cast on 68 (72, 76) sts. Work in st-st. for 1 (1½, 2) in., ending with a purl row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. for 1 (1½, 2) in. K 1 row, dec. 13 (13, 13) sts. evenly across row, 55 (59, 63) sts. Change to No. 7 needles, K 1 row. Work in following patt.

1st Row (Right side): Using c, k 1, * k 1 double (by knitting into the st. below, not the st. on the needle, both loops will automatically come off tog.), k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1 double, * k 1, k 1 double, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: Knit.

These 4 rows complete the patt. Change to m and work 20 (20, 22) rows, then change to c and work 4 (4, 4) rows. These 24 (24, 26) rows are rep. to yoke. When work measures 9½ (10½, 11) in., measured from the purl row of basque, shape raglan armholes. Shaping should commence on 1st row of 4th stripe (3rd row above 4th stripe, 1st row above 4th stripe) by dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 4th row 7 (6, 7) times in all. When the 5th stripe has been worked, change to m and work 1 row of patt. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st., using m. Shape raglan and divide sts. for back opening as follows:

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 16 (19, 20), k 2 tog., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 19 (22, 23) sts., dec. at armhole edge (1 st. in) every 2nd row until dec. to 12 (12, 13) sts., leave on spare needle. Join wool at centre back and work other side to correspond, k 2 tog. Instead of sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. when shaping raglan.

FRONT

Work same as for back, omitting back opening. When dec. to 25 (25, 27) sts., leave on spare needle.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and m, cast on 38 (40, 42) sts. Work in st-st. for 2 (2½, 3) in., ending with a purl row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. for 2 (2½, 3) in. K 1 row, dec. 7 (7, 7) sts. evenly across row. Change to No. 7 needles and k 1 row. Work in patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 12th row until inc. to 41 (45, 47) sts. When sleeve seam measures 13 (14, 15) in. measured from the p. row of cuff, shape raglan by dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 4th row 7 (6, 7) times in all. When the 6th stripe has been worked, change to m and work 1 row of patt. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st., using m and dec. 1 st. inside the 1st and last st. of the next and every 2nd row until dec. to 11 (11, 11) sts. Leave on spare needle.

NECKBAND

Join sleeves to back and front neatly. With wrong side of work toward you, using No. 10 needles, purl the st. left on the spare needles. Work in st-st. for 4 rows.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Purl.

Work in st-st. for 3 rows.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Make hem around lower edge of jumper, sleeves, and neck, turning back at purl row. Work 1 row of d.c. around neck opening and sew in zip-fastener.

V-Neck Sweater

Green V-neck jumper is in pattern-stitch. (Color picture opposite.)

Materials: 7 (8, 9, 10) balls Woolworths Nylo 4 Ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 set No. 12 needles.
Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30, 32) in. chest; length, 16 (17, 18, 20) in.; sleeve, 14 (15, 16½, 17) in.
Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

PATTERN

1st Row: P 3 *, k 1, p 3 *, rep. from * to * to end.
2nd Row: K 3 *, p 1, k 3 *, rep. from * to * to end.
3rd Row: As 1st row.
4th Row: Purl.
5th Row: P 1, k 1 *, p 3, k 1 *, rep. from * to * to last st., k 1.
6th Row: K 1, p 1 *, k 3, p 1 *, rep. from * to * to last st., k 1.
7th Row: As 5th row.
8th Row: Purl.
These 8 rows form pattern inclusive.

BACK

* Using No. 12 needles, cast on 102 (110, 118, 126) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ (2½, 3, 3) in. and inc. 1 st. at end of last row — 103 (111, 119, 127) sts.
Change to No. 10 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 10½ (11, 12, 13) in. *
To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row 5 times, then every 2nd row 4 (5, 6, 8) times, and 77 (83, 89, 93) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½, 7) in.
To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of every row 8 (8, 9, 10) sts. 4 times, 8 (10, 10, 9) sts. twice, 29 (31, 33, 35) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as Back from * to *, ending on wrong side of work.
To Shape Armhole and V-Neck: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.
Next Row: Patt. 47 (51, 55, 59) sts., cast off centre 1 st., patt. to end.
Cont. on right side, shaping armhole to correspond with back armhole, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every 4th row until 24 (26, 28, 29) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at armhole edge.
To Shape Shoulder: Cast off on next and alt. rows 8 (8, 9, 10) sts. twice, 8 (10, 10, 9) sts. once.
Return to rem. sts. join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 (50, 54, 56) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ (2½, 3, 3) in. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 9th and every 4th row thereafter until 81 (87, 93, 97) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 14 (15, 16½, 17) in. (or length required), ending on wrong side of work. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until 39 (41, 43, 45) sts. rem. Cast off on the next and every row 3 sts. 6 times (all sizes), 21 (23, 25, 27) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using set of No. 12

needles: 1st Needle—Pick up and knit from left shoulder seam 54 (60, 64, 70) sts. down left side of neck, and 1 centre st.; 2nd needle—64 (60, 64, 70) sts. up right side of neck; 3rd needle—27 (29, 31, 33) sts. from back neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. 1 st. each side of centre knit st. in every round for 1in. Work 1 row without shaping. Inc. 1 st. each side of centre st. in every round for another 1in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To Finish Off: Using a small back-stitch, sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Flat-seam all ribbing. Fold neckband in half to inside and slip-stitch down.



Crew-Neck Jacket

Directions for crew or V-neck. (See color picture opposite.)

Materials: Woolworths Nylo Sports or Fantasia. Crew-neck style — 10 (11, 12, 13, 15) balls; V-neck Style — 9 (10, 11, 12, 14) balls; 6 buttons for crew-neck, 4 buttons for V-neck; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26, 28, 30) in. chest; length, 13½ (14½, 16½, 18, 19) in.; sleeve, 9 (11, 13, 15, 16½) in.
Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 62 (66, 70, 76, 80) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 7½ (8½, 10, 11, 12) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3, 3) sts. at beg.

of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every alt. row until 18 (20, 22, 24) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT FOR CREW-NECK STYLE

* Using No. 9 needles; cast on 31 (33, 35, 38, 40) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. and cont. until work measures same as back to armhole, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3, 3) sts. at beg. of next row. * Keeping front edge straight, cont. to shape raglan as before until 14 (17, 19, 20, 22) sts. rem., ending at neck edge.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: Cast off 3 (3, 4, 4, 4) sts., purl to end. Cont. to shape raglan as before. At the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then every alt. row 2 (3, 3, 3, 4) times altog. and 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

LEFT FRONT FOR V-NECK STYLE

Work as for left front for crew-neck style from * to *. Cont. shaping raglan as back. At the same time k 2 tog. on neck edge on next and every 4th row 7 (8, 9, 9, 10) times altog. until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT FOR BOTH STYLES

Work to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 38 (40, 42, 44, 46) sts. and work in rib as back for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and foll. 8th (6th, 6th, 8th, 8th) row until 48 (52, 54, 62, 66) sts. Cont. until work measures 9 (11, 13, 15, 16½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as back until 4 (6, 6, 8, 10) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up raglan, side and sleeve seams. Press seam.

BAND FOR CREW-NECK STYLE

Left Front Band: Using No. 9 needles, cast on 9 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 until band fits to neck edge. Leave sts. on holder. Mark off 6 buttonholes, the first one being 1in. from beg. and the last being in the neckband and 4 more evenly spaced between.

Right Front Band: Work as Left Front Band, making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

To Make Buttonholes: Rib 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib 4 sts. On the next row, rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off sts. Attach bands to front edges slightly stretched.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 9 needles, pick up and knit 75 (77, 79, 81, 83) sts. round neck edge, including sts. from holders. Work 3 rows in rib of k 1, p 1, making the last buttonhole on the 4th and 5th row, then cont. for 3 rows. Cast off ribwise.

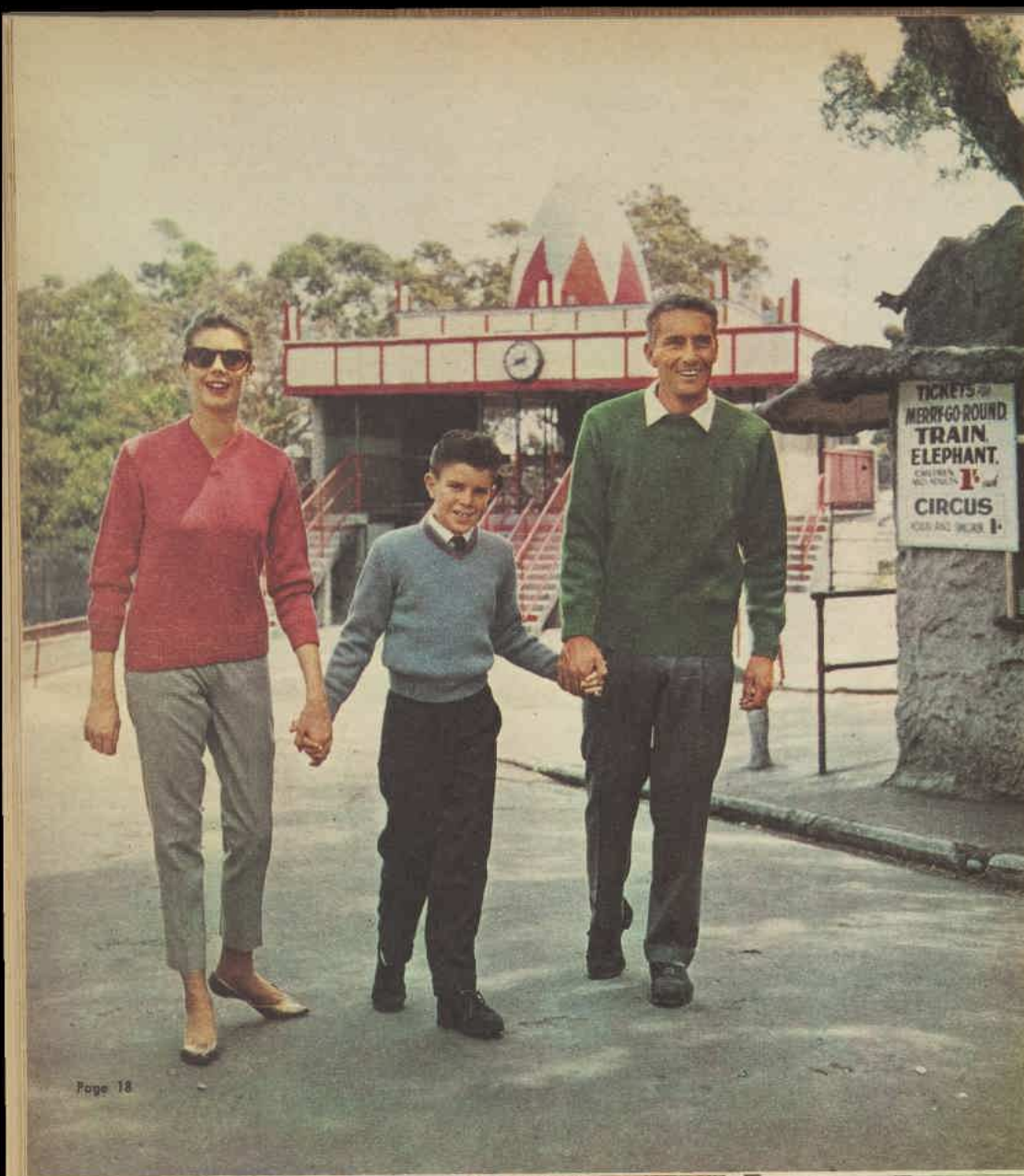
BAND FOR V-NECK STYLE

(Worked in one piece)

Start for left front: Using No. 9 needles, cast on 9 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 until band fits to right front V slightly stretched. (Mark buttonholes on left side, the first one being 1in. from beg., the last one on V-neck edge, and two evenly spaced between.)

Make buttonholes exactly as for crew-neck style. Attach band round front edges slightly stretched. For boys, begin at right front and make buttonholes on the left front band.

To Finish Off: Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.



SWEATERS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

● *Set-in-sleeved family set is in stocking-stitch. Mother's has plain V-neck, boy's striped V-neck, and father's crew-neck. Boy's sweater can also be knitted in school colors. Directions are given on page 20.*

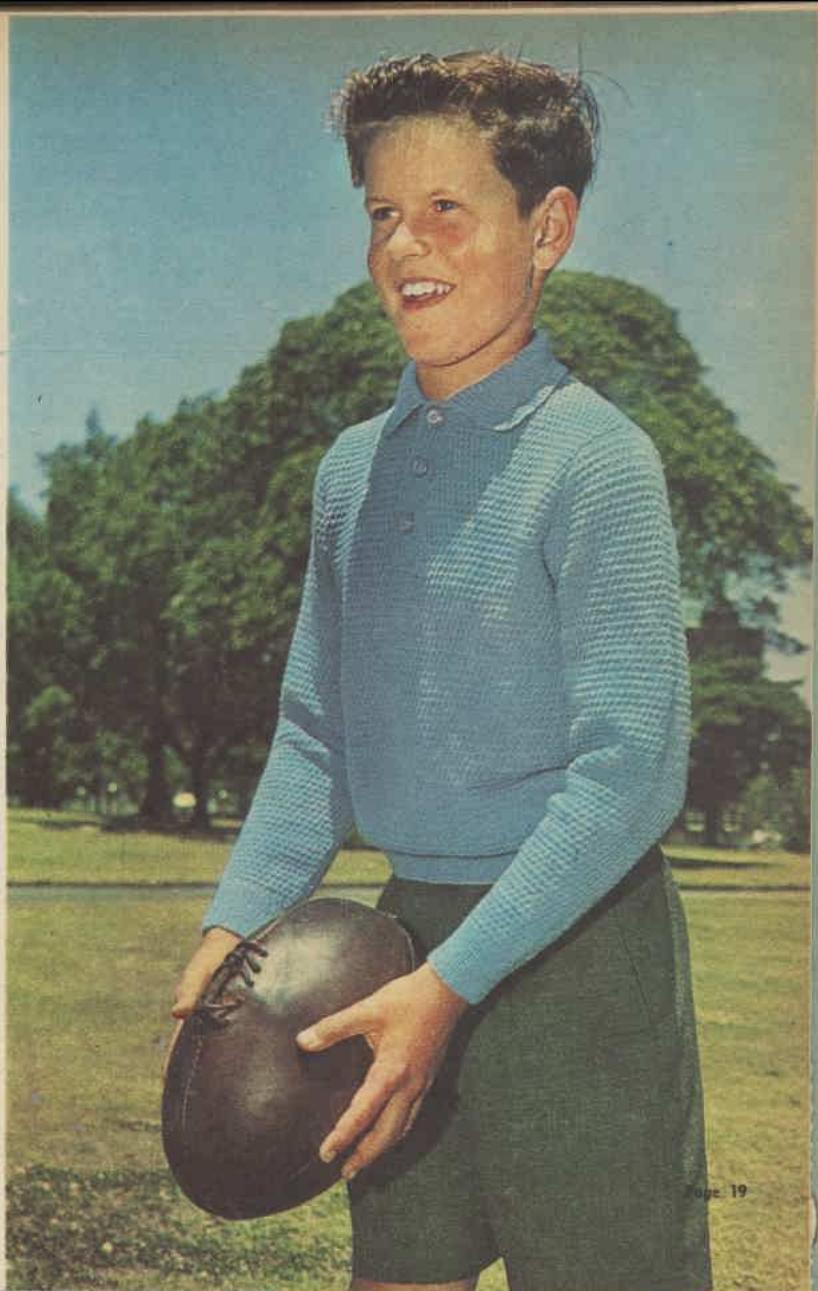
● *Pink jumper for young girl has pretty pattern stitch and short sleeves. Directions, see page 20.*

● *Comfortable jumper shirt for active young boys has long sleeves. Complete directions on page 21.*





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FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

(See color picture
page 18)



Materials: 14 (15, 17, 18, 19, 21, 24, 26) balls Woolworths Nylor Sports or Fantasia; 1 ball 1st and 2nd school colors; 1 pair Nos. 7 and 9 needles; 1 set No. 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40) in. chest; length, 17 (19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27) in.; sleeves, 14 (15, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 19½, 21) in. Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

* Using No. 9 needles, cast on 74 (80, 86, 92, 100, 106, 112, 118) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 10 (12, 13, 14, 14½, 15, 16½, 17) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5) sts. twice, 2 (2, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4) sts. twice, 1 st. (all sizes) 6 times, 60 (64, 68, 72, 80, 84, 90, 94) sts. rem. * Cont. until armholes measure 6 (6½, 6½, 7, 7½, 7½, 8, 9) in. on the straight, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 6 (6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 10) sts. twice, 6 (7, 7, 8, 9, 9, 10, 10) sts. twice, 7 (7, 7, 7, 8, 9, 9, 11) sts. twice, 22 (24, 26, 26, 28, 30, 32, 32) sts. once.

FRONT

Crew-neck Style: Work as for back until armhole measures 3 (3½, 3½, 4, 4½, 4½, 5, 6) in., ending on p row.

Next Row: K 24 (25, 26, 28, 31, 32, 34, 36) sts., cast off centre 12 (14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 22) sts. Knit to end.

Cont. on last group of sts. and dec. 1 st. on neck edge in next 3 rows, then every 2nd row twice. Cont. straight until armhole measures same as for back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off on next and alt. rows 6 (6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 10) sts. once, 6 (7, 7, 8, 9, 9, 10, 10) sts. once, 7 (7, 7, 7, 8, 9, 9, 11) sts. once.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

V-neck Style: Work as for back from * to *.

Next Row: K 28 (30, 32, 34, 36, 40, 43, 45) sts., k 2 tog., turn (leave rem. sts. on holder).

Cont. on first group of sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every 2nd row 4 (5, 5, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7) times, then every 4th row 6 (6, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8) times, 19 (20, 21, 23, 26, 27, 29, 31) sts. rem. and armhole measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: As for Crew-neck Style.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 38 (40, 42, 44, 46, 50, 56, 58) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2, 2, 2, 2, 2½, 2½, 3) in., evenly inc. 6 sts. on last row. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every 8th row

thereafter until 62 (64, 66, 70, 72, 76, 90, 92) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 14 (15, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 19½, 20) in. (or length required). Cast off on next and every row 2 (3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5) sts. twice, 2 sts. 16 (16, 16, 16, 16, 20, 20) times, 3 sts. 4 (4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 6, 6) times, 14 (14, 16, 18, 20, 24, 24, 24) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st. sew up shoulder seams.

Crew-neck Band: With right side of work facing and using a set of No. 9 needles, pick up and knit evenly round neck edge 68 (92, 96, 100, 104, 108, 112, 112) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

V-neck Band: With right side of work facing and using a set of No. 9 needles, pick up and knit on 1st and 2nd needles 36 (38, 40, 42, 44, 50, 50, 50) sts. down left neck edge and up right neck edge, on 3rd needle 24 (26, 28, 28, 30, 32, 34, 34) sts. on back neck, work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in., dec. 1 st. each side of V in every row. Work 1 row without shaping. Cont. in rib and inc. 1 st. each side of V in every row for 1½ in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

School Sweater: Work rows of stripe in neckband.

TO FINISH OFF

Flat-sew all ribbing. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves smoothly round armhole. Press seams. Fold neckband in half to inside and st-st. down.

GIRL'S PINK JUMPER

(See color picture,
page 19)



Materials: 7 (7, 8) balls Woolworths Super Crochet; 1 pair No. 12 needles; 1 stitch-holder; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit loosely 25 (27, 29) in. chest; length 16 (16½, 17) in. Tension: 8 sts. and 13 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: Dec. 2 at beg. of row, sl 1, p 2 tog., p.a.s.o.; dec. 2 at end of row, p 3 tog.

PATTERN

Note: W.R.N. sts. are counted only as pattern sts.

1st Row: P 6, * w.r.n., k 1, w.r.n., p 5, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 5, p 3, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

3rd Row: P 6, * k 3 tog., p 5, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: Knit.

5th Row: P 3, * w.r.n., k 1, w.r.n., p 5, rep. from * to last 3 sts., w.r.n., k 1, w.r.n., p 2.

6th Row: K 2, * p 3, k 5, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 3, k 3.

7th Row: P 3, * k 3 tog., p 5, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., p 2.

8th Row: Knit. Rep. these 8 rows for pattern.

BACK

*** Cast on 102 (108, 114) sts. **** Work in st-st. for 1½ in.

Next Row: K to mark hemline ****. P 1 row. Keeping patt. in order, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 10th row 6 times — 114 (120, 128) sts. Cont. even until 14½ (15, 15½) patts. or more if required. Work 2 more rows ***.

To Shape Raglan (right side facing): Keeping patt. in order, cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row 5 times and 2 sts. each end of every foll. 4th row 15 (16, 17) times. Cast off rem. 36 (38, 38) sts.

FRONT

Work front as for back from *** to ***.

To Shape Raglan Armhole — Next Row (right side facing): Cast off 4 (4, 5) sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. Knit 50 (53, 55) sts. and leave on holder. Cast off 6 sts. Knit to end of row. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every foll. 4th row 5 times and 2 sts. every foll. 4th row until 25 (26, 26) sts. Work 2 rows.

To Shape Neck (wrong side facing): Cast off 2 (4, 4) sts., work to end of row.

1st Row: Dec. 2 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

3rd Row: Pattern. Rep. 2nd and 1st rows once.

6th Row: Dec. 1 st., patt. to end of row.

7th Row: Pattern.

8th Row: Dec. 1 st., patt. to end of row.

9th Row: Dec. 2 sts., patt. to end of row.

Rep. last 4 rows once and 6th and 7th rows once more. Cast off rem. 3 sts. Return to sts. on holder, join wool to inner edge and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Cast on 62 (68, 70) sts. and work from **** to **** as for back. P 1 row, inc. 10 (10, 14) sts. evenly along row. Work 2 patts., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 4th rows 4 times—80 (86, 92) sts.

Shape Raglan Armhole: Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row 6 times and 2 sts. each end of every foll. 4th row 14 (15, 16) times. Cast off rem. 6 sts.

COLLAR

Cast on 90 (96, 96) sts. Work 3½ patts., then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. 74 (80, 80) sts. Break wool. With right side facing, pick up and k 36 sts. along right end, k over sts. on needle, pick up and k 36 sts. along left end of collar. Work st-st. for 9 rows. Cast off loosely.

RIGHT-FRONT PLACKET

With right side facing, pick up and k 41 (45, 48) sts. Work 3 rows st-st.

Next Row: ** K 8 sts., cast off 3 sts., k 10 (12, 14) sts., cast off 3 sts., k 10 (12, 14) sts., cast off 3 sts., k 4 sts.

Next Row: P, casting on 3 sts. in place of those cast off in previous row **. Work st-st. for 8 rows. Rep. from ** to ** once. Work 4 rows st-st., cast off.

LEFT PLACKET

Pick up and k 41 (45, 49) sts. Work st-st. for 1½ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join raglan sleeve seam to back and front. Join side and sleeve seams. Fold front plackets and slip-stitch inside. Overlap right over left and stitch into position. Sew up ends at neck edge. Sew around double buttonholes. Fold st-st. edge of collar in half and stitch on wrong side. Sew on collar 1-3rd in. from front edges (slip collar 1½ in. inside of neck edge and slip-stitch on loose neck edge to collar). Sew on buttons, steam-press seams lightly. Make hem around lower edge of shirt and sleeves.

FOR BOY OR GIRL

(Color picture boy's
blue shirt, page 19;
girl's yellow jacket,
page 16.)



Materials: Shirt, 10 (10, 11, 12) balls Woolworths Super Crochet; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 10 needles; 1 stitch-holder; 3 buttons. Jacket, 10 (10, 11, 12) balls Woolworths Super Crochet; 1 pair Nos. 12 and 10 needles; 6 buttons.
Measurements: To fit loosely 26 (28, 30, 32) in. chest; length from top of shoulder 17 (18½, 19½, 21½) in.; sleeve seam 12 (13, 14½, 16½) in. **Tension:** 9 sts. to 1 in.
Abbreviations: Sl. 1, slip purllwise until stated otherwise.

BACK OF SHIRT AND JACKET

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 122 (130, 138, 146) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in. Inc. 9 sts. evenly along last row. Change to No. 10 needles. **1st Row:** Sl. 1, k-wise, * k 1, sl. 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.
2nd Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, * k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, w.bk., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. **3rd Row:** Knit.
4th Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, p to last st., k 1.
5th Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, * sl. 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.
6th Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, * w.fwd., sl. 1, w.bk., k 1, rep. from * to end of row. **7th Row:** As for 3rd row.
8th Row: As for 4th row. Rep. these 8 rows until 10½ (11½, 12½, 13½) in. or length required to underarm.
To Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 (6, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 3 sts. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and next 7 (8, 9, 9) alt. rows—99 (103, 107, 115) sts. Cont. straight until armhole measures 6 (6½, 6¾, 7) in. **To Shape Shoulder (right side facing):** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows and 4 (5, 6, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 35 (37, 39, 41) sts.

SHIRT FRONT

Work as for back to underarm. **To Shape Armhole:** Cast off 5 (6, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. **Next Row:** Cast off 3 sts., patt. 52 (55, 58, 62) sts. and leave on holder, cast off 11 sts., patt. to end of row.
Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., patt. to end of row.
Working straight at front opening, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and next 7 (8, 9, 9) alt. rows. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 5½ (5½, 5½, 5½) in.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): Cast off 4 (5, 6, 7) sts. at neck edge and dec. 1 st. at the same edge of next 3 alt. rows. Cont. until armhole measures same as back.
To Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing): *** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next and next 6 alt. rows and 4 (5, 6, 9) sts. of next alt. row ***. Join wool to inner edge and work sta. from holder to correspond, rev. shapings.

JACKET — RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 (58, 62, 66) sts. and work k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in. Inc. 5 sts. evenly along last row—59 (63, 67, 71) sts. Cont. as for back of jacket from ** to **.
To Shape Armholes (wrong side facing): Cast off 5 (6,

7, 7) sts. at beg. of next row, 3 sts. at beg. of next alt. row and dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and next 7 (8, 9, 9) alt. rows. Cont. straight until armhole measures 5 (5½, 5½, 5½) in. **To Shape Neck (right side facing):** Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6) sts. at neck edge and dec. 1 st. of next 8 alt. rows. Cont. until armhole measures same as back. **To Shape Shoulder:** As for shirt front from *** to ***.

LEFT FRONT

As for right front, rev. shapings.

SLEEVES

For Both Garments: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 (64, 64, 68) sts. Rib for 2 in., inc. 13 sts. evenly along last row. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 7th and every foll. 8th row until 103 (109, 113, 117) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve seam measures 12 (13½, 14½, 16½) in. or length required.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 5 (6, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 43 sts. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 31 sts.

COLLAR

For Both Garments: Using No. 10 needles, cast on 125 (129, 133, 141) sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, k-wise, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. **2nd Row:** Sl. 1, k-wise, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st row once. Change to No. 12 needles. Rep. 2nd and 1st rows until work measures 2½ (3, 3, 3½) in. Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Shirt, Right Band: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts. and rib as for collar to required length of front opening. Cast off. Put markers for 3 buttons, the 1st 1½ in. from beg., the 3rd 1½ in. down from cast-off end. **Left Band:** Work as right band, making buttonholes to match markers. **Buttonholes:** **1st Row (right side facing):** Rib 5 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 5 sts. **2nd Row:** Rib 5 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 5 sts.

Jacket, Left Band: Work as for shirt right band, until required length to fit jacket front slightly stretched. Place markers for 6 buttons—1st 1½ in. from lower end, last 1½ in. from top.

Right Band: Work as left band, making 6 buttonholes to match markers. Work buttonholes as for shirt.

To Make Up: Steam-press lightly. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Sew on bands with flat seam. Sew on collar 1½ in. from front edges. Sew round buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Press all seams lightly.

RED JACKET

(See color picture page
16)

Materials: Button-through Style — 11 (13, 15, 17) balls Woolworths Flash, 7 buttons; V-neck Style — 14 (16, 18, 20) balls Woolworths Flash, 5 buttons; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30) in. chest; length, 15 (15½, 16½, 17½) in.; sleeve, 11 (12, 14½, 16) in.
Tension: 7 sts. to 2 in.

BACK — FOR BOTH STYLES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 48 (52, 56, 60) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Inc. 1 st. each end of last row, 50 (54, 58, 62) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st.

until work measures 8 (9, 10, 11) in., end on a p row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 2 rows. **Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. **Next Row:** K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until 18 (20, 20, 20) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT FOR BUTTON-THROUGH STYLE

* Using No. 8 needles, cast on 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. and work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 1½ in. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row — 25 (27, 29, 31) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and work in st-st. until work measures 8 (9, 10, 11) in., ending on a p row. *

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 sts. (all sizes), k to end.

Next Row: P to last st., k 1. **Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 14 (15, 16, 17) sts. rem., ending at neck edge. Cast off 3 sts., p to last st., k 1.

Next and Alt. Rows: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 2 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. Cont. shaping raglan until 3 sts. rem.

Next Row: P 2, k 1. **2nd Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l. **3rd Row:** P 1, k 1. **4th Row:** K 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT FOR BUTTON-THROUGH STYLE

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row — 25 (27, 29, 31) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and finish to correspond with left front in reverse.

LEFT FRONT FOR V-NECK STYLE

Work as button-through style from * to *.

To Shape Raglan and V-Front: Cast off 2 sts. (all sizes), k to end. **Next Row:** P to last st., k 1. **Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Cont. raglan shaping, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every 3rd row (7 (7, 8, 9) times more. Cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT FOR V-NECK STYLE

Work as left front for V-neck style, shaping in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Inc. 1 st. each end of the last row. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th and every foll. 6th row thereafter until 40 (42, 44, 46) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 11 (12, 14½, 16) in. (or length required), ending on a p row.

Shape Raglan exactly as back until 8 sts. rem. (all sizes). Work 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Flat-seam raglans. Small back-stitch, side and sleeve seams, but flat-seam the ribbed edges. Press seams.

V-Neck Front Band: Using No. 8 needles, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 2, p 1, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 2.

6th Row: Rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.

Cont. in rib, making buttonholes as before, the last 1½ in. below V-shaping and three others evenly spaced between.

Cont. in rib until band fits round front edges slightly stretched. Cast off ribwise.

Right Band For Button-through Style: Work as V-front band, making 6 buttonholes. Work 8 (10, 12, 14) rows. Do not break yarn.

Left Band For Button-through Style: Work as right band, omitting buttonholes. Work 34 (40, 46, 52) rows.

Break yarn and leave on holder.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using needle from right front band, knit up 65 (71, 77, 83) sts. round neck

and work 9 sts. from holder — 83 (89, 95, 101) sts. Cont.

in rib, making last buttonhole on 3rd and 4th rows.

Work 3 rows. Cast off ribwise. Using small back-stitch,

sew bands into position. Sew on buttons.

FAMILY RAGLAN

Directions below to fit 24-42in. chest.

Materials: 15 (16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports; 1 ball each of 1st and 2nd contrast colors; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 17 (18½, 20, 23½, 23½, 24, 25½, 26½, 27) in.; sleeves, 11 (13, 15, 17, 17, 17, 19½, 19½, 19½) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 70 (76, 82, 90, 96, 102, 106, 112, 118) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in.

Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 9½ (11, 12, 15, 15, 16½, 16½, 16½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off at beg. of next 2 rows 1 (2, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6) sts.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 24 (24, 26, 28, 28, 28, 30, 32, 32) sts. rem. Leave on needle.

FRONT

Work as back until 64 (66, 68, 70, 70, 72, 74, 76) sts. rem. in raglan shaping. Purl 1 row.

To Shape Raglan and Neck—Next Row: K 2 tog., k 30 (31, 32, 33, 33, 33, 34, 35, 36), turn.

Cont. on these 31 (32, 33, 34, 34, 34, 35, 36, 37) sts., shaping raglan as before. At the same time, dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 7 (7, 8, 9, 9, 9, 10, 11, 12) times, then every 4th row 4 times (all sizes). Cont. shaping raglan until 2 sts. rem., work 2 sts. tog. and fasten off.

Return to rem. 32 (33, 34, 35, 35, 35, 36, 37, 38) sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 38 (40, 42, 44, 46, 50, 54, 58, 58) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in., evenly inc. 6 sts. on last row. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every 8th row thereafter until 54 (60, 64, 70, 76, 82, 84, 88, 94) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 11 (13, 15, 17, 17, 17, 19½, 19½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan exactly as back until 8 sts. (all sizes) rem. Leave on holder.

TO MAKE UP

Press work. Sew up the fronts and left back raglans only.

Neckband: With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle, pick up 36 (37, 38, 40, 40, 40, 41, 42, 43) sts. on each side of front neck. Transfer all sts. round neck edge to one needle. Using No. 9 needles, work in rib of k 1, p 1 on these 112 (114, 118, 124, 124, 124, 128, 132, 134) sts. Dec. 1 st. each side of centre V front every row until 1½in. Work 1 row without shaping, then inc. 1 st. each side of V for 1½in. Cast off loosely ribwise. Work stripes of contrast in neckband as desired.

To Finish Off: Sew up the 4th raglan and neckband ends. Press raglan seams. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband facing to inside and sl-st. down. Press seams.



MATINEE JACKET



Baby's jacket is knitted in lacy pattern.

Materials: 3 balls Woolworths Nylonised Baby wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 3 small buttons.
Measurements: To fit 20in. chest; length from shoulder 12in.; length of sleeve seam 6in. Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

MOSS-STITCH

With an even number of sts., work as follows:
1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.
2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.
With an uneven number of sts., work as follows: K 1, p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. this row throughout.

JACKET BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 77 sts. Work in m-st. for 1 row. P 1 row. Work in following patt.:
1st Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to end.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: K 2, * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2.
4th Row: Purl. These 4 rows complete the patt. Continue in patt. When work measures 6in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows (allowing for w.fwd. sts. on 1st row). When armholes measure 3in., cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 43 sts. Work in m-st. for 1 row. Next Row: M-st. 5, p to end. Work in following patt.:
1st Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to end.
2nd Row: M-st. 6, 2nd Row: M-st. 6, p to end.
3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, rep. from * to last 11 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, m-st. 6.
4th Row: M-st. 6, p to end. Continue in patt., keeping 6 border sts. in m-st. When work measures 6in., shape armhole by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 4 rows. When armhole measures 2in., shape neck by casting off 12 sts. at neck edge of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 3 rows (20 sts.). When armhole measures 3in., cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings and border at opposite ends. Make 3 buttonholes, 1st when work measures 6in., 2nd 1in. above first, and 3rd on 2nd row of neckband.
Work patt. for right front as follows:

1st Row: M-st. 6, k 1, * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to end.
2nd Row: P to last 5 sts., m-st. 6.
3rd Row: M-st. 6, k 2, * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2.
4th Row: P to last 6 sts., M-st. 6.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end. 2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., work 3 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 40 sts. Work in m-st. for 1in. P 1 row, inc. 5 sts. evenly across row (45 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. as for back until work measures 6in. or required length. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 75 sts. round neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 rows (making 3rd buttonhole on 2nd row). Cast off, in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons.

SHIRT IN 8 SIZES

(See color picture, back cover.)



Materials: Long Sleeves — 10 (10, 11, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17) balls, Short Sleeves — 8 (8, 9, 9, 10, 12, 14, 14) balls Woolworths Nylo 4-ply; 1 ball contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 27 (29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41) in. chest; length, 18 (19, 20, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27) in.; sleeves, long, 14 (15, 16, 16, 17, 17, 19, 19) in.; short, 4 (5, 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 7) in. Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 106 (114, 122, 130, 138, 146, 154, 162) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 11 (12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 17) in., or length required, ending on a purl row.

Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 (5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 30 (32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 1in. short to underarm, ending on a purl row.

Divide for Front Opening: K 48 (52, 56, 60, 64, 68, 72, 76) sts., leave rem. 58 (62, 66, 70, 74, 78, 82, 86) sts. on

holder (reverse the shaping for Him, as this is right-over-left buttoning). Cast on 10 sts. to first group of sts.

Next Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 4 times, purl to end.

Next Row: Knit to last 10 sts., (p 1, k 1) 5 times.

Rep. last 2 rows. At the same time when side front measures same as back to raglan shaping, ending on a purl row:

Shape Raglan: On next and alt. rows, cast off 4 (5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 9) sts. once, dec. 1 st. on every 2nd row until 29 (30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36) sts. rem., ending at front edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 sts. once (all sizes), 5 (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6) sts. once, 2 (2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6) sts. once, 2 (2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4) sts. once, 2 sts. (all sizes) once, 1 st. (all sizes) twice. Cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off.

Return to rem. sts. on holder, join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with left front in reverse.

Make 1st buttonhole 1in. above front opening.

1st Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 3 sts., knit to last

2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl to last 10 sts., rib 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 4 sts.

Make 2 more buttonholes, the 3rd one being 1in. below neck edge and 2nd evenly spaced between.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 (56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3) in., evenly inc. 10 sts. on last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every 8th (8th, 8th, 8th, 8th, 8th, 8th, 8th) row thereafter until 88 (94, 98, 106, 112, 116, 116, 116) sts. and then every 4th row until 92 (98, 104, 110, 116, 122, 128, 134) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 14 (15, 16, 16, 17, 17, 19, 19) in., or length required. Shape Raglans as for back until 16 sts. rem. Cast off.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 82 (86, 92, 98, 104, 108, 110, 112) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row thereafter until 92 (98, 104, 110, 116, 122, 128, 134) sts. and sleeve measures 4 (5, 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 7) in., or length required. Shape Raglan as long sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up the 4 raglan seams, side and sleeve seams. Flat sew all ribbing.

COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles and right side of work facing, pick up and knit evenly (3 sts. in from front edges) 103, (107, 113, 119, 125, 131, 137, 141) sts.

(For child, work rib, using contrast color for stripes, 2 rows contrast color, 2 rows main color, or striped as desired.)

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) rep. to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in rib until collar measures 2 (2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 3, 3) in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

To finish off: Sew front opening underlap in position, right over left for Her, left over right for Him. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

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February 27, 1963 Page 24



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designs page 23.

Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



AMANDA BLAKE

**"Gunsmoke's"
Kitty talks
about her
home life
—Page 2**

Miss Kitty takes you home

• They call me television's most famous spinster. I live alone and—for the moment—I like it.

by AMANDA BLAKE
(Miss Kitty of "Gunsmoke")

EVERY evening at my ranch home in Calabasas, not far from Hollywood, I relax after a hard day's work portraying Kitty on the "Gunsmoke" series, opening letters from fans all over the world, reading each carefully, and answering as many as I can.

During the past seven years, and going on eight now, of appearing on "Gunsmoke," I imagine I've received 100,000 letters or more from people who have grown fond of me through TV and want personally to say it.

Perhaps two-thirds happen to have come from women—some very young, some in their 20s and 30s, and others from grandmothers.

Basically, they seem to be interested in one thing: how do I manage to maintain a large home and still work long, hard hours at the "Gunsmoke" filming studio; is the life of a TV star as glamorous as it looks, and do I have the urge, on occasion, to give it all up, marry, and have children?

First of all, I love country living, and it's my way of getting away from the humdrum and grind of Hollywood, the job of acting before cameras sometimes 16 and 17 hours a day, and always having to rush-rush-rush!

When I spotted this ranch home I'm living in at Calabasas, I knew it was the answer to my prayers. It's large, but not too large.

My babies

The rooms are just the right size so that I can have the fun of cleaning, rearranging furniture the way women will do every three weeks, and decorating or painting whenever I feel like it.

Not only that, but I'm fond of the outdoors, and now I can keep a riding horse—which I do.

My pets — my poodle, two boxer dogs, three Siamese cats, and two domestic cats — love country living, too. For the moment they are my babies, but some day, of course, I'd like to have a real family and a few of the things women who write to me enjoy.

After all, being a star on a popular TV show like "Gunsmoke" doesn't necessarily mean that I have an aversion to family life. That isn't the case at all.

I've been married before and it didn't work out.

So I decided to go out and build myself a career, earn enough money to be independent

and live comfortably, and let life take its course.

I'm happy as a bachelor girl, although not having a man around the house leaves a definite void in my life.

But the happy thing is that I know that void will be filled some day.

The only thing is I don't have to foolishly rush into anything, because I am financially independent.

I'm not eager for heartbreak and grief, and those things can come to you if you don't watch your step carefully. I'm watching mine. Simple as that.

My own boss

I have to watch my friends, too. They're always trying to be a matchmaker for me.

They just don't want to believe that I like my bachelor-girl status.

But — for the moment — I honestly do. I'm my own boss and I like it that way.

I have some misgivings, too, about what sort of a wife I would be. Possibly I'd make any man the worst wife in the world.

I've lived alone so long, and I'm so set in my ways, that I'd probably drive a man out of his mind in two days — scolding him for doing things I didn't like.

That should clear up my personal life. The way I feel toward family and marriage is my fans' business as well as my own.

Secondly, many of my women fans write saying they wish they had a glamorous, glittering, easy life like mine: being a "Gunsmoke" TV star.

I'd like to tell them, one and all, that living the life of a career actress isn't all roses.

Think of my life as compared to that of any housewife, be she in Montreal, New York City, Sydney, or London.

Busy life

I get up at 5.30 a.m., fix my own breakfast, spend countless time putting on my make-up and arranging my hair so that I'll look presentable enough to go walking on the "Gunsmoke" soundstage.

Then I feed my pets, potter around the kitchen cleaning the dishes so they won't be sitting there dirty when I get home late that evening, and finally I am ready to take a last glance at my script for "Gunsmoke" that day.

I'm afraid I'm not very good at memorising things. Never have been.

So I have to slave hard to remember every line I'm sup-



AMANDA BLAKE

posed to say. It can be nerve-racking.

Finally, at around 7.30 a.m., I get into my car and drive the 35-odd miles to Hollywood and our filming studios.

This takes me anywhere from half an hour to two hours — depending on traffic.

At any rate I must be at work by 9 a.m., and Jim Arness, Dennis Weaver, and Milburn Stone, not to mention our producer, Norman McDonnell, certainly don't care to wait for Kitty to make her grand entrance. So I am always on time. Or at least almost always.

By the time I finally step before the cameras for my first scene I feel as though I've already worked a full day — but I haven't.

There are many hours to go before I can get back in my car and head for home — and peace and quiet.

They're better off

Getting back to you, my fans, I'll bet few of you would want to accept this rigorous routine.

After all, it must be mighty nice to send the children off to school and then, if you feel like it, go visiting girl-friends during the afternoon, or shop, or any number of things.

To my way of thinking, any woman who has a peaceful, smoothly running family life would be insane to want to trade places with me.

Of course, I might be willing to make the exchange, but then I'd be getting the best of the deal.

At least since I've moved to the country I get a couple of hours a day of "their kind of life."

But it isn't complete. To be frank with my "Gunsmoke" fans, Amanda Blake would like very much to forget being a career actress.

Or at least being one who is tied to such a rigorous schedule as "Gunsmoke" has cut out for me.

Maybe some day I'll make it.

But as I said before, I let life take its course. I can only wish it would go a certain way.



Amanda Blake with her miniature poodle—one of her many pets—in the living-room of her ranch home outside Hollywood. The nearly new home comprises five nice-sized rooms—living-room, dining-room, bedroom, combined kitchen-breakfast nook, bathroom. All the walls—except the kitchen and bathroom—are paneled in pine ("I'm just crazy about pine," says Amanda). Except for the shop-bought bed, every piece of furniture was handmade to Amanda's specifications. Milburn Stone ("Doc" of "Gunsmoke"), an expert amateur carpenter, made the dining-room suite, the lamp tables, and the frames for the upholstered furnishings. Walter Sanders, another member of the "Gunsmoke" troupe, made other pieces of furniture. One piece he made—a ten-foot-high china cabinet—won first prize in last year's California State Fair. Although she has hosts of friends, Amanda rarely entertains at home. "I'm always over at friends' homes," she says. "I guess they just feel sorry for the poor old bachelor girl." Weekends, when Amanda is not on tour, she spends at home, in her spare time riding her quarter-horse through the hills around her house. Even if she marries again, the 30-year-old Amanda plans some day to build her "dream house"—a split-level one. Downstairs she wants a living-room and dining-room, a small breakfast-room and a huge kitchen ("even though I hardly ever get a chance to cook"). The walls would be in wood panelling with big beamed ceilings. Upstairs Amanda wants two large bedrooms and—a long-felt dream—a large Roman marble bath.



Ruggedly handsome Chuck ("The Rifleman") Connors plays a lawyer in a new TV series, "Arrest and Trial."

Chuck turns lawyer

● Chuck Connors recently slipped uneasily out of the gun-belt and denims he wears for "The Rifleman" and donned a sober grey suit and polished black leather shoes.

SOME minutes later he was standing in court, pleading eloquently for his client, the defendant, in a new TV series, "Arrest and Trial."

"Rifleman" fans will be glad to know that Connors has now taken up his old rifle once more, but only temporarily.

The show will soon finish and Connors "will move on to something new."

The something new will be the first of the 26 weekly 90-minute episodes of "Trial," in which he will star.

"Arrest and Trial," starring Connors and Ben Gazzara, will follow the course of justice from

the moment the alleged crime is committed right up to the judge's verdict.

Each episode will be split into two 45-minute segments, both to be shown on the same evening.

The first will feature Gazzara as the detective investigating the crime, and will lead up to the arrest.

In the second, Connors stars as the defence attorney, working for the man Gazzara arrested.

Thus, each episode will give both sides of the story, Gazzara providing the police point of view, Connors digging deep into personal problems to air the argument for the defence.

DID YOU KNOW?

FRANCIS DURBRIDGE, author of "The World of Tim Frazer" and a dozen other successful TV series, has such a huge following in West Germany that he is mobbed like a visiting star every time he goes there. On a recent trip he told the Press that, though he wrote about crime and murder, he personally couldn't stand the sight of blood. German butchers rose to the challenge by getting together and inventing an entirely new meat dish which they named after him.

GLORIA VANDERBILT, wealthy enough to be the choosiest actress in television, has chosen to appear with Henry Fonda and Polly Bergen in "Tissue of Hate" on the "Dick Powell Show." The Fonda role is one Dick Powell had selected for himself.

FROM making records, Nancy Sands, wife of young star Tommy Sands and daughter of "old hand" Frank Sinatra, has moved into television. She appears in an episode of the American Western series "The Virginian" with regulars Lee J. Cobb and Doug McClure.

CLINT EASTWOOD of the "Rawhide" series admits he doesn't have faith in his ability to sell discs, but the company he records for just released another one by the TV star — in the face of two past disasters. One side is called "Unknown Girl," the other "For All We Know." "For all we know, if you'll excuse the bad joke," said Eastwood, "I could get a million-seller record. Miracles do happen, you know."

THE other day Robert Horton, who still answers to the name of Flint McCullough, his "Wagon Train" alias, from force of habit, returned to Hollywood. Bob had been acting in summer stock theatre and the triumphant grin on his freckled face told the story: success.

But now that he's free again, television still wants the rugged ex-TV cowboy. During the next season he'll be guest star on ten different TV series, with an expected profit for the period of around 100,000 dollars (£A50,000).

BRITISH independent company ATV, and their American subsidiary, have started a new sales line in the U.S. They offer free programmes for late-night viewing—when stations would normally have closed down—and they charge nothing except a proportion of the advertising revenue, if any. Many of the free programmes are British-made, and a number of American TV stations have already taken up the offer.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY, star of the TV series "Our Man Higgins," is to be given time off from his series, if necessary, to play the Alfred P. Doolittle role in the filmed version of "My Fair Lady." He also has been signed by Walt Disney for a similar-type role in "Mary Poppins," which will co-star the original Eliza of "My Fair Lady," Julie Andrews.

HENRY FONDA is the narrator and host of a new TV series in America called "The Passing Years." It is a documentary programme showing newsreel film from selected years. More than 10 years ago, a similar programme in Britain attracted a large and faithful audience throughout its weekly series.

AMERICAN TV interviewer David Susskind has completed a two-hour interview with India's Krishna Menon, said to be a revealing discussion with the former Defence Minister.



GLORIA VANDERBILT
... wealthy star.



CLINT EASTWOOD
... singer



ROBERT HORTON
... stage success



HENRY FONDA
... narrator

AFTER repeated denials that he would play another year as TV's "Dobie Gillis," Dwayne Hickman has signed for another year in the series, with the possibility of two more. If he remains with the show for another three years it has been estimated he would earn 1,000,000 dollars (£A500,000) in salary from part ownership of the series and from the use of his name on commercial products.

DANNY KAYE has agreed and Mitzi Gaynor is thinking of agreeing to a weekly television series for showing in countries other than America.

BRITISH TV companies can now rent a mobile TV-station-on-wheels for documentaries and special features in out-of-the-way places. The "station" is a huge van fitted with cameras, mixers, recording equipment like a miniature studio. It belongs to Associated Television, and has already worked its way through Europe with their four-man camera team, producing on-the-spot programmes with famous people and places.

THE big question currently circulating in Hollywood: How did Judy Garland lose so much weight? All the girls are ecstatic and have a variety of stories to account for it. Both A.B.C. and N.B.C. are believed to be wooing Judy Garland for several musical specials this year. She is said to be asking five million dollars (£A2,500,000) a year for a series.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: Sometimes I think somebody has passed a law against smiling and laughing. The next time you're on a bus or train, study the people around you. I'll bet you nine out of ten times they'll be scowling or frowning, and that's probably true of you, too. Now stop and think. Life isn't that bad, is it? You're alive and you never know what can happen tomorrow. If you're single, maybe you'll meet your dream man or woman tomorrow. Maybe you'll get a raise, and maybe, just maybe, you'll win the big prize in the lottery. There's always something to look forward to. So smile, be cheerful, it's such a short life. Try to have a good time while you're here.

Momma's moral . . . The only people who should look down in the mouth are—dentists.



BREEZY BUTLER

"OUR MAN HIGGINS" is a comedy series starring famous comedian Stanley Holloway as a butler, Higgins, seen above with Regina Groves (Joanie MacRoberts). The MacRoberts (Joanie is their daughter) are Americans and inherit Higgins along with some family silver from an English ancestor. Whatever the script, Holloway is a joy. You may remember him best as the creator of the famous monologue characters Sam Small or Young Albert, who was "et" by a lion; as Doolittle in the stage production of "My Fair Lady"; or in movies like "The Lavender Hill Mob." One thing you can depend on — whatever role you remember him in, he was good.

LETTERS

Holidays are an utter bore

BOTH my parents go to work, and during school holidays I have to stay at home to look after my ten-year-old brother.

I seldom see him during the day because he is out playing with his friends, but my mother says I must stay at home in case something happens to him.

My friends have given up asking me out because I can't go unless my brother comes too. I'm losing friends because of this, and I might add that my brother doesn't want to come with us any more than we want him to.

As a result I'm spending nine weeks of complete and utter boredom each year. Can anyone suggest a solution to my problem, or some way to occupy myself during the holidays? — "Ennui," St. Kilda, Vic.

Modern art

ART is said to be the "expression of an emotion through a medium." I often wonder what could possibly be taking place in the distorted minds of our so-called "modern artists."

Instead of painting a portrait or a landscape which can be appreciated, they turn out sploidy creations which are completely unrecognisable.

Why can't these peculiar painters turn their hands (and heads) to some useful occupation? — Lynette Humphreys, Geelong, Vic.

Latin useful

MANY people consider Latin useless because it is a dead language. Don't they know that Latin gives us a clearer understanding of English grammar, enables us to derive the meanings of many words, and, most important, teaches us to THINK?

Many students are unable to take Latin because some schools do not teach it, or subject choice forces the student to drop it in place of another essential subject.

All secondary-school students should be made to learn Latin for at least one year. — Warren Watson, Earwood, N.S.W.

Next week

A collection of off-beat costume jewellery, home-made from bits and pieces bought at a hardware store, is our main color feature next week. It includes bracelets, pendants, earrings, a brooch, and a necklace — all for a total cost of 30/-.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Divided parents

COULD someone tell me what to do when this happens? Wanting to go out somewhere, you ask your parents if you may go out. Your mother says you may, your father says you may not. Should you listen to your mother or your father? — Puzzled, Eucumbene, N.S.W.

Film foolishness

HOW sick and tired I am of seeing a film marked "A" and a film marked "G" at the same theatre. Friends of mine who are not allowed to see "A" films have missed seeing many good films because of this ridiculous practice.

I know theatres must cater for adults too, so why not alternate two "G" films one week and two "A" films the next? — Kerrie Phillips, Wairoonga, N.S.W.

Sleep-talking

MY mother often tells me things I have revealed in my sleep. Do readers know of any cure for sleep-talking? — "Sleep-talker," Sandringham, Vic.

Tomboy

I HATE jazz and rock, although I am not a square. I wear jeans, jodhpurs, and shorts. I brush my hair once a week, have never worn make-up, and can't stand boys.

But I like to climb trees and cliffs, and I am mad on horses. I talk, read, draw, think, and keep pictures of horses.

Besides horses, I love other animals — I have two cats and I have just built a hutch for a guinea-pig. I want a dog and a horse, but cannot have either.

When I grow up I want to be a farmer or a forestry commissioner. I wish I were a boy. — Christine McDougall, Beaumaris, Vic.

Hired horses

THERE should be a law passed prohibiting the indiscriminate hiring - out of horses. In Queensland there are many places where horses can be hired out for the day, and they seem to be hired out to anyone who comes along.

I have seen horses covered with sweat being galloped up steep roads by people who

BEATNIK



"Would it comfort you to know I have a burning ambition to be ambitious?"

obviously know nothing about horses. This is shocking. The whole system should be policed by responsible people. — Coralie Muir, Qld.

Girls' education

LAST year I passed my Leaving, and this year I'm going to teachers' college. Neither my family nor myself found the past two years terribly easy, but I enjoyed every minute of them.

The other night my father was talking to a man who has a very high position in a firm, and told him about my Leaving. This "intelligent" businessman told my father that he had "done his dough." He stated that girls weren't meant to have

an education, and if they received one it was a waste of money.

More than being angry, I was astonished that such a man had such old-fashioned and narrow-minded ideas. Surely a girl has the ability and the desire to learn more about life; it is her privilege to do so.

To me there is more in life than leaving school as soon as possible, working at a menial job, marrying young, and spending the rest of my life looking after a family.

I intend to marry, but I believe it is important for parents to build a home on a wide knowledge of life. — "Dene Hough," East Hills, N.S.W.

Patsy Ann on top of the world

THIS top professional engagement comes just three weeks after Patsy Ann announced her engagement to be married—to 20-year-old law student Alan Sharp.

Alan gave her a diamond-and-ruby engagement ring (which can be seen in our cover picture of the happy couple) on New Year's Eve, but the official announcement was delayed until Patsy Ann's 18th birthday party on February 3.

Patsy Ann met Alan on the ship which, late last year, took her to London to seek her fame and fortune.

He boarded the ship at Cairo, and by the time they reached London they were in love.

"It was certainly a whirlwind romance," said Patsy Ann, smiling at her handsome 6ft. 2½in. fiancé.

"And New Year's Eve was so terribly exciting. We'd spent the night dancing at a nightclub, and just as the band played 'Auld Lang Syne' at midnight Alan put the ring on my finger.

"He'd chosen it himself as

● Australia's Patsy Ann Noble this week is booked to begin a six-week tour of Britain with Cliff Richard, England's £100,000-a-year pop singer and most popular film star for 1962.

a surprise, and later admitted that he'd spent four hours trying to decide which ring I'd like most."

At her birthday party Patsy Ann told friends that she would continue her singing career after her marriage.

"Alan's completely in favor of my going ahead with singing," she said gaily. "He says that as long as I'm happy, he doesn't mind at all."

Alan, who is studying for his final law exams, said: "As long as Patsy Ann's work doesn't interfere with our family life, it will be perfectly all right with me."

The young pair are planning to get married after Alan is established in a London law practice, probably late next year.

Patsy Ann says it will be a formal wedding, and she will wear a white wedding gown.

Both Patsy Ann and Alan have cosmopolitan backgrounds. Patsy Ann's father,

popular Australian comedian Buster Noble, came from Welsh stock, and her mother, Helen de Paul, had Italian parents.

Alan's mother also is Italian, and his father, Mr. Harold Sharp, who is in the shipping business, is Irish.

Alan lived in Cairo until he was seven, and then spent 10 years in Melbourne before moving to London three years ago.

"But he has an Australian passport, and thinks of himself as being an Aussie," said Mrs. Noble, who came to London as Patsy Ann's manager.

Despite her blossoming romance, Patsy Ann has had the time—and talent—to take London by storm in the short period since her arrival.

"They're already calling Patsy Ann the 'nearest thing to Judy Garland ever to hit London,'" Mrs. Noble said, beaming with pride.

Patsy Ann's first appear-

ance before London TV cameras was as a guest artist with American singing stars Bobby Lee, and England's Edna Kane in a pilot show for the B.B.C.

She was so good in that she immediately won a guest appearance with the "Dave King TV Show."

Dave, who was in Australia last year for the Adelaide Festival, liked her voice so much that he invited her to appear with him in his next six shows.

A third TV appearance was on Brian Matthews' "Thank Your Lucky Stars"—the equivalent of Australia's "Bandstand."

On this she sang "Don't You Ever Change Your Mind," the song she used for her first recording made in London by E.M.I., which is predicted as a hit parader.

It is a bouncy bossa-nova beat disc, made under the superb production of Norman Panama and scored by Martin Slavin—both of whom back Helen Shapiro's recording.

Now comes her tour with Cliff Richard, which everyone expects will put her right at the top of teenage entertainers in Britain.



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1963-02-27

Page 95

Missing Page, Supplement: Teenagers

8 Casual for less than



● *Eight chic additions to any summer wardrobe—and all for less than £8! Sandra Greacen, a 17-year-old art student from Collaroy Heights, Sydney, designed, made and modelled the delightful clothes on these pages. Sandra shopped around for fabric bargains, and made all her clothes without patterns.*

PATIO DRESS (above) has deep cool neckline and above-the-knees skirt. Sandra used up scraps of material to make the vivid flower. The dress took two yards of material at 5/11 a yard. Total cost, 11/10.

MUU-MUU of brightly flowered, polished cotton (right) is worn loose here, but it has a self tie which Sandra often wears. The muu-muu used two yards of material at 12/- a yard. The total cost was £1/4/-.



BACKLESS PLAYSUIT was made in multicolor striped poplin. The skirt is cropped above the knees, and added back interest is given by the band across the deep square neckline. The playsuit is sleeveless. It took 1 1/2 yards of material at 7/11 a yard. Total cost, 11/10.

Pictures by staff
photographer Adelle Hurley

Page 4—Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—February 27, 1962



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1963-02-27

Page 97

Missing Page, Supplement: Teenagers

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

Jealous boy-friend

"I AM an attractive 15-year-old girl going steady with a 20-year-old boy. I live in the country and am moving to Melbourne to train to be a hairdresser. But whenever I mention going away we end up quarrelling. He is very jealous of any boy who comes to visit my older brother, especially one who partnered me at my debut. As I will be coming home most weekends with my brother's friends, this has made matters worse, even though there is nothing between us but friendship. What should I do—forget his jealousy or not go to Melbourne and obtain a job here instead?"

"Confused," Vic.

You would be very foolish to give up a career because of this boy's unreasonable jealousy. By all means go to Melbourne and do your course. If your boy-friend continues in this ridiculous fashion, find another boy. At 15 you're too young to go steady, anyway, and would have far more fun meeting other boys.

Married man

"I AM 17 and have been going with a boy of 23 for two months. I found out a couple of weeks ago that he is married with a baby son. He is not living with his wife and wants a divorce. I have not yet told my parents, as they are away on holidays. Mum and Dad have met him several times and like him very much. We are very worried and want to tell them, as he doesn't want people to talk about me going out with a married man. Do you think we should break it off until he gets a divorce, or should we go on seeing each other?"

"Worried," Vic.

You must stop seeing him immediately. He is still married, and if you insist on going out with him you risk all sorts of scandal, even being involved in the divorce. It is not pretty to be cast in the role of a home-wrecker.

I don't think you have really thought enough about the situation. What about his wife and his son? Has he really tried to make his marriage work? Remember you have heard only his side of the story.

At 17 you are still very young. I think you should wait a few years before contemplating marriage, anyway.

Holiday facts

"THIS year I am taking two weeks' holiday in May, but I haven't the faintest notion where to go. Would you be able to suggest any places in this State which would be suitable and not too expensive?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Write or call at the N.S.W. Tourist Bureau, 8 Martin Place, Sydney. They are just loaded with information about holiday places, both on and off the beaten track, and will supply you with full details of transport and costs.

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Can't go out

"I AM an average 17-year-old boy with a problem I hope you can help me solve. I have known a girl of my own age (who lives in the same town) for about 16 months, but just recently I have become very strongly attracted to her. I see this girl almost every day and she returns my smile and appears to enjoy conversation with me. At a dance recently I asked her if she would like to come out with me one evening. The answer was that she would like to, but her mother will not allow her to go out with boys until she is 18. I have asked her again since, but the answer remains the same. I believe that she is genuine in saying she would like to come with me, and as I am very anxious to go out with her I wonder just what to do. Do you think that I should approach her mother?"

"Persistent Teenager," S.A.

No. Many parents make such a rule for their daughters and I can't imagine their breaking it just for you. What you could do is go to see them and ask if they would allow you to escort their daughter home from these dances. If they like you and consider you trustworthy, they may agree to this, and then when she is 18 you will be allowed to take her out.

Boy next door

"I AM 16 and like a boy of 18 very much. He lives next door. As we are both very shy, we never speak except to say hello very occasionally. Lately he has been taking out a girl who rings up and asks him to take her out. My friends suggest I do the same, but I do not want to appear cheap, and I will have to face him and his parents all the time. The place where I work is having a picnic soon and the boys and girls always bring their steadies, and the men their wives and families. As I am the only girl in the place without a boy-friend, my friends advise me to ask him, but I don't like to, as he is taking out this other girl. What do you think I can do to get him to notice me and ask me out?"

"Shy," Vic.

Living right next door you've got a wonderful chance of getting to know him. Whenever you see him, smile and say hello. Ask him how his job is, if he had a good day, if he thinks it will be good weather for the beach—a bit of neighborly conversation every time.

If he's going to ask you out he'll do so, but if he's really keen on this other girl there's nothing you can do about it.

Don't take your friends' advice and ring him up—just think if you asked him to take you out and he said no! You might meet another boy before the picnic whom you would like to ask. If not, see if some of your friends can arrange a date for you.

Madly in love

"I AM a girl of 17 years of age and my family moved recently to the city. I was madly in love with a boy of 18 where I used to live. We have known each other since we were 13 and 14 and had been going out all that time. Since I have moved, we write constantly. I have finished school now and am getting a job. I would like to

A word from Debbie



HOW'S your public-spirited rating? In need of a boost?

Organise a "Help a Hospital Day" among friends and relations.

Set a Saturday and get to work on it.

How? First choose the hospital you want to collect for. Next, call and see or ring the hospital's social worker or almoner, tell her of your plans and ask for her advice.

She will be able to let you know what the hospital needs most, whether the hospital can collect from your depot, or whether other arrangements have to be made about collection.

Make a depot at your place (Mum willing), and after the hard work is over serve drinks and eats for everyone.

Give everyone something definite to do, organise the drive on the lines of a scavenger hunt for extra fun.

Appoint someone in charge of collecting used magazines and books (make sure that everyone concerned has read them), make a time limit in which to collect them and send her off.

Do the same for the person in charge of collecting old newspapers (invaluable to hospitals). Arrange her deadline and the rendezvous.

Appoint your collector of paper cartons and cigarette packets, or whatever else your hospital wants, and give her her deadlines.

The clue—warn your friends and relatives several days ahead of your intended hunt so that they will be prepared for your scavenging.

Footnote: Boys make wonderful collectors—or boy and girl teams are better still.

go back to my home town to work and be with my boy-friend, so in my last letter I mentioned this to him. However, when he answered he completely ignored my suggestion. I really love him and can't forget him, so do you think I should go or not? My parents are leaving the matter entirely up to me."

"Lulu," N.S.W.

I think your boy-friend is more sensible than you are. If you were engaged to be married, it would be a good idea to go back and work in your home town, but obviously neither of you is yet old enough or in a financial position to consider marriage. I think you'd be far better off remaining with your family working in your new area and mixing with more young people.

You've been going out with this one boy for four years, but you're never going to know if he's the right one for you unless you can compare him with other boys of your acquaintance.

By all means keep writing, but take his hint and drop the subject of returning.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty in brief:

CURL CONTROL

CURLY HAIR, you'd think, couldn't be a bother to any girl, but when curls occur in hair that is also thick and wiry, the combination frequently poses quite a problem in grooming.

This is especially so in warm, humid weather, which makes curly hair even frizzier.

It takes time and skill—yours and your hairdresser's—to tame a bushy topknot into a more becoming easy-to-get-on-with appearance.



An expert haircut by a professional is step number one. The trim will include some thinning and possibly tapering to follow the hair's natural wave and to encourage a shapely line.

Willful hair that rushes into curl is best worn rather short—or at most medium long—for maximum manageability. Left long, it's usually too heavy to handle.

By the same token, extra short cutting is not wise either; coarse curls that are cut too short may be stiff and wiry, more stubborn than ever.

When it comes to home hair-sets, jumbo rollers and enormous pin-curls are the complete answer. They soften natural hair curl and keep a simply styled hairdo smooth longer.

Always try to wind the hair—and this goes alike for rollers and pin-curls—so that it follows the natural "fall" of the growth.

Further notes: for real sheen and style control, massage the scalp and brush hair constantly. Hairends dry? Then pat on a bit of cream hair conditioner every day or so. Wave-set lotion, gently combed through hair, is a holding help.

—Carolyn Earle



AWW PROJECT

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Missing Page, Supplement: Teenagers

ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman No. 8

Beginning of a change

IN last week's issue we reviewed the strictly classical Town Hall in Adelaide, built in 1864. This week we show a building of the same year, and near the Town Hall, that demonstrates the beginnings of the transition to what is called Victorian architecture.

Although the main shape of the Adelaide Club conforms to the pleasantly severe lines of classical architecture, the windows and porch show signs of playfulness.

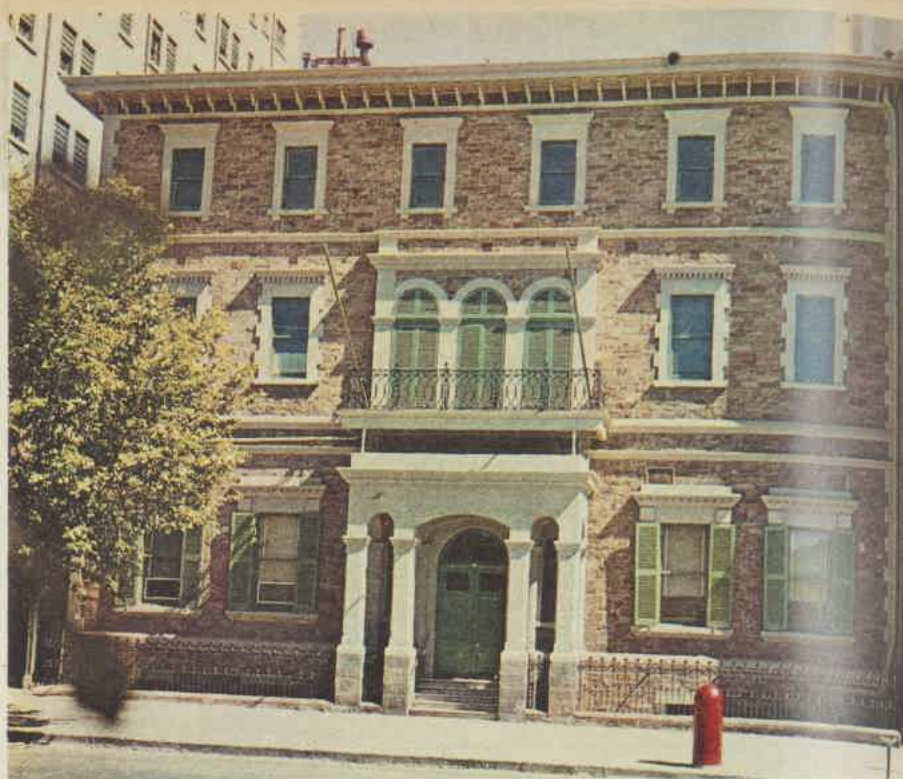
The change is slight, but it does foreshadow the much more ornate things that were to come in Australian architecture.

The club building faces North Terrace, one of the magnificent streets in Colonel Light's town plan for Adelaide—and thus, like so many of Adelaide's buildings, it is set off to advantage.

If it were in a narrow street, possibly the club would not command a second glance, but here it forms a most pleasant incident in the townscape, even though it is hedged in on two sides by skyscrapers.

The unquestioned dignity of this building comes from its carefully related rectangular proportions. The general square lines are relieved by conscious contrast with the arched openings at the centre of the building.

The architects were G. and E. Hamilton, who were responsible for several churches in the city, and their



THE ADELAIDE CLUB, built in 1864 on pleasantly severe classical lines, shows the beginnings of the ornate Victorian style of architecture in its treatment of windows and porch.

work generally invites respect for their care in designing and their choice of building materials.

In the Adelaide Club they used stone cut in unequal sizes for the main walling, and more carefully studied shapes at the door and window openings.

The wrought-iron railings are designed with neat skill, and altogether this is a fine example of the many interesting buildings of the Adelaide of a century ago.

NEXT WEEK: Government House, Melbourne.

TEENA by Linda Terry

